

# METHODIST REVIEW.

(BIMONTHLY.)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, D.D., Editor.

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# METHODIST REVIEW.

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JULY, 1900.

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## ART. I.—CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

THE hour is ripe for a new study of Christian ethics. Many new questions—questions that are practical and urgent—are before the public mind, and the adjustment of the old principles to the new issues is necessary both for mental peace and moral power. In a living, progressive society the law is ever falling behind the facts of life. A system of law once formulated attains a kind of sanctity. This is as true of human as of divine law. The case that has been decided becomes a precedent, and when the precedent fails to apply to new conditions resort is had to legal fictions, which assume that to be true which is not true—as when a foreigner under Roman law assumed to be a Roman citizen in order to get jurisdiction—a court of equity intervenes, assuming to stand on different principles and to supersede the civil law, or the legislative body acts which derives its authority from an original source. Law never keeps pace with society. The history of civil law is illustrative of Christian ethics. The formulation of its principles is always behind the times. A conventional conscience gets itself expressed in a conventional code. This code attains a kind of sanctity; it stiffens and hardens, fails to readily adjust itself to growing society, and there is unrest and moral waste. Then follows the era of ethical fictions, courts of equity, and finally new legislation.

This paper is an attempt to define Christian ethics by a study of its relations to several other phases of philosophic thought. Christian ethics is related to, and is to be differentiated from, philosophic ethics. As soon as man begins to

reflect on the meaning of life he becomes a philosopher. He finds himself called upon to choose between many good things. Some appeal to the senses and promise sensuous enjoyment, and others appeal to the reason and promise rational and moral gratification. Reason sets a limit to the satisfactions of sense and discriminates in favor of the rational and moral. Until that moment dawns in which the subject recognizes reason as binding the subject is below the level of the moral life. However we may reach this stage of development, the course of conduct rises into the realm of morals, only when the reflective spirit sees what it thinks to be a higher and a lower good and feels the obligation to obtain and enjoy the higher. Previous to that hour all action is non-moral. After that hour conduct may be non-moral, immoral, or moral, but the reflective spirit is on the field and the moralization of life has begun. This spirit now moves on to the discovery of those principles which rationalize life.

Christian ethics deals largely with the same material as philosophic ethics and works in the same field. It is confronted with the conflict of sense and reason, the lower and higher good; it must raise the problem of egoism and altruism and seek to harmonize them; it is determined by, and moves toward, an ideal good. It assumes the same powers and seeks to rationalize life. But Christian ethics is open to theistic postulates as philosophic ethics is not. Philosophic ethics assumes that ethics is theoretically self-sufficient. However much it is in need of motive power which can come only from theistic assumptions, these theistic assumptions must be kept out of sight. On the other hand, there is a religious content in the Christian consciousness which must be reckoned with. In the depths of the Christian consciousness a voice is heard saying: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me." The union here is vital. If we sever the living deed from the living faith, we stop the heartbeat of the new life. The two systems of thought divide here, but not as may be assumed on the ground that the Christian consciousness takes up an

opaque mystery and ceases to be rational, while in philosophic ethics the theorist sees his way through to the ideal end. On the contrary, philosophy never exhausts the facts. Its ethical principles are postulated to explain the facts, and, even so, its explanations are only approximations and its principles only hypotheses which we cannot forego without the humiliation which comes with rational chaos and moral collapse. But why should man not be humiliated and put to shame? Taking the race together, what has he been or done, or what does he promise to do or to be, that warrants him in assuming that he is the measure of all things? By the authority of what insight does the intuitionist assume that the well-being of the individual must be secured, that no end can be tolerated that makes him a means to that end? Why may he not be used and used up in the securement of that end? And how does the utilitarian guarantee our claim to happiness as the chief and only good? Surely, here is enough that is opaque and demand enough for faith. The fact is, the philosopher is no less a philosopher because he works out from the Christian consciousness, in his effort to rationalize the Christian life, than he is when he starts from the philosophic consciousness. Both theorists seek to rationalize life, and each deals with the facts that are in sight from his view-point. In order to do this, whatever his school, the theorist has to assume that the highest interests of life are guaranteed, and also that he knows with greater or less clearness that those interests are his interests. Sponge out man's interests and no rational goal is left. Chaos will then have the field.

The Christian consciousness differs from the philosophical in that it offers new material to the reason. Faith in Jesus Christ generates a new experience, and the philosopher has to make room in his system for the new facts. If new postulates are necessary, he must make them. That is what the reflecting man has been doing all the way from animism to the world of interacting atoms. There is no reason why the philosopher should not continue the process, provided his postulates afford the most rational construction of the facts and do not contradict each other. If a new experience demand new postulates, it is entitled to them on the above conditions.

Christian ethics may be differentiated from the ethics of the Old Testament Scriptures. There are two sides to every moral act, an inside and an outside. The inside has largely to do with the knowledge of the law that should govern the act and with the motive that prompts to the act. If insight is perfect and motive clear and benevolent, the act on its inner side may be said to be approximately ideal. But the act is not yet complete. It must be so expressed as to fit the situation and minister to beneficent ends. The ten cents given to the tramp at the door may be given with the best motive. It will buy him a breakfast and relieve his distress. But, as a matter of fact, it buys a glass of whisky, and he is drunk on the streets in about two hours. This act was approximately ideal in motive, but in the form of its expression it was wrong. It did not fit the situation, did not minister to the well-being but to the injury of the victim concerned. This motive would have been far better expressed if it had taken the form of a bucksaw and a sawbuck and the man had earned his breakfast. That would have ministered to his well-being. In the first case the motive was ideal, but the knowledge as to how it should be carried out in order to make the ideal complete on its outer side was wanting, and the sympathetic housekeeper with a good motive did the tramp a great wrong. She helped him to compromise his self-respect, to weaken his will, and to confirm him in the criminal life he continues to lead as a tramp. An ideal act must be ideal in its inner form and its outward expression. It requires a high grade of wisdom to give righteous expression to the ideal motive—wisdom which can come only from the long and painful experience of the race. When the race has crystallized its accumulated experience in codes of conduct, these become a guide to the individual and save him from utter folly in dealing with the practical duties of everyday life.

For the purpose of making this dual aspect of the moral life conspicuous, and of marking the difference between the ethics of early Israel and the ethics of the Gospel, we may study the last three chapters of the book of Judges. A dastardly crime had been committed against the Levite by the men of Gibeah, of the tribe of Benjamin. He had sent the



bloody summons to all Israel, and they "gathered against the city, knit together as one man." They demanded the children of Belial, that they might put them to death. But Benjamin refused, and then, when fire had done its work upon the cities and the sword upon man and woman, only six hundred Benjamites remained, and they were entrenched upon the rock Rimmon, where they remained defiant for four months. And now Israel is in a desperate dilemma. A tribe is in peril. But the extinction of a tribe cannot be allowed. They have sworn, too, that no one of them shall give his daughter unto Benjamin to wife. How then is this tribe to be saved from extinction? They build an altar and offer burnt offerings and peace offerings. They reach a conclusion at length. Jabesh-gilead had failed to send its contingent in response to the bloody summons, and they decide to send "twelve thousand men of the valiantest" to slay the men, the married women, and the children of Jabesh-gilead, and to capture the virgins and offer them to those men of rock Rimmon. But there are six hundred men and only four hundred virgins. They then command the children of Benjamin to go down to Shiloh and to hide themselves in the vineyards, and when the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances then they are to catch every man a wife for himself. This they did, and then "they went and returned unto their inheritance, and repaired the cities, and dwelt in them." When this narrative is analyzed in the light of the suggestion that every moral act has an inner and an outer side, it is evident that a religious motive is the obtrusive factor in the whole drama. They asked counsel of God, in the house of God. When they realized that a tribe had been nearly annihilated they cried unto Jehovah, "Why is this come to pass in Israel?" They rose early and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings. "They repented them for Benjamin, because that the Lord had made a breach in the tribes of Israel." They sought to know God's will, and believed that he instructed them, that he went to battle with them, and, after they had made good the breach in the tribes of Israel, at the "feast of the Lord in Shiloh" they "went out from thence, every man to his inheritance." There is no hesitation in their faith in Jehovah, nor in their purpose to do

his will. They retire from the scene apparently well satisfied that the will of Jehovah has been done. But what a curious confusion of ethical values. They could not give one of their daughters to a son of Benjamin because of the oath at Mizpah. Like Jephthah, they felt that a vow was binding, even though its execution violated the most sacred obligations that can bind man to his fellow-man. They propose to satisfy the fathers of those virgins by assuring them that they did not give their daughters to the sons of Benjamin; that would have been in violation of the oath, and would have loaded them with guilt unpardonable. The fathers may not give them, but these Benjamites may steal them. There is no appreciation of moral obligation to these women. Any course of conduct is justifiable toward women that will enable them to fill this breach which the Lord had made in the tribes of Israel. It is clear that the motive is right, and just as clear that its expression is barbarously immoral.

There can be little doubt that Israel had had loftier ideals of Jehovah and a more perfect conception of conduct. But Moses had gone, and Joshua had gone, and "every man did that which was right in his own eyes." However just the intent, the ethical code does not get very far without the knowledge of God as moral, or without the knowledge of man as akin to man because akin to God. The prophet has yet to do his work. When we come to the time of Amos we find a clear expression of a lofty ethical code. He condemns Israel for injustice, for bribery, for refusing judgment to the poor, for uncleanness; he knows the vices that spring from the luxury and idleness and intemperance of the rich. He understands the significance of the outer expression of a moral purpose. He knows that God will blast their crops and destroy them because they love evil and hate good. They call on the name of Jehovah, but they do not carry the will of Jehovah into the common relations of life. Isaiah is also clear on this question of the common virtues; he knows the difference between ceremonialism and morality, and widens the sweep of moral obligation until it takes in the race. Jeremiah rises to the point of view of the New Testament when, after a vivid portrayal of the failure of the

old covenant, he predicts the new, and declares, "After these days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people." In any adequate account of Israel's ethical progress several factors have to be reckoned with: First, God in his providence carried Israel through a wide range of experience. In the deliverance from Egypt, in the wilderness life, in the conquest of Canaan, in the rise of the monarchy, in the ever-impending disaster from the great world-powers, in captivity, and in the return and the rebuilding of the temple Jehovah gave his people a range of experience more varied than that of any contemporary. Second, by the tuition of the prophet and under the ministration of the divine Spirit the conscience of the people was kept alive to the moral significance of these experiences. If this characterization be not pressed too far, it will be true to say that Amos emphasized the outer expression of morality, Jeremiah its inner spirit, while Isaiah from his mount of vision saw clearly God's purpose concerning all nations, preached the virtues that are good for all time and binding on all men, and worked his laborious way through the doctrine of the remnant, to find at last that the lifeblood of that doctrine springs from the Servant of Jehovah. In him a tentative unity is attained for the partial and unrelated views of the past.

The moral consciousness of the Old Testament saint is determined by his religious faith, and that of the Christian believer by his faith. As this differs from the former, so will his ethics. In the Old Testament the fatherhood of God is known, but it is not often clearly conceived or consistently applied. The divine Spirit has not yet wrought out its content or its bearings upon life. The Old Testament conception lacks the moral passion of God's fatherhood. Jesus Christ made that great doctrine both conspicuous and luminous. We know from him its meaning and its application to life. The same is true of human brotherhood. It is in the Old Testament, but it is feebly grasped and vaguely applied. In the New Testament it is powerfully held and consistently applied. It is the obverse side of the truth of the divine fatherhood. With the surrender to Christ there comes a new experience, with new convic-

tions, new emotions, new purposes. These experiences have broken in upon the soul like the dawn, or they have struggled up through a long twilight, but they are here. The Christian man knows that without them life would hardly be worth living. The Christian world knows that the halo of a divine life hangs over it. Multitudes of men live in the twilight, but the twilight reveals God and man and the future as they are not revealed to any heathen world. The new man knows no man after the flesh; his view-point has been lifted, the scope of things has changed, his view now takes in the endless life. He who says, "His will, my law," knows that a new spiritual dynamic works in him, and that it is to be wrought by him into all of his intercourse with his fellow-men. There is a double set of implications in this Christian consciousness. One looks toward theism, and has as yet been only very imperfectly wrought out; the other looks toward conduct. What of the latter?

In the genesis of the Christian consciousness is the genesis of a new standard of ethical values. Paul could wish himself anathema from Christ, if that were possible, for his kinsmen according to the flesh. But this new interest of his for his blood relatives has in it the promise of an interest in the whole Gentile world, for in the light of the Christian consciousness all are seen to be of his kith and kin. The new standard of values discloses the fact that "there can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male or female." They that are Christ's are Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise. From the Christian consciousness there springs spontaneously and of logical necessity a spreading network of new moral relations which reach out to and feel for contact with every human being, which involve the whole complex of human relations. Man is by nature "a political animal." It is no more certain that we are actuated by egoistic than by altruistic impulses. But these impulses are undisciplined and lawless. Egoism is strong and brutal. Altruism is weak and capricious. There is no clearness of vision. Men are treated as things. Drop the man with kinky hair below the level of the straight-haired man, and, though manhood and moral life be not altogether denied him, we immediately

change our moral code. The farther we let him down, the less strenuous becomes our ethical theory. But in the Christian consciousness there is a foreshadowing of a possible ideal destiny for every moral being. Fathom Paul's glowing enthusiasm, read the hymnic literature of the ages, sound the philosophy of faith as shown in modern missions. A new standard of ethical values is at the fore in the Christian consciousness, which carries with it a new order for a new world and involves every human being in its scope.

The Christian Church has been slow to appreciate the scope of the moral task which Christ set for his followers. They were sent to establish a new social order, a divine society in this world. This must not be understood as a denial of the eschatological aspects of his teaching concerning this society. It is an interpretation, however, of the most characteristic thought of the synoptic gospels. Fairbairn informs us that the word "church" "occurs in the Acts and the epistles, including the Apocalypse, exactly the same number of times as 'kingdom' in the Gospels—one hundred and twelve—while 'kingdom' appears in only twenty-nine cases. This seems to indicate either a change of idea or a change of term due to a change of soil." He thinks that the change of idea must be to some extent involved. However true that may be, there is no change in the ethical aspects of the kingdom which Christ's followers were to set up. The most characteristic word with Jesus was "kingdom." His disciples were taught to pray saying, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth." They were to learn, as we are, the meaning of that startling inquiry: "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? . . . Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Why is it that this new set of ethical values takes its rise in the genesis of the Christian consciousness? Is it an accident that the Christian man wishes to make every other man Christian? Why do we assume that the Christian man who has not the missionary spirit has stultified his Christian life? What is to be our exegesis of Paul's lofty enthusiasm and of its relation to his language: "I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me?" The implicit postulate of Paul's new valu-

ation of man is that every moral subject counts for something to God. When the new consciousness dawns and the filial voice cries, "Abba, Father," it is because one counts himself dear to God. Any other view makes the whole Gospel scheme a farce and the fatherhood of God a fraud. That song carries every moral subject in the universe up into God's interests. The man with the Christian consciousness can know no man after the flesh. Harlots and outcasts in Christ's time, Jews and Gentiles in Paul's day, Indian, Negro, Chinaman, and Hindu in our time, are all involved in that "Abba, Father." The redemptive power at work in Paul is God's sanction of the law, "Thy neighbor as thyself."

The Church has not been famous for its logical consistency; nevertheless, as we study the centuries, it becomes evident that the logical movement set up in the Christian heart is carrying us on to the goal. The individual man has become of infinite worth. This new appraisalment of man is obtrusive in all political, social, and religious movements of our time. The kingdom is a kingdom now growing in our midst. Its principle is at work in all the plastic forms of modern life. We are to answer daily our daily prayer by transforming the whole complex of human relations. The industrial world must hear and heed. No man may be looked upon merely as a workman. No trader may forget that the man who buys is more than a buyer. All play and work, all trade and art, all education and religion, must be subordinated to, and then dignified by, the ideal to which they minister, namely, the establishment of that divine kingdom in which every subject counts for one, and counts every other subject one, in the full right of a son of God in his own house.

It is not necessary to claim that this new appraisalment of man, even with the illustrative application made to life by Jesus Christ, makes clear the practical problems of life of our time. It does, however, make conspicuous the gross abuses of the new ethical principle. A thing may be used and used up, but never a man. A thing may be made a means to an end, but never a moral subject. He is an end in and of himself. Every moral subject has rightful standing in that final kingdom which is a joy to God and a wealth to all its sub-

jects. A moral subject must be recognized as counting among God's interests. There is something in him that he may not sacrifice for any conceivable consideration. He must stand by it though the heavens fall. Every other moral being is bound to recognize and respect that divineness in his fellow which makes him of infinite worth. When this principle is once clearly seen and firmly held the experience of the Christian ages, and especially the example of Jesus Christ, comes to our aid to save us from folly and make us wise to apply that new principle which has its birth with, and lives in, the Christian consciousness, to the actual relations of life. For it is here, in these moral relations in which we now live, that the daily prayer of the Christian world is to be answered.

If we believe that there is a plan and purpose in human history, that Jesus Christ is the expression of that purpose; that, as the apostle teaches, all things have their standing in him; that all things are created "unto him;" and that he is to be head over all, then we may be sure that the redemptive power which is disclosed in the Christian consciousness will work in transforming old institutions, subsidizing all forces, until the kingdoms of this world have really become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. The redemptive power which is displayed in man works always in the principle of that new valuation of man which puts him into the heart of God. There is an inside and an outside to every moral act. It is evident that the law of the kingdom was never so clearly conceived as it is to-day; and it is just as evident that the expression of that law, as seen in business, in society, in philanthropy, and religion, never approximated the perfect form as it does to-day. The Christian conscience, with its conventional code, is open to the facts of life, and the chasm which separates law and life is being closed up.

*B. P. Raymond.*



## ART. II.—THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD.

AN intelligent missionary, upon being asked to name the greatest problems of the world in China, replied: "They are but one—how to present Christ to the Chinese mind. Nothing else on earth is like this mind, so full of monstrosities, atrophies, abnormalities, curious twists; and how to avoid unnecessary difficulties and prejudices is the problem." There is a point of view from which we say that the problems of redeeming the world are but one—how to present Christ to the wonderful child-mind, not full of atrophies and monstrosities, but normal, healthy, receptive, and religious, preoccupied and ensphered by the Spirit of God. This work means more than reaching the submerged tenth; it means the ultimate non-existence of that tenth; it means the prevention of the drift; it means a world of Christ-children growing "in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," seeking in all secular life to be about the Father's business.

In our study of the problem we must not frame a system of theology first, and afterward look to see whether the children are taken in or left out; we must not pinch and squeeze the child till his experience takes the shape of our theology; but we must simply look at all the facts of child-life and at all the facts of Christ's life, and ask what we can do to get the child acquainted with Christ and to keep up the acquaintance. Bishop Brooks says that "he who touches a child of any class touches as it were undivided humanity; he speaks to mankind back of the Babel of its divisions." Every loving hand which touches the little ark in the bulrushes did something toward shaping the moral life of the ages. To the Church the word comes, "Take this child and train it for me."

We cannot go far wrong if we take Canon Newbolt's definition of religion, when he says, "Religion is the knowledge and worship of God." The child has a religious life, not because he comes "trailing clouds of glory," but because he is a spirit, never uninfluenced by "the Father of spirits." Because the child is a person he can believe in the highest Personality; because he is a spirit he can love and adore spirit.



The knowledge may be limited, the worship may be inadequate, but there is knowledge and there is worship, and thus there is religion. The child's animism may ascribe personality to any and all objects around him, he may think that things have souls, he may ascribe very human attributes to God; but he gives a soul to things outside himself because he is himself a soul, he thinks of Spirit because he is himself a spirit. He may make his God out of very human elements; his anthropomorphism may be very amusing to his elders; his theology may make great merriment for wise parents; but he will hold to some kind of anthropomorphism as long as he lives, he will talk about his God in the language of this earth as long as he stays here, nor will he need to give up his God because he has to use a human and earthly language. This is only saying that a man has to see with his human eyes, think with his human brain, talk in human language, using concepts furnished from his earthly surroundings; he must remain a human being while he thinks, and cannot get away from himself to a point without himself in order to get another view of himself. He is simply under the limitations of his own language, whether he thinks of the steel or the magnetic current around the steel, of the worlds or of the force which binds the worlds, of the intelligence back of the interacting atoms of his own brain, or of the intelligence back of the interacting atoms of the universe, and whether he chooses to call the intelligence "it" or "He." When we analyze his concepts we find that he is just as anthropomorphic in his most severe scientific studies as he is in his theological speculations. Hence, we cannot rule out the reality of a child's knowledge and worship of God because of the very human terms of expression used. The higher the personality the higher will be the conception of the divine Personality. Caliban's conclusions may be wise for Caliban, but the child is more than Caliban, and the intelligent Christian sees more than Setebos. The conceptions of God will rise with intelligence and spirituality, becoming more rational as mind becomes more Godlike. From childhood to manhood clearer thought and purer life will

Correct the portrait by the living face,  
Man's God by God's God in the mind of man.

The religious nature of childhood is a fact; early and exalting religious impressions are facts; horror of evil, aspirations for good, a sense of the unseen world, are facts. De Quincey tells us that when, at eight years of age, he was reading his second book in Latin he saw the Athenians erecting a statue in honor of Esop, the slave. "The abyss which yawned between the wretchedness of slavery" in which Esop lived and "the honor of standing forever on that starry altitude" was a thought which gave him his "first and jubilant sense of the moral sublime." Perhaps not all of us read our second book in Latin at eight years of age, and few of us could have been so moved by the story of the statue to a slave as was this little Greek-Englishman; but we all had our religious feelings touched by events widely differing; we all had our deep thoughts about the unseen and the divine, or our mother's touch could not have made its lasting impression. We have all lived in this wonderful child-world; we have all been dumb before its questions, humiliated before its prayers, and amazed as we have looked in upon the creative forces of the child-mind. It is a prophecy which has never found its perfect fulfillment, a beauty of dawn which has never found its corresponding day. But we all give thanks for

Those first affections  
 Those shadowy recollections  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet the master light of all our seeing;  
     Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
     Of the eternal silence; truths that wake  
     To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,  
     Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy.

We cannot fathom the significance of the incarnation in its relation to childhood. The Son of God lived as a child before he spoke as the perfect man. The perfect child made possible the perfect man. The life and words of the King proclaim that children are of the kingdom. They are not the children of the devil, but the children of God, and it is our duty to tell

them so. They are born with good and evil tendencies because their parents have both good and evil in them; but their "sinwardness" does not bring guilt. They are met at the threshold of consciousness and conscious choice by the Spirit of God, who has been from their birth nearer to them than mother. In these years they do not have to repent, and be converted; they are already God's children by the operations of his Spirit, provided through Christ. We may call it regeneration, if we will; it is the work of God. Christ saves the children, though they know him not. There is as yet no conscious rebellion by them, and no real separation from God. In many Christian homes this conscious rejection never takes place; the children are born as God's children and never leave the Father's house. Without irreverence we may turn about the Saviour's words and say, with Horace Scudder, "Their angels do always behold in the face of the child the face of the heavenly Father."

The nonrecognition of this fact has lost more children to the Church than revivals have ever brought back. We have been more ready to trace proofs of their depravity than of their divinity; we have let their moments of temper far outweigh their days of trust and love of God. Treating a child as if he were the child of the devil has often made him the child of the devil. We have found the law against the sinner, then proved that all men were sinners, then tried to make the child feel himself a sinner so that he could repent and be converted and be saved. The effect of this treatment has been to destroy the spiritual life already existing, and to substitute some impressions that they have believed or some crisis of experience in the place of a loving loyalty to Christ as a continuous experience. The crisis type of conversion has frightened many a child away from all thought of beginning a Christian life. By our theology and by our insistence upon this idea of conversion we often forbid the children to come unto Christ. There may be conscious decision and definite profession accompanied by a definite spiritual experience, but this is not the beginning of the religious life, and the child should not be taught that it is. A definite experience does require definite beginning, certainly

not a clear memory of a definite beginning. Conscious love for mother does not depend upon conscious beginning of that love, nor upon memory of its beginning. Jesus in the temple, at twelve years of age, simply lets others know that he loves the Father and would be about the Father's business. And this business for eighteen years afterward was found in making commonplace things beautiful and spiritual.

The word "conversion" hold a place in our religious terminology which is not warranted by the usage of Scripture nor by mature Christian experience. There is no doubt about the need of the conversion of the sinful and rebellious heart; no doubt as to the necessity of the new birth for the man who has gone into sinful and willful ways; no doubt about the blessed experience of those who, by the way of sincere repentance and true faith, have come suddenly into a new and abiding peace and joy. The relative infrequency, however, of the use of the word "conversion" by the Saviour and the apostles should keep us from insisting upon it as the sole expression of the change by which we are to lead men to the promised life in Christ. We have taught seekers to think more about conversion and their own spiritual states of mind than about Christ. We have looked with satisfaction upon the passing of a crisis in conversion, and have forgotten the laws of the Spirit by which men are led to Christ and which fix habits of trust and service. We have often robbed the child of that which we were anxious to secure—a life of religious love and joy—keeping in his mind a term rather than a person, an imperative condition to be met in some moment yet to come rather than a love and a service which can be rendered to-day.

There must be somewhere discoverable what we may call natural laws for the spiritual growth of a child. If we can find ideals rather than rules, or ideals which can blend with rules and take their place; if we can find habits which bring blessings rather than emotions which may mislead; if we can find persons to be imitated rather than dogmas to be believed, we shall have escaped the crime of thrusting upon the child a mechanical religion. Horace Bushnell says of his mother:

[She] prayed earnestly with and for her children, but she did not often mention the religious life to them. She undertook little in the way of

an immediate divine experience. She let herself down for the most part upon the level of habit—only keeping visibly an upward look of expectation, that what she might prepare in righteous habit should be a house builded for the occupancy of the Spirit. Her stress was laid on industry, order, time, fidelity, reverence, neatness, truth, intelligence, prayer. And the drill of the house in these was to be the hope in a large degree of religion.

The intelligent kindergartner of to-day who is an earnest Christian comes nearer to finding the natural laws of the Christian life for childhood than all the Sunday preaching and teaching of our fathers. We have been slow to learn that habits in any virtue are a house for the Spirit. Here are some of the principles which are emphasized by the intelligent student of child-life and of Christ's life: Overdeveloped self-consciousness destroys naturalness, and this destroys the spiritual life. Whatever associates the highest life with common, everyday experiences helps to make the spiritual life natural. The naturalness of a child's spiritual life is not fostered by an appeal to a sense of danger, but by a call to do something for fellow-man and God. A child is won more by love of good than by hatred of evil. Let the child see that religion is not for the few, nor for special days, nor for restraints merely, nor for getting ready to die, but for knowing God and finding in his service the grandest life possible on earth. We are not to set the children to chasing the rainbow for the pot of gold, but to show them that everyday duties well done will put gold into their characters and more than rainbow beauty into their lives.

A child's sympathies can be permanently enlisted for a person, while there may be but a short-lived enthusiasm in ethical teaching. We must remember that the simple pictures of the synoptics come before the deep philosophy of John. We are all Christians before we are theologians, and our Christian life is measured by our love for Christ rather than by our comprehension of his words. Whatever cultivates the community idea, the sharing of the life of the family, responsibility for the comfort of others, fosters the essential religious life. Whatever teaches the child to subordinate the senses to the intellect and conscience, whether in food, or dress, or play, helps to the religious life. Whatever teaches the child self-mastery anywhere, liberty through law, highest liberty

through highest law, is the foundation for the noblest Christian life. Training a child to see the unseen as clearly as the seen trains for faith in God and for the use of all things which the faculty of faith brings to the service of the soul. All lessons which cultivate reverence, wonder, admiration for God's works, are helps to the religious life of children, as to that of any of us. Thoreau said in his graduating address, "The world is more beautiful than useful;" we must teach the child that the world is as useful as it is beautiful, that God is in it everywhere. Whatever shows the child this world as the working of an infinite Father, speaking, watching, listening, will make the Father's presence real in temptation and in high resolve for good deeds. An earnest Christian teacher, with the eyes of a Ruskin, a John Burroughs, a William Hamilton Gibson, or a Celia Thaxter, is an instructed high priest leading the child to talk with God. The opening of a rose may be to a child as the parting of the veil of God's temple, and its fragrance as incense for a worshipping soul. A child dedicated to God by a holy mother and brought under temple influences will early hear a call to service. Slow, sleepy, indulgent Eli may not quickly perceive that the child Samuel has heard the voice of God; but the true spiritual priest—whether the teacher lovingly telling the story of Jesus or the mother in the holy activities of the home—will gladly prompt the answer, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." There will be knowledge and worship of God.

With the religion of childhood kept in the heart we shall see the world redeemed. Leslie Stephens said that he based his whole philosophy on the identity between the instincts of childhood and the cultivated reason, and could show how those early intuitions "are transformed into settled principles of feeling and action." Principal Shairp is sure that we "may condense the instincts of childhood into permanent principles by thought, by faithful exercise of the affections and high resolve; that, if we allow these to pass from us as sunbeams from the hillside, character is lowered and worsened; that, if they are retained in our thought and melted into our being, they become the most fruitful sources of ennobled character." This can and will be done; and the signs are

many that it is being done now as it never was before. Helen Hunt Jackson once said that she could measure her friends by their estimate of Hawthorne's story, "The Snow Image." And well she might, for the story is full of meaning; the creations of the childhood mind, ideals pure as the beautiful snow, too often melt away under the prosy, practical handling of well-meaning parents, teachers, and preachers. Or another of Hawthorne's stories, "The Great Stone Face," is worth our study, as we try to bring to children the shaping influences of lofty ideals. The child who is led to contemplate lovingly the mountain character of Jesus Christ will see in it human features of inspiring benevolence and strength, and will be transformed into a manhood which bears the same image and brings blessing to his fellow-men. The highest ideal is the most real, and makes character like itself. The mountain face wins the boy Gladstone at four years, and holds a greater fascination for the Gladstone of fourscore.

The religion of childhood is to bring back the Church to a normal type of living for God. Materialism may be routed intellectually—it has been routed—but materialism of character will hold the field until the natural religion of childhood brings forward all the habits of faith and love into the thought and activity of manhood. The years of captivity now allowed between the ages of eight and twenty are of incalculable loss to the Church. The small number converted before the end of that time does not change the fact that the Church is robbed—robbed not only of what those years could have done, but robbed of the increased efficiency of all later years which those twelve shaping years could have added. Let this period be given to making the spiritual life reasonable and natural, and the Church will make God real to this world. Had we, forty years ago, given intelligent attention to the winning of the children, fostering the life of the Spirit already within them; had we trained them to see and serve Christ in common things; had our homes nurtured spiritual life by precept and example, instead of associating that life so largely with evangelists and revival scenes, we would have to-day a Church of stalwart Christians, and beautiful homes, and irresistible power. While the revival has been a most blessed agency



for the moving of the ungodly and indifferent, it has not been the best means of stimulating and maintaining the religious life of children. We have unintentionally given our attention to the methods of the revival rather than to the Spirit and the giver of the Spirit, Jesus Christ. By waiting for the revival we have wrought harm to the Church; have taught the children to connect the beginning of their Christian life with an occasion and method rather than with the ever-present Christ; have allowed ourselves lazily to wait for circumstances to accomplish that which God has given us as our bounden daily duty; and have arranged to bestow our labors upon the most unproductive material when we should have given first attention to the most productive. A few generations of children kept for God would find the world turned to God. The homes, at present nominally Christian, would soon make the whole world Christian.

During the Renaissance some ideas were unearthed from the classics which we gladly would have left in oblivion, and which brought poison to morals and death to faith; but the historical method used in making the discoveries brought us also other and better things than the classics, gave us a clearer light on the whole path which lay between Bethlehem and Olivet. The studies of to-day—relating to the evolution of the body and mind of man, and to the physical and psychical basis of man's religious life—may sometimes lead us far afield and bring confusion to the faith of some. But the faithful search for reality in child-life and in Christ's life, the faithful effort to find a natural entrance for Christ into the life of the child, the faithful endeavor to make holiness natural in the home, will give to the world another and true Renaissance, will give to the Church her new and true revival. The things revealed unto babes shall become beauty and strength and righteousness in the lives of men.

John A. Story



## ART. III.—THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WE have fallen upon an age of notes and notelets. The old leisureliness requisite for the cultivation of the epistolary art is ours no longer. The telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter—all the paraphernalia of our swift commercial age—will never comport with the writing of letters in the true significance of the term. The demon of haste lurks at our elbow, and we no longer take time to observe the amenities of friendship. In days that are past a letter was at once a news-sheet, a record of mental taste and delight, and a flashing mirror of the heart. Every word exhaled an aroma of personality. Now we receive a few type-written lines of colorless language, and we must accept them forsooth as a letter. Yet these latter years have not been wholly devoid of the kindly instincts of the genuine letter-writer; and when we turn to the correspondence of Lowell, the Brownings, Dante, Rossetti, and Robert Louis Stevenson it is like breathing again the atmosphere in which Keats, Cowper, Schiller, and Lamb indited letters with a pen dipped in their own hearts.

It is posterity that pronounces final judgment upon a writer. He may fill a large and unique place among his contemporaries, and seem to the eyes that look upon his own day as destined to a seat among the immortals, but it is those who come after him to whom is committed the ultimate adjudication of his claims to remembrance. The writer who lacks vitality and a fecund and fertilizing power over others will, immediately that death has vindicated his universal sway, quietly slip into the limbo of forgetfulness. But he in whose veins life warms and riots, who makes his pages breathe with a full and healthy scope, who appeals to the fundamental instincts and loves of humankind, may falter for a little while in his march toward the Pantheon of perpetual renown, but sooner or later he assuredly arrives.

Robert Louis Stevenson was an artist, curious and delightful, dealing with his subjects in the fresh, joyous, and zestful manner in which an active-minded boy inspects each new ob-

ject that comes within the radius of his experience. In fact, as a writer, Stevenson's brave and sunny juvenescence is one of his most charming traits. In his works he shines forth in many characters; he is a moralist—sometimes of the grave-digger type—a poet, a humorist, a Bohemian, an adventurer, a buccaneer, a prince, a beggar, a historian, a traveler, a chronicler of everyday events, a hater of falsehoods and shams. He has a clear and forthright way of telling a story, though in him the dreamer is strangely united with the man of action. A singular intimacy broods over his pages, so that he takes at once into his confidence those who will listen, however briefly, to his words. He loved to deal with the elemental passions and qualities of humankind, as witness Herrick's struggle against moral decadence, and Davis's redemption to righteousness, in *The Ebb Tide*, or the conflict arising in the dual nature of every man as portrayed in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. He did not tamely accept all that modern society imposes on its devotees. Inwardly he chafed, and outwardly was always something of a rebel, against the repressive and mechanical social conventions which rule the present time. In a high degree he was impressible to all the experiences of life, remembering moods and emotions both subtle and elusive. His *Child's Garden of Verses* is the chronicle of childhood peculiar in its unforgotten imaginative products. The *aura* of a period and a world filled with shapes and sounds, too vivid to seem unreal, lingered in his memory through all the years of his mature manhood. So deeply had the scenes and impressions of his early life bitten into his mind that his most living thoughts were of those days which, to most of us, are soon forgotten.

Stevenson loved those writers of whom he said that they had been "eavesdropping at the door of his heart." He himself was like them. Again and again he draws back to his pages those readers whom he attracts at all, and each time the old charm is renewed with fresh relish and enjoyment. This undoubtedly is the test of a writer's permanence—the possession of that magic whereby a former spell is caused to operate upon a reader's heart, he knows not how and he cares not why; once drawn within the mystic influence of the wiz-

ard's circles, he surrenders to the power which is upon him and takes his intoxication with joy. First of all, Stevenson was an artist. He knew the value of words. He studied their shades and sounds. He understood how to make his narratives and descriptions cumulative in effect. For instance, what can surpass in beauty and potency the account in *Prince Otto* of Seraphina's spiritual rebaptism in the forest at night?

At last she began to be aware of a wonderful revolution, compared to which the fire of Mittwalden Palace was but the crack and flash of a percussion cap. The countenance with which the pines regarded her began insensibly to change; the grass, too, short as it was, and the whole winding staircase of the brook's course, began to wear a solemn freshness of appearance. And this slow transfiguration reached her heart, and played upon it, and transpierced it with a serious thrill. She looked all about; the whole face of nature looked back, brimful of meaning, finger on lip, leaking its glad secret. She looked up. Heaven was almost emptied of stars. Such as still lingered shone with a changed and waning brightness, and began to faint in their stations. And the color of the sky itself was the most wonderful; for the rich blue of the night had now melted and softened and brightened; and there had succeeded in its place a hue that has no name, and that is never seen but as the herald of morning. "O!" she cried, joy catching at her voice, "O! it is the dawn!" In a breath she passed over the brook, and looped up her skirts and fairly ran in the dim alleys. As she ran her ears were aware of many pipings, more beautiful than music; in the small dish-shaped houses in the fork of giant arms, where they had lain all night, lover by lover, warmly pressed, the bright-eyed, big-hearted singers began to awaken for the day. Her heart melted and flowed forth to them in kindness. And they, from their small and high perches in the clerestories of the wood cathedral, peered down sidelong at the ragged princess as she flitted below them on the carpet of the moss and tassel.

To this artistic quality of Stevenson valuable testimony is borne by Sidney Colvin in the following word of reminiscence:

I remember the late Sir John Millais, a shrewd and very independent judge of books, calling across to me at a dinner-table, "You know Stevenson, don't you?" and then going on, "Well, I wish you would tell him from me, if he cares to know, that to my mind he is the very first of living artists. I don't mean writers merely, but painters and all of us; nobody living can see with such an eye as that fellow, and nobody is such a master of his tools."

Stevenson's vocabulary was particularly rich and noble.

To him words were much like living things. He loved them not only for what they expressed, but for an intrinsic value which he was keen to discover. His choice of the beautiful and colorful was intuitive. Some have accused him of employing a style which was imitative, or at best but a compound of many others. "By the way, I have tried to read the *Spectator*, which they all say I imitate, and—it's very wrong of me, I know—but I can't. It's all very fine, you know, and all that, but it's vapid." He was an ardent and sincere student of the world's best literature; but all that he received from whatsoever source went into the alembic of his own mind, was fused in the heat of his own thought, and came out Stevenson. He was a maker of memorable phrases as well as a sane commentator upon life and conduct:

"Acts may be forgiven, not even God can forgive the hanger-back." "Choose the best if you can; or choose the worst; that which hangs in the wind dangles from a gibbet." "A fault known is a fault cured to the strong; but to the weak it is a fetter riveted." "The mean man doubts, the great-hearted is deceived." "Shame had a fine bed, but where was slumber? Once he was in jail he 'slept.'" "Disappointment, except with one's self, is not a very capital affair; and the sham beatitude, 'Blessed is he that expecteth little,' one of the truest and, in a sense, the most Christlike things in literature." "It is much more important to do right than not to do wrong; further, the one is possible, the other has always been and will ever be impossible; and the faithful designer to do right is accepted by God; that seems to me to be the Gospel, and that was how Christ delivered us from the law." "Ugliness is only the prose of horror." "O, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an *Iliad* of a daily paper." "To fume and fret is undignified, suicidally foolish, and theologically unpardonable; we are here not to make, but to tread predestined pathways; we are the foam of a wave, and to preserve a proper equanimity is not merely the first part of submission to God, but the chief of possible kindnesses to those about us." "The great double danger of taking life too easily, and taking it too hard, how difficult it is to balance that!" "The Bible, in most parts, is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie."

Stevenson was a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist among his friends. "He radiates talk," says W. E. Henley, "as the sun does light and heat; and after an evening—or a week—with him, you come forth with a sense of satisfaction

in your own capacity which somehow proves superior even to the inevitable conclusion that your brilliance was but the reflection of his own, and that all the while you were only playing the part of Rubinstein's piano or Sarasate's violin." His humanity was so large that his friendships were not confined alone to those who cultivated the literary life, but he bound to him with enduring ties of affection those who won his regard in various fields of activity. He never posed as a valetudinarian, nor played on the sympathies of the public, though he was upon perpetual flittings in search of health—now in Switzerland, now in the Scottish Highlands, now in southern France, now in the Adirondack Mountains, and now in the ends of the earth. "To me," he says, "the medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents; they do not color my view of life; and I should think myself a trifle and in bad taste if I introduced the world to these unimportant privacies."

Stevenson came of good stock on both his father's and mother's side. His paternal grandfather was a civil engineer and built the Bell Rock lighthouse. The father of Robert Louis Stevenson was Thomas, the youngest son of Robert Stevenson. Robert Louis's mother, from whom he inherited his delicate constitution, was Margaret Isabella Balfour, youngest daughter of Rev. Lewis Balfour, minister of the parish of Colinton, in Midlothian. Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson, as our novelist was christened, was born in Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He was an only child, always feeble, and subject to extreme nervous excitement. An eager listener to tales of adventure and deeds of derring-do, he began early to try his hand at composition of his own. He failed to receive much regular schooling because of his infirm health. In his childhood he was characterized by the same power to charm that he so impressed upon others in his maturer years. The blood of the gypsy seemed to be potent in his veins, and he was a wanderer almost to the close of his life. It was hoped that he, too, would enter the family profession of civil engineer. He was entered as a student at Edinburgh University, and attended classes there as his health and inclination permitted. He was not a hard student at college; but in his own desultory way he

was an ardent devourer of books, and at the same time kept his eyes wide open upon humankind. His reading ranged the entire field of English letters, and he was no stranger to the literature of other tongues.

In 1871, though he had manifested a degree of aptitude for the profession of civil engineer, it was concluded that neither his physical ability nor personal tastes would admit of his following the pursuit of his forbears, and he began to study law. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, but he was never to follow a lawyer's vocation. Stevenson's parents were of a religious temperament, but the novelist early revolted against the stern and forbidding aspects of the creed which was dominant in his father's house. He regarded all dogmatic formulation of theological opinions as an expression of the universal human need of something divine in the presence of the inscrutable mysteries which forever infold us here. Thus he soon found himself at variance with his father upon questions of faith. The father was a strictly orthodox, deeply religious Scotchman, with all that the terms imply. The son, early imbibing the spirit of freedom and toleration, chafed within the narrow bounds of the paternal belief, and at length broke away altogether, with what heart pangs between father and son few can know or understand, for they dearly loved each other and had been boon companions. Louis writes :

The thunderbolt has fallen with a vengeance now. On Friday night, after leaving you, in the course of conversation, my father put me one or two questions as to beliefs, which I candidly answered. I really hate all lying so much now—a new-found honesty that has somehow come out of my late illness—that I could not so much as hesitate at the time; but, if I had foreseen the real hell of everything since, I think I should have lied, as I have done so often before. I so far thought of my father, but I had forgotten my mother. And now! they are both ill, both silent, both as down in the mouth as if—I can find no simile. You may fancy how happy it is for me. If it were not too late, I think I could almost find it in my heart to retract, but it is too late; and, again, am I to live my whole life as one falsehood? Of course it is rougher than hell upon my father, but can I help it? They don't see, either, that my game is not the light-hearted scoffer; that I am not—as they call me—a careless infidel. I believe as much as they do, only generally in the inverse ratio; I am, I think, as honest as they can be in what I hold. I have not come hastily to my views. I reserve—as I

told them—many points until I acquire fuller information, and do not think I am thus justly to be called "horrible atheist." . . . Here is a good heavy cross with a vengeance, and all rough with rusty nails that tear your fingers, only it is not I that have to carry it alone; I hold the light end, but the heavy burden falls on these two.

He seems to recur to this unhappy period in his life in his portraiture of *Weir of Hermiston*, when he says :

Sympathy is not due to these steadfast iron natures. If he [the old judge] failed to gain his son's friendship, or even his son's toleration, on he went up the great, bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed. There might have been more pleasure in his relations with Archie, so much he may have recognized at moments; but pleasure was a by-product of the singular chemistry of life, which only fools expected.

As an example of his early power of description and his growing habit of observation, the following, written at eighteen, is an adequate specimen. In a letter to his mother he says :

To the south, however, is as fine a piece of coast scenery as I ever saw. Great black chasmas, huge black cliffs, rugged and overhung gullies, natural arches, and deep green pools below them, almost too deep to let you see the gleam of sand among the darker weed; there are deep caves, too. In one of these lives a tribe of gypsies. The men are always drunk, simply and truthfully always. From morning to evening the great villanous-looking fellows are either sleeping off the last debauch or hulking about the cave "in the horrors." The cave is deep, high, and airy, and might be made comfortable enough. But they just live among heaped bowlders, damp with continual droppings from above, with no more furniture than two or three tin pans, a truss of rotten straw, and a few ragged cloaks. In winter the surf bursts into the mouth and often forces them to abandon it.

Already his was a deft hand at characterization, as evidenced in the following extract from his pen :

Seven P. M. found me at Breadalbane Terrace, clad in spotless blacks, white tie, shirt, *et cetera*, and finished off below with a pair of navvies' boots. How true that the devil is betrayed by his feet! A message to Cummy at last. Why, O treacherous woman, were my dress boots withheld? *Dramatis personæ*: *pere R.*, amusing, long-winded, in many points like papa; *mere R.*, nice, delicate, likes hymns, knew Aunt Margaret (t'ould man knew Uncle Alan); *fille R.*, *nommée* "Sara" (no *h*), rather nice, lights up well, good voice, interested face; Miss L., nice also, washed out a little, and, I think, a trifle sentimental; *fils R.*, in a Leith office, smart, full of happy epithet, amusing. They are very nice



and very kind—asked me to come back—"any night you feel dull; and any night doesn't mean no night: we'll be so glad to see you." *C'est la mere qui parle.*

In the same letter there are intimations of his later and mature style: "As my senses slowly flooded, I heard the whistling and the roaring of wind, and the lashing of gust-blown and uncertain flaws of rain. I got up, dressed, and went out. The mizzled sky and rain blinded you. . . . I stood a long while on the cope watching the sea below me; I hear its dull, monotonous roar at this moment below the shrieking of the wind."

The prevision of his early death is recorded again and again; not in any mawkish or sentimental manner, but as a thing already understood and accepted. The mingled gayety and melancholy which underlay his nature break forth quite spontaneously in the early letters which he indited to interested and affectionate friends: "When I am a very old and very respectable citizen, with white hair and bland manners and a gold watch, I shall hear crows cawing in my heart, as I heard them this morning. I vote for old age and eighty years of retrospect. Yet, after all, I dare say, a short shrift and a nice green grave are about as desirable."

In 1873 Stevenson's health quite broke down, and upon the advice of physicians he journeyed to the southern part of France. From this experience emanated his essay "Ordered South," which was his first contribution to *Macmillan's Magazine*. At twenty-three years of age the future essayist and novelist is already foreshadowed:

I must tell you a thing I saw to-day. I was going down to Portobello in the train, when there came into the next compartment (third class) an artisan, strongly marked with smallpox, and with sunken, heavy eyes—a face hard and unkind, and without anything lovely. There was a woman on the platform seeing him off. At first sight, with her one eye blind and the whole cast of her features strongly plebeian, and even vicious, she seemed as unpleasant as the man; but there was something beautifully soft, a sort of light of tenderness, as on some Dutch Madonna, that came over her face when she looked at the man. They talked for a while together through the window; the man seemed to have been asking money. "Ye ken the last time," she said, "I gave ye two shillin's for your ludgin', and ye said"—it died off into whisper.



Plainly, Falstaff and Dame Quickly over again. The man laughed unpleasantly, even cruelly, and said something; and the woman turned her back on the carriage and stood a long while so, and, do what I might, I could catch no glimpse of her expression, although I thought I saw the heave of a sob in her shoulders. At last, after the train was already in motion, she turned round and put two shillings into his hand. I saw her stand and look after us with a perfect heaven of love on her face—this poor one-eyed Madonna—until the train was out of sight; but the man, sordidly happy with his gain, did not put himself to the inconvenience of one glance to thank her for her ill-deserved kindness.

Here is another side of life which Stevenson portrays, and which reveals him in the character he always preserved as a clean man:

I shall tell you a story. Last Friday I went down to Portobello, in the heavy rain, with an uneasy wind blowing *par rafales* off the sea—or, "*en rafales*," should it be? or what? As I got down near the beach a poor woman, oldish, and seemingly, lately at least, respectable, followed me and made signs. She was drenched to the skin, and looked wretched below wretchedness. You know, I did not like to look back at her; it seemed as if she might misunderstand and be terribly hurt and slighted; so I stood at the end of the street—there was no one else within sight in the wet—and lifted up my hand very high with some money in it. I heard her steps draw heavily near behind me, and, when, when she was near enough to see, I let the money fall in the mud and went off at my best walk without ever turning round. There is nothing in the story; and yet you will understand how much there is, if one chose to set it forth. You see, she was so ugly; and you know there is something terribly, miserably pathetic in a certain smile, a certain sodden aspect of invitation on such faces. It is so terrible, that it is in a way sacred; it means the outside of degradation and—what is worst of all in life—false position. I hope you understand me rightly.

Stevenson's first meeting with Mr. W. E. Henley was in circumstances unusual and pathetic, the latter lying ill in a hospital from which he did not emerge for many weary days. The friendship thus formed continued until the end of the novelist's life. In this connection it is interesting to recall Mr. Henley's unique and satisfying series of poems entitled *In Hospital*, which could have been written only by one who had suffered the extremes of pain and languor and had passed through the scenes so vividly and adequately represented. Stevenson writes:

Yesterday, Leslie Stephen, who was down here to lecture, called on me and took me up to see a poor fellow, a poet who writes for him, and

who has been eighteen months in our infirmary, and may be, for all I know, eighteen months more. It was very sad to see him there, in a little room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed. A girl came in to visit the children, and played dominoes on the counterpane with them; the gas flared and crackled, and the fire burned in a dull economical way; Stephen and I sat on a couple of chairs, and the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a king's palace or the great King's palace of the blue air. He has taught himself two languages since he has been lying there. I shall try to be of use to him.

Stevenson's earliest thought of the South Sea islands as a sort of "earthly paradise" for the sick, wayworn, and weary is thus awakened, to be cherished in silence for more than fifteen years:

Awfully nice man here to-night. Public servant—New Zealand. Telling us all about the South Sea islands till I was sick with desire to go there; beautiful places, green forever; perfect climate; perfect shapes of men and women, with red flowers in their hair; and nothing to do but to study oratory and etiquette, sit in the sun, and pick up the fruits as they fall. Navigator's Island is the place; absolute balm for the weary.

Our author triumphantly passed his examination for the bar at Edinburgh, but for him had been ordained something better than the law. In 1876, in company with Sir Walter Simpson, Stevenson undertook the canoe trip which resulted in the volume, *An Inland Voyage*. The open air, the delightful and various scenery, together with companionship of an agreeable nature, induced an almost boyish happiness and peace of mind. In 1878 occurred the autumnal tramp through the Cévennes chronicled so charmingly in *Travels with a Donkey*. During all this time he was more or less ailing, and occasionally he fell into black moods of despondency; but from these he quickly rallied, continuing his activities without pause, accomplishing the maximum of work despite his enfeebled physical condition, and so finally entering with assurance upon his chosen career of letters.

Stevenson first met in France the lady—Mrs. Osborne—who was afterward to become his wife. She had been unhappy in her domestic circumstances, and returning to her home in California, she determined to seek a divorce from her

husband. Stevenson, hearing of Mrs. Osborne's intention, started for America, resolved to risk all in his attempt to support himself, and possibly a family, by literature alone. In San Francisco, while waiting for affairs to unravel themselves with regard to his projected matrimonial adventure, he knew the pinch of real want. For a brief and unsuccessful period he was a reporter upon a San Francisco daily paper; often he was fairly in want of food; sick and all but penniless, a stranger in a strange land—this episode was the most distressing of his life. He himself thus recalls it: "I have to drop from a fifty cent to a twenty-five cent dinner; to-day begins my fall. That brings down my outlay in food and drink to forty-five cents, or 1s. 10½d. per day. How are the mighty fallen! Luckily this is such a cheap place for food." He was united in wedlock with the woman of his choice in May, 1880. Of his marriage he writes: "It was not my bliss that I was interested in when I was married; it was a sort of marriage *in extremis*; and if I am where I am, it is thanks to the care of that lady who married me when I was a mere complication of cough and bones, much fitter for an emblem of mortality than a bridegroom."

Stevenson arrived at his judgments by the way of his own modes of thinking and observing. His eyes as well as his mind were wide open, nor was his outlook upon the world that of the confirmed valetudinarian. He loved nature for its own sake, while his devotion to his kind was no less complete and intense. His spirits drooped low at times, as his fluctuating health dragged down the frayed and feeble body, but returning strength would restore his old vein of gayety. His sympathy and tenderness are shown again and again. On his emigrant trip across the plains he takes care of a babe for hours, that the weary mother may enjoy a rest. In San Francisco his heart is torn at the dying of a little child:

My landlord's and landlady's little four-year-old child is dying in the house; and O, what he has suffered! It has really affected my health. O never, never, any family for me! I am cured of that. . . . Excuse this scratch; for the child weighs on me, dear Colvin. I did all I could to help; but all seems little, to the point of crime, when one of these poor innocents lies in such misery.

His literary likings were prompted by his delight in the craft which was dear to him as life itself. Thus he says:

An art is a fine fortune, a palace in a park, a band of music, health, and physical beauty; all but love to any worthy practicer. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I waken in my art; I am unready for death, because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but, while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I am not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely.

He was an austere critic of himself, not even his best work satisfying his exacting requirements or fulfilling his lofty ideal. No critic could point out to him any failure in his work of which he himself was not first aware. He was a stylist, it is true—what man is not who loves and studies the exquisite art of composition. Now and then he declares against style in favor of something else, but he gave unremitting attention not only to what he had to say, but how he said it; and, like every other artist, he knew well when he had done a good piece of work, and was filled accordingly with a generous glow and satisfaction. Few, perhaps none others, could have achieved what he did under disadvantages so great and continuous. He was wont to regard himself as a slow artificer in letters, but his slowness was rather in invention than in composition. He says: "I am still 'a slow study,' and sit a long while silent on my eggs. Unconscious thought, there is the only method; macerate your subject, let it boil slow, then take the lid off and look in—and there your stuff is, good or bad." Though he loved his tools, and wrought like a lover with them, he was occasionally haunted by the thought that his art might sometimes be too palpable. In his ordinary correspondence with his intimate friends there was scarcely a letter in which did not appear some striking allusion to books or bookmen, or to those who had labored before, or were laboring with him, in his chosen field. In every instance, the *obiter dicta* could have come only from an earnest student of life and letters.

Stevenson returned to England and Scotland in August, 1880, taking his new wife with him; thence he went to spend the winter in Switzerland. Returning to Scotland the following summer, he made an ineffectual attempt to secure the chair

of history and constitutional law in the University of Edinburgh. Repairing to Switzerland in the autumn of 1881, he then finished *Treasure Island*, *The Silverado Squatters*, and some of his most fortunate essays for the magazines. It is not possible to here follow in detail the endless journeyings of this frail man of letters in search of health. There is something pathetic but immeasurably courageous in this invalid author laboring always under difficulties, at times and for weeks together so feeble that he was forbidden even to speak lest the dreadful hemorrhages of the lungs should recur, indomitably gay, sweet, and debonair, praying only for strength that he might work and earn his daily bread. Stevenson's father bought for him a house at Bournemouth, England, which the novelist named Skerryvore, from one of the sea towns of the Hebrides, and in commemoration of one of his father's most notable engineering achievements. Here, though constantly in a precarious physical condition, he produced between the years 1884 and 1887 some of his best and most characteristic work.

In January, 1886, appeared *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which at once attracted wide attention; in the same year appeared *Kidnapped*, which repeated the success of the earlier production, and which Stevenson himself was wont to regard as the high-water mark of his creations. In August, 1887, his uncertain health made it necessary to try again a change of climate; accordingly, with his family, he came to the United States and spent seven months at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains. In America, for the first time, he tasted the full sweets of a not unwelcome popularity, yet no man was ever more unspoiled by success than he.

Like most men of genius, Stevenson projected many works, few of which were actually accomplished, his delicate health and teeming brain interrupting and diverting his labors. Whatever he touched sprang into life. He had in him the power to put a warm, red, pulsing heart beneath the ribs of death. He was devoid of any petty jealousy toward men of his own profession. He recognized and rejoiced in all good work, from whatever source, with a fine and generous relish. In him there was a deep-lying vein of religious feeling, not of the

cant kind, but healthful, manly, and reserved. Occasionally he seems to speak as an unbeliever, but at the core of him the essentials of the rugged faith of his native land were really vital and dominant. His distinction between the religious man and the pious man is finely drawn, but like himself in the originality of the point of view. His constant migrations and his oft-recurring and dangerous illnesses brought him to look upon death with no terror, but with the equanimity of a Christian and a philosopher; and when he expresses resignation it is not the resignation of either apathy or despair.

In his own way Stevenson was interested in questions of politics, and all matters of public concern received his intelligent and critical attention. Like many other men of genius he was not a model in the conduct of business affairs. He was generous to his friends, and his purse was ever open to unfortunate men of the pen or the press. His *bête noire* was the wind, probably because of the weakness of his lungs. It is interesting to observe how, again and again, in his correspondence as well as in his stories and essays, he speaks of the wind, and almost always with disfavor, though for the various scenes and nearly all the moods of nature he cherished an abiding affection. He was possessed of an old and rooted belief that he should die by drowning; which is but another instance of the fact that even ancient and persistent impressions are not to be relied upon, and may finally partake of the character of superstitions. He never outgrew some phases of his childhood, and the heart in his bosom was susceptible to youthful pastimes and enthusiasms to the very last:

When a man seemingly sane tells me he has "fallen in love with stagnation," I can only say to him, "You will never be a pirate!" This may not cause any regret to Mrs. Monkhouse; but in your own soul it will clang hollow—think of it! Never! After all boyhood's aspirations and youth's immoral daydreams, you are condemned to sit down, grossly draw in your chair to the fat board, and be a beastly burgess till you die. Can it be? Is there not some escape, some furlough from the moral law, some holiday jaunt contrivable into a better land? Shall we never shed blood? This prospect is too gray.

The idea of yachting had brooded long in Stevenson's mind, and at length culminated in an extended cruise in the schooner

*Casco* among the South Sea islands. He had determined to invest ten thousand dollars in this sailing trip, from which he was destined never to return to the shores of England or America. It was on June 28, 1888, that he started from the harbor of San Francisco. After cruising about for several months he arrived, near Christmas time, at Honolulu, where he remained for six months. During this period he visited the leper colony at Molokai. His fine thoughtfulness and quick sympathy are beautifully shown in a letter to his wife :

Presently we came up with the leper promontory—lowland, quite bare and bleak and harsh, a little town of wooden houses, two churches, a landing stair, all unsightly, sour, northerly, lying athwart the sunrise, with the great wall of the *pali* cutting the world out on the south. Our lepers were sent on the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man, leaving a large grown family behind him in Honolulu, and then into the second stepped the sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy; I turned round to her and said something like this: "Ladies, God himself is here to give you welcome. I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed to me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me." It seemed to cheer her up; but indeed I had scarce said it when we were at the landing stairs, and there was a great crowd, hundreds of (God save us!) pantomime masks in poor human flesh, waiting to receive the sisters and the new patients.

His pen picture of Father Damien is indeed most striking :

Of old Damien, of whose weaknesses and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant—dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candor and fundamental good humor: convince him he had done wrong—it might take hours of insult—and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that.

Determined to renew his yachting experience, in June, 1889, he left Honolulu, in the schooner *Equator*, bound to the Gilberts, in the western Pacific. Toward Christmas of the same year he reached Samoa. Here he bought the future Vailima on the mountain side, above Apia. He departed for



Sydney, from which place, after a serious illness, he entered upon a devious voyage, in the trading steamer *Janet Nicoll*, among various remote islands. He finally returned to his Samoan property, where work had been going forward during his absence. He lived at Vailima from 1890 until the time of his death, four years later. His days there were passed with great zest in multiplied occupation. The natives knew him by the musical name of *Tusitala*, "teller of tales." In the year 1892 his health again broke sadly. Trips to Sydney and to Honolulu failed to benefit him, and his energies began to flag. His annual income during the last few years of his life was between \$20,000 and \$25,000, but his generosity was boundless, and he saved little. In the few months previous to the close of his life he seemed to be filled with a great weariness and to experience premonitions of his early decease.

The end came suddenly on the 3d of December, 1894. Stevenson had been working on *Weir of Hermiston* at the height of his powers. All the morning he had wrought in a glow of satisfaction which only the true artist can feel. At evening, while he was at the most buoyant spirits, he was struck down. His loved ones stood about him, watching the ebbing away of the life so dear to all—drinking the deep bitterness of that hour when human impotency is most sharply felt in the presence of the dissolution of nature's fondest ties. "He died at ten minutes past eight on Monday evening, the 3d of December, in the forty-fifth year of his age." The burial took place in the afternoon of the succeeding day. His dust lies on the summit of a mountain of his well-loved Samoa until the dawning of that morning when God shall summon all earth's sleepers to awake.

At his death Stevenson left two incomplete stories, *St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston*, both of these among the best products of his pen. His art ripened and improved to the very last. *St. Ives* was completed by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, and *Weir of Hermiston* by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the latter adding one or two brief notes to the unfinished story.

James B. Kenyon.

#### ART. IV.—THE GROWTH OF AMERICANISM THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

AMERICANISM—the doctrine that every man has the right not only to “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,” but to the development of his life according to those principles which appeal to him as true and wise—goes back to the beginning of the Christian era, and to Jesus Christ, who first declared the real value of the individual. There are, it is true, no hard and fast lines of separation between the times before and the times after Christ, as there is no precise moment when the thoughts of men suddenly changed. Christ did not teach doctrines that were absolutely new. He came not to destroy, but to fulfill—to fulfill not only the early Messianic dreams of his nation, but also the startling guesses at truth on the part of the philosophers, and the heart longings of the tired world. Yet, when all is said that may be in behalf of the times before Christ, it is strictly within the truth to state that Christianity is no mere eclecticism, as its Founder was no mere product of heredity and environment. Jesus Christ, like his essential message, is a gift of God.

Matthew Arnold somewhere says that the doctrine of self-renunciation is “the secret of Jesus.” But Mr. Arnold would be among the first to assent to the statement that in Christ’s thought renunciation is only a means to an end. “Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it,” is the familiar saying of Christ. In his well-known metaphor of the corn of wheat, which in dying brings forth a great harvest, the Lord shows that renunciation is only the pathway to individual salvation—a losing of the lower to gain a higher. That this salvation of the individual soul is the essential thing in Christ’s programme is shown by the question which everyone sooner or later has to face, “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

Aside from his teaching, the life and work of our Lord were all directed to this end—the convincing of the world of the inestimable value of the soul and the revealing of the method of its salvation. First of all was the incarnation it-

self, which proclaimed the truth that God was not ashamed to be found in the likeness of man. "God was in Christ"—first a babe born of a humble woman, then a youth, then a man—at no time dwelling among the rich or those of royal blood, but in a humble home in an insignificant village, going forth to proclaim his message without the help of influential friends, and having no place he could call his own to lay his head. And that message was first of all to the lost sheep of the house of Israel—those uncared-for multitudes whom the influential had cast out as unworthy of notice, pariahs who had not even the poor place of slaves. But these and others Jesus thought of as prodigals for whom the Father had great love—wandering sheep, whom he, the good Shepherd, would find even if he had to leave the rest of the flock; pearls for whose discovery all other things of value must be sacrificed; lost coins whose finding would warrant the summoning of all possible help.

To all such Christ came with his message of hope, that God in his love for the world "gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But, lest anyone should think this was too general, he hastened to declare that God proposed to save men not in the mass, but one at a time. God cares for everyone; the lowest and meanest is of infinite worth. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." To those whose lot must ever be hard Christ unfolded his doctrine of the future life when every man would be regarded not for what he had, but for what he was in his heart. In harmony with his teaching Christ selected to do his work men not the most conspicuous, but those most worthy, irrespective of their lowly origin; so that in the strains of the *Magnificat* it could truthfully be said that he had brought down the mighty from their seat and exalted them of low degree. These men went out commissioned to tell every hearer in every part of the world that God had made of one blood all nations, that he is no respecter of persons, that salvation is for every man irrespective of his place in the world. All who responded were baptized into the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit, and at regular intervals joined in a sacramental meal, where all were brethren

because they acknowledged one Father and recognized the spiritual presence of him with whom every man is exalted to the highest place in the kingdom of God.

Never had a doctrine so little apparent hope for success. Everything seemed to be against it. Israel itself had not got free from the habit of personification which is shown through all its history, the habit of representing the whole nation or a part of it as though it were an individual, while the individual himself had well-nigh perished. In such a classic passage as the tenth verse of the twenty-seventh psalm Cheyne sees "a clear indication that the speaker is the afflicted nation, comparing itself to a sobbing child deserted by its parents." And we know that the most evangelical of the prophets regarded the "servant of Jehovah" as, first, the nation, and, secondly, a spiritual remnant. Besides, the representative Jews of the time were not only hopeless of the salvation of the Gentiles, but also of that of their own poor, thousands of whom were practically turned forth to die.

Greek thought, while it did occasionally soar to lofty heights, and was often broad enough to include in its horizon the barbarian tribes, sometimes referring to these as brothers, was, nevertheless, utterly unable to recognize the worth of the individual man. The Greek doctrine of individuality is scarcely more than atomism. Sidney Lanier, in his deeply interesting discussion of "The Development of Personality," quotes from *Æschylus*, in "Prometheus Bound," a characteristic passage which represents the average intelligent thought of that day. Might and Force, two ministers of Jove, have brought Prometheus to the utmost bound of the Scythian waste. Hephestus, the divine blacksmith, stands ready with chain, hammer, and bolt to bind the god to the rocks for the crime of bringing fire to man. Might speaks:

Hephestus, now Jove's high behest demand  
Thy care; to these steep cliffy rocks bind down,  
With close-linked chains of daring adamant,  
This daring wretch. For he the bright-rayed fire,  
Mother of arts,  
Filched from the gods and gave to mortals. Here  
Let his pride, born to bow to Jove supreme;  
And love men well but love them not too much,

Hephestus protests, but Might replies:

All things may be but this—  
To dictate to the gods. There one that's free,  
One only Jove.

Note in these characteristic speeches the sentiment that, while one may love men, he must not love them too much, and the other sentiment, that only Jove is free. Mr. Lanier contends that, if the average Greek's sense of personality had not been feeble, he could not have accepted this picture at all. He questions whether it is not true "that the difference between the time of Æschylus and the time of (say) George Eliot is the difference in the strength with which the average man feels the scope and sovereignty of his ego."\*

What the average Roman thought we know very well. He had respect for man, but only for man as representing physical force. "Rome," says Dr. Matheson, "crowned humanity only in one of its aspects, the aspect of physical power."† That is true. Of man, as Christianity discloses him, the Roman had simply no conception. The Roman's disregard for human life is evidence enough, if his own testimony were wanting, to prove this statement. Infanticide, suicide, the gladiatorial shows, the wholesale slaughter of captives to make a Roman holiday, demonstrate not only the terrible disregard of human life, but the utter failure on the part of the civilization of Christ's day to comprehend the worth of the soul.‡ More than half of the population in the Roman Empire was slave, and there was a practical unanimity of opinion with Aristotle that a slave was not a man at all. And woman was hardly better thought of than the slave. She was tolerated only because of her ability to please her husband.

The theology of the times as well as the organization of society was distinctly opposed to the doctrine of the value of the soul as taught by Christ. The dominant thought of God was polytheistic, which means that there could be no conviction of the unity of the race or any deepening of self-consciousness.§ God, or the gods, was not thought of as immanent,

\* *Development of the Novel*, p. 89.

† *Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions*, p. 241.

‡ "Contempt of man is a ground feature of heathenism," Martensen, *Christian Ethics*.

§ Nash, *Genesis of the Social Conscience*, p. 75, et seq.

but dwelling far away from man, where he could hardly hope to be reached by the common person. In perfect harmony with these thoughts about God was society organized, with its rulers out of touch with the masses, to be reached only by elaborate systems of etiquette and through go-betweens who must be cajoled and liberally bribed.

It was only natural, following the line of least resistance, that Christianity should find its earliest victories among those who were Greeks either by birth or training. Whatever might be said of Greek morals or the influence of certain Greek philosophies there can be no doubt that Greek thought, as a whole, was more in sympathy with Christianity than any other system of philosophy of the apostolic age, Judaism not excepted. The *Logos* doctrine of Plato, as modified by Philo, and the Stoic doctrine of the immanence of God—the last indeed inclined to pantheism and dualism—were strangely similar to their Christian counterparts. "Judging from the standpoint of religion and morality," says Harnack, "it must be admitted that the ethical temper which Neoplatonism sought to beget and confirm was the highest and purest which the culture of the ancient world produced." \* Then there was the Greek conception of government, which was highly favorable to the Christian spirit—a government made up of free citizens," all equal, all alike." It is not strange, then, that the early Church was Greek rather than Roman. Says R. W. Church:

It was Greeks and people imbued with Greek ideas who first welcomed Christianity. It was in their language that it first spoke to the world, and its first home was in Greek households and Greek cities. . . . Its earliest nurslings were Greeks; Greeks first took in the meaning and measure of its amazing and eventful announcements; Greek sympathies first awoke and vibrated to its appeals; Greek obedience Greek courage, Greek suffering, first illustrated its new lessons.†

Allen in his introduction to his fine work on *The Continuity of Christian Thought* says: "From the alliance of Greek philosophy with Christian thought arose the Greek theology, whose characteristics are a genuine catholicity, spiritual depth and freedom, a marked rationality, and a lofty ethical tone by which it is pervaded throughout."

\* *History of Dogma*, vol. I, p. 336.

† *The Gifts of Civilization*.

This Greek phase of Christianity was followed by what we are accustomed to call Latin Christianity. In the earliest days, when Christianity was nearest Christ, when it was freshest and purest, it took on Greek forms. All the while the Church in Rome was growing, and "in the course of the third century the Latin language was generally substituted for the Greek, and the process began by which the two Churches [the Latin and the Greek] were to grow more widely apart until all Christian fellowship between them should come to an end." \* What was the essence of Latinism? It seems to us that no one has answered the question so well as Sir Henry Maine, who says, in a suggestive passage:

It is only of the west that we can lay down that law was not only the mental food of the ambitious and aspiring, but the sole aliment of all intellectual activity. Greek philosophy had never been more than a transient, fashionable taste with the educated class of Rome itself, and when the new eastern capital had been created and the empire subsequently divided into two the divorce of the western provinces from Greek speculation and their exclusive devotion to jurisprudence became more decided than ever. As soon, then, as they ceased to sit at the feet of the Greeks and began to ponder out a theology of their own, the theology proved to be permeated with forensic ideas and couched in forensic phraseology.†

This idea of law seems to be the substratum, as it is the inspiration, of everything that distinguishes the Latin from every other form of theology. The Latin mind was saturated with this idea. Everything was under law; or, if not, it was regarded as having scarcely a right to exist. Law made necessary a lawgiver, and an executive powerful enough to enforce every law. Violation of law demanded strict and swift punishment. When, therefore, the Roman became a Christian it was perfectly natural for him to think of God as ruler rather than Father, one who dwelt away from man, great and lifted up, with intermediaries to accomplish his will. So it is quite true, as Archdeacon Wilson remarks in the Hulsean Lectures, that the "dominant thought [of the Latin theology] is the divine transcendence, the thought of God as the sovereign, ruler, and judge, remote from the earth in some sphere of light unapproachable; and of nature and man as something

\* *Continuity of Christian Thought*, p. 98.

† *Ancient Law*, p. 351.



alien from God, or alienated from him, the mere subjects of his laws."\* The same writer goes on to say that it is this conception that is responsible for the dualism in the Latin system. "It sharply distinguishes the natural from the supernatural, the material from the spiritual, the sacred from the profane, the human from the divine. . . . It creates a passion for distinctions. It separates the Father from the Son, God's justice from his mercy, the gift from the gifts of the Holy Spirit. It defines everything." But the Latin conception of law had not only its influence on dogma, but also on Church government; so that it was not long before the whole machinery of the Roman system of administration was duplicated in the government of the Church, with the chief bishop acting as emperor and an innumerable company of officials to carry out his behests. Any other system of administration was simply unintelligible. Says Allen:

The Church must have a visible center and a visible circumference; the terms of admittance and of exclusion must be exactly defined; the nature of the powers delegated to its officers must be exclusively determined; there must be uniformity of practice and uniformity of opinion as well; there must be stringent methods of securing obedience and subordination—all this and even more, if the Church was to be the kingdom of God, a power of God unto salvation.†

Under this *régime* the individual practically disappeared. Of course, so long as the incarnation was taught at all, the value of the individual soul could not be entirely obscured. But with a system of thought that put God away off in a seat of power and glory, to which the individual might not approach, making necessary a long roll of intermediaries—priests, bishops, and others—and with a system of government that almost wholly destroyed individual initiative, what could be expected but a diminishing sense of the value of the individual? Everything had to be sacrificed to the machine.

Such was Latinism in the beginning. It has changed in some particulars, but essentially it has not changed at all. Sometimes it works in secret, as in the High Church propaganda in England and America; sometimes it appears as an angel of light, proposing freedom to the individual, while it is

\* *The Gospel of the Atonement*, p. 144. † *Continuity of Christian Thought*, p. 103.

forging its chains for his enslavement. Sometimes, where the State permits, it preaches its doctrines openly. But everywhere it is essentially the same. It has its head in Rome, surrounded by a retinue of guards and to be got at only after the most punctilious etiquette has been observed. It has its official class who carry the word of the Lord down from pope, through cardinal and bishop, to the humblest friar until it reaches the ear of the individual, and bear his petition back, unless perchance it is lost on the way. Spain is the embodiment in our day of Latinism gone to seed. The form is there, without that life which has made the Latin Church, in spite of its defects, a great power through the centuries. Spain very early in its history yielded itself wholly to the Roman idea. Under Spain the Inquisition was made a terror, not only to individuals, but also to nations who would not conform. Buckle in his *History of Civilization*, referring to Spain's treatment of the Moors, who by treaty on the surrender of Grenada were to enjoy well-defined rights, says:

By torturing some, by burning others, and by threatening all they at length succeeded [in making converts of the Moors]; and we are assured that, after the year 1526, there was no Mohammedan in Spain who had not been converted to Christianity. Immense numbers of them were baptized by force; but, being baptized, it was held that they belonged to the Church and were amenable to her discipline. They were commanded, under severe penalties, to learn Spanish and to give up all their Arabic books. They were forbidden to read their native language, or to write it, or even to speak it in their own houses. Their ceremonies and their very games were strictly prohibited. They were to indulge in no amusements which had been practiced by their fathers; neither were they to wear such clothes as they had been accustomed to, their women were to go unveiled, and, as bathing was a heathenish custom, all public baths were to be destroyed, and even all baths in private houses.

Some years later, after the destruction of the Armada, the Archbishop of Valencia declared that it was a judgment of God upon the nation for permitting heretics at home.

That they should all be slain, instead of being banished, was the desire of the powerful party in the Church, who thought that such signal punishment would work good by striking terror into the heretics of every nation. Bleda, the celebrated Dominican, one of the most influential men of his time, wished this to be done, and to be done thoroughly. He said that, for the sake of example, every Merisco in

Spain should have his throat cut, because it was impossible to tell which of them were Christians at heart; and it was enough to leave the matter with God, who knew his own and who would reward in the next world those who were really Catholics.\*

It is said that not merely thousands but hundreds of thousands of these people "suffered death in the most frightful forms." It was through Spain that the whole population of the Netherlands was condemned to death for the crime of being Protestants. Says Motley:

Early in the year [1568] the most sublime sentence of death was promulgated which has ever been pronounced since the creation of the world. The Roman tyrant wished that his enemies' heads were all upon a single neck, that he might strike them off at a blow. . . . Upon the 16th of February, 1568, a sentence of the holy office condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics.†

It was Philip II of Spain who, when he heard of the terrible massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day, wrote a letter warmly congratulating the King of France. It was this same king who dedicated the whole English nation to death, and actually fitted out the Armada to accomplish his purpose. Spain's colonial policy has been of a piece with her policy at home. Whoever would not conform was subjected to cruelties too horrible even to recount. In Mexico, in Peru, in Florida, in Cuba, it is the same story.

Roman Catholic writers are agreed in representing Protestantism as dating back to Luther. But it goes back to Christ's rebuke to a disciple who, because certain ones would not conform, would have his Master call down fire from heaven. Protestantism, in essence, is the defense of the individual against the machine—a defense based on Christ's doctrine of the worth of the soul. Says Harnack:

For Luther freedom was dominion over the world, in the assurance that, if God be for us, no one can be against us. . . . That which is called the individualism of Protestantism has its root here [in the doctrine of justification by faith]; the Christian is through his God an independent being who is in need of nothing, and neither stands in bondage to laws or to dependence on men. He is a priest before God, taken charge of by no priest, and a king over the world.‡

\* *History of Civilization*, vol. II, chap. 8.

† *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, part III, chap. 2.

‡ *History of Dogma*, vol. VII, p. 212.

Protestantism as a defense of the rights of the individual is dominant in Greek Christianity. It was the moving spirit in the seet of the Paulicians, whose founder was stoned for heresy in 684 A. D., but which had so increased that two centuries later 100,000 of them were put to the sword because they would not conform. It is witnessed to by the Cathari, those Puritans of the Middle Ages, who "laughed at transubstantiation, denied any mystical efficacy to baptism, and frowned upon image worship." It is embodied in that splendid Protestant, John Wyclif, who said that no man could be excommunicated by the pope unless he were first excommunicated by himself; in John Ball, in whose preaching Green, the historian, says England first listened to the knell of feudalism, and the declarations of the rights of man; in Luther, "who affirmed the supremacy of the human conscience as the highest earthly court of appeal;" in John Calvin, who, while he preached a limited salvation, "left the individual man alone in the presence of his God;" in Andrew Melville, who said to James Stuart, "I tell you, sir, there are two kingdoms in Scotland; there is Christ Jesus, the king, and his kingdom the Kirk, whose subject James VI is, and of whose kingdom not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member"—calling forth from James, when later King of England, the remark that a "Scottish Presbytery agreeth as well with a monarchy as God and the devil;" in Oliver Cromwell, whose triumph John Fiske calls "the most critical moment in history;" in John Wesley, who wrote to his preachers, "Let every man enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself;" in the author of the Declaration of Independence, which, with its logical complement, the Emancipation Proclamation, is the expression of Americanism—freedom to be an independent, self-controlled, thoroughly developed personality.

This doctrine of the worth of the individual soul and its corollary, the right of the individual to realize his life, is an expansive doctrine. As John Fiske says, "In the body-politic this spirit of freedom is as the red corpuscle in the blood; it carries the life with it." It is one with those other great terms like "life" and "love," which are missionary as a matter of course, because the divine leaven is in them. Some

people see in our present policy a greed for empire. We cannot so regard it. To us it seems only the logical and necessary result of the principle of which America is the embodiment. In 1818 Henry Clay, interpreting the spirit which drove the Puritans to our shores, said there should be established on this continent a human-freedom league for defense against the crowned despots of Europe. In 1822 our country recognized the republics of Chile, Venezuela, and other South American States which had fought successfully against Spain. In 1837 Texas was recognized as free. In 1865 we drove the French from Mexico. Our policy touching the New World culminated in the co-called Monroe Doctrine, which asserts in brief that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European powers." This declaration, together with the warning of Washington to keep out of European complications, and the ready acceptance of European powers of the assumption that, if we would not permit them to control any part of this hemisphere, we must not interfere in their matters, have kept us almost wholly to ourselves. But the explosion of our battleship in the harbor of Havana awoke the deeper consciousness of our people to the cries of Cuba's enslaved sons. It was the nation, not the politician, that declared war against Spain—the nation moved by the Puritan spirit. We are in Cuba to train her sons in the lessons of self-mastery according to Christian ideals. We are in the Philippines to subdue the spirit of license, to persuade—compel, if you choose—the wild sons of that island to be free men. We are in China to preserve the ancient integrity of that empire from the vandalism of European powers. We are in the world to help all men to assume that liberty wherewith Christ has made every man free. The idea of individual liberty "has thus come to be more than national; it has become imperial. It has come to rule and it has come to stay.

*W. E. Channing*

ART. V.—THE PLATONIC IDEA ELUCIDATED BY THE  
COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH.

MONISTIC philosophy views the universe as being one in origin as well as existence, and tending to one purpose. Whatever discords there be are only superficial, and change the general trend no more than the waves on the surface of the sea disturb the calm of its great depths. If this oneness be the true expression of that reality toward which the reason strives, and accounts best for all phenomena whether of matter or mind, we must look for such a correspondence of parts that all, however removed in space, time, or mode of action, will be mutually illustrative. The advance of science discovers unexpected and striking analogies between elements of thought and action the most diverse. The present era is one of tremendous progress in scientific discovery. Facts are established much faster than they can be classified in their natural order and importance. But, though the sum total of verified facts is greater than man's power to colligate them, still enough can be known to prove that they evidently belong to one system and are correlate with each other. Hence we are sure that if our intellectual force were sufficient, we could see the agreement and mutual support, even of those which seem directly contradictory.

And here the observation is pertinent that the so-called conflict between science and religion does not exist, save in the brain of him who is too narrow to see truth on all sides, or too faithless to trust Omniscience to work out his designs in his own time and method. The inmost consciousness of each honest thinker rests with unshaken confidence on the belief that the two domains of matter and spirit, and the two spheres of life, the present and the future, are counterparts of one system presided over by one Intelligence, and are moving on toward one common result. Hence the controversies of science on its own domain, as well as when it trenches on religion, arise because facts are not understood in their true re-

lations; and it often requires centuries of wearisome progress to discover that what were apparent contradictions are actually concords when seen in their mutual dependence as parts of a system embracing all reality. While viewed apart as *disjecta membra* they were repulsive because they argued a world of disorder; but when brought together bone to his bone, with each organ in its place, and covered with the garment design has woven, they become a body of wondrous beauty, fit dwelling place for Divine Intelligence. It may take ages before a new fact finds its place. Present knowledge may be able to discover a truth, and yet be unable to see the place which it is fitted to fill. And hence the meaning of prophecy, whether in its highest manifestation through divine inspiration, or the lower grade as seen in genius, is not fully grasped by him who is its medium to man. The revelation is only partially understood by the age in which it is given; for its meaning is so comprehensive that it may be drawn upon for centuries and never be exhausted.

The recent discovery of the composite photograph by applied science would seem to be as far removed from the abstract conception of the "idea" or "universal" as are any two products of human thought. The ideal system of Plato, the universal of the schoolmen, the existence in nature of a reality corresponding to a general name, have been the target for ridicule by all such philosophers as propose for their goal the facts of experience investigated by sense perception. No two things could be more diverse than the shadowy, unsubstantial abstractions by which we designate a class of objects, and the composite picture which is made by a number of photographs printed over each other. Here we have the shadows which the sun casts from several objects of the same size and kind upon the sensitive plate of metal or paper. There the mind forms a picture of several objects combined into one class by leaving out of view the specific differences and retaining only those common to all the objects. On closer examination, however, we will find a striking analogy between the two processes.



The doctrine of the idea that there is a reality to which the general name is given would have been laughed out of court by Aristotle's mockery and the modern materialist's contempt if it had not the power of an endless life. But somehow the theory is as lively as when Plato first elaborated his "Parmenides," and is accepted by all the greatest thinkers of the world, or at least by those who admit that there is something beyond matter and that phenomena indicate a hidden cause which eludes sense perception. In support of this view we propose to call science to the witness stand, and prove that the composite photograph renders the doctrine of ideas, or the existence of a reality corresponding to universal names, not merely possible, but true beyond controversy.

Now, it must be admitted that the existence of universals of some sort is the basis of science, and the *sine qua non* of the reasoning process. They are as necessary to the nominalism of Aristotle as the realism of Plato, to the classification of Darwin and Cuvier as to the calculus of Leibnitz and Laplace. For they underlie the axioms of geometry, the signs of algebra, the formulæ of chemistry, and the scientific arrangement of facts in botany and zoology. Hence those who deny their existence assume it even in arguments for their subversion. They are indispensable in all speculative philosophy from Socrates to Lotze; and are so ingrafted in the human mind and the expression of thought by language that they cannot be rejected without rendering connected thinking impossible. Plato, the profoundest thinker of the ages, was the first to formulate the doctrine of ideas to represent the reality lying back of the concrete things which to our senses are phenomenal. These are the forms, *εἶδη* or *τύποι*, after which as patterns all individual things are created. They are the models treasured up in the divine mind according to which the phenomenal world, with all its various parts, have an actual existence, so far, and only so far, as they participate in the originals. These are eternal and constitute the thoughts of the creative intelligence according to which God proceeded in forming the universe. They are

immortal, even as the mind which contains them; and, being constituent parts of his nature, are uncreated. Hence to think after God, that is, to think his thoughts, is to discern the unchanging verities which control the sum total of being, whether physical, intellectual, or moral. And just as the earthly temple erected at Sinai, with all its complicated rites and furnishings, was made after the type shown to Moses on the mount, even so in the revelation made through the transcendent genius of Plato, the τύποι became the patterns of all the philosophic temples which have been reared for man in speculative thought. *Teste David cum Sybillâ* here gives us another correspondence between the elements of truth, however diverse in themselves or in their mode of communication to men.

Plato saw that the doctrine of Heraclitus, πάντα ῥεῖ, would not answer as the basis of a philosophic system. For if all things are in constant flux, nothing permanent and remaining under one form, then no science would be possible. For conclusions made at one moment would be contradicted by changes occurring in the data in the next; so that even the endless enumeration of individuals, were that possible, would avail nothing, since they, too, would not continue the same. And if they remained in one stay, their number being illimitable, to classify them under the head of one of more qualities would be *contradictio in adjecto* unless we were permitted to employ an idea or general term which remains constant. And the *inductio per enumerationem simplicem* could never advance beyond the particular individual, because by it we are precluded from using a common type. This would leave thought helpless amid the richness of its materials because they could not be classified by means of any quality belonging to all. Plato saw by that discernment which looked down into the roots of things that the real object of knowledge must not be the phenomenal, the changing, the evanescent, but that which is permanent, unchanging, and real. And this can be nothing but the form or idea capable of being apprehended by pure thought alone, and which

imparts whatever of reality those things have which are constructed after its type. The things *in concreto*, the individuals, which share in this model become increasingly real as they increase their likeness to this type, which is the unchanging and eternal idea.

By this theory the classification of the sciences becomes possible. But the inquiry naturally arises, What is the nature of these ideas, and what their relation to the concrete individuals for which they stand? Have they a reality independent of the concrete material? and, if so, where and in what manner do they exist? Plato said they were the only things which have an actual existence; all else is phenomenal and unsubstantial. For the individual thing is only an impression of the senses, caused by the form, or *τύπος*, which presses upon our organs, thereby giving evidence of the presence of the reality grasped by the intellect. The concrete object has no permanence, no reality, but is only a sign by which the veritable thing is signified. Even the most permanent of all physical objects change. "For surely the granite mountain falling cometh to naught." Thus far Plato agreed with his early instruction received from Heraclitus. But he further maintained that there is something permanent and eternal, the world of ideas, apprehended by the intellect. For the individual object is constantly changing and being merely phenomenal, while it can make impressions on the senses, these impressions in turn are not realities, but serve merely as signs giving us notice of that which is the only true material of knowledge. The concrete object awakes the *a priori* powers of the intellect which discern beneath the sense perceptions, that are but shadows, the eternal realities which give the former their only signification.

Plato was above all things else a geometer. He would not permit one who was ignorant of the principles of this science even to pass beneath the inscription over the entrance to the Academy. And it is easy to see why this science appealed so strongly to his temper. For in this science the statements of principles are abstract, general, and absolutely reliable.

Every proposition and every figure in geometry is an imperfect phenomenal representation of an infallible truth. The primary data of the science make this clear. The geometer makes the sign of a point, draws the semblance of a straight line, a circle, a triangle, or any other figure. But he cannot make a point, a straight line, or any perfect figure. No draughtsman, however skillful, can make any of these things so as to conform to the requirements of his own definition. His attempts, even if executed with the most consummate skill, are only 'prentice work. But each person who possesses the mathematical spirit knows that there is in nature a straight line, which is the shortest distance between two points; which in turn are fixed in space by the intersection of two lines. He knows that underneath the definitions there is an undeniable truth, which, though beyond the power of sense perception to embody in matter or grasp in feeling, is yet apprehended by the intellect, and becomes an element of unlimited use in reasoning. Nay, more, he has in his mind's eye the abstract truth which lies at the basis of all his theoretical demonstrations or practical applications of this exact science. He sees clearly the truth of, say, the Pythagorean theorem of the square on the longest side of a right-angled triangle, lying back of the crooked lines and roughly made angles of the drawn figure. For there is such a general truth, exactly defined by the intellect. This is but imperfectly indicated by the figures, which are introduced to enable asses to cross the bridge separating between material things and the mental pillars which support them—a bridge, by the way, that the materialist is unable to cross. But these truths, and all others of geometry, are discerned intuitively by the boy Pascal, when he was constructing a geometry for himself, after his father had through mistaken solicitude prohibited Euclid, and by Newton when he was working out the profound problems of his *Principia* without the aid of a calculus or analytics. And when Laplace says, in more than one place in the *Mécanique Céleste*, when working out those problems so difficult that few can follow even where he has

pointed the way, "This equation evidently follows from the preceding," it is certain that he could by his subtle analysis discern the process in idea, though to carry it out in calculation would require six foolscap pages full of figures. For he had practiced generalization until he scarcely needed any external signs to aid him in the process of pure intellect.

We, of lesser mathematical powers, can see that this is the case with the signs of algebra, calculus, and quaternions, which grow more general and comprehensive, more abstract, if possible more incapable of comprehension by the senses, and hence more necessary to be grasped by the pure intellect. The savage holds up one hand with spread fingers to indicate five, and both hands to mark ten. From this act, partly concrete and partly abstract, the process of notation goes on retreating farther and farther from the concrete, until in the higher algebra we have nothing but pure forms, spiritual conceptions, with which the mind is compelled to deal if it follows a scientific process at all. These are the *εἶδη*, the forms, which must exist somewhere in nature to be the objects of thought. These have their counterparts in visible signs which are grasped with the same confidence, and for the same purpose, that man, in the Sphinx's riddle propounded to Oedipus, leans on his walking stick. The material truths of Heraclitus are ever in a state of flux; those of Plato are fixed and independent of sensible phenomena, grasped *a priori* by the intellect, and made the basis of all science. This can be seen most clearly in mathematics, and this is the reason why Plato and, eke, Aristotle, and after them the subtlest dialecticians of all ages, have had a secret belief, and often an openly expressed conviction, that the lines of proof in all departments of knowledge can in their last analysis be reduced to demonstrative certainty. Descartes taught this as a cardinal doctrine of his philosophy, and in his method applied it to practice. So Spinoza would establish an ethical and philosophical system by demonstrating his principles *de more Mathematico*. The explanation of this tendency on the part of the subtlest thinkers is not far to seek. For each species

of knowledge must start from first principles, axiomatic truths—so plain that they are accepted, so cogent that they cannot be rejected—as soon as their import is comprehended. These axioms cannot possibly have any concrete existence—*credat ethnicus Schopenhauer*—even when the materialist would reduce all things to matter and its modifications. For these axioms are ideas, eternal verities, which are the farthest removed from matter and cannot be represented to the senses, but are grasped directly by the pure intellect, and lie at the foundation of all departments of thought and inquiry alike. This truth was distinctly maintained by Leibnitz\* when he said that the reason why we do not dispute about mathematical truths is that they do not appeal to our prejudices. “For if geometry were as much opposed to our passions and present interests as is ethics, we would contest it and violate it but little less, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of Euclid and Archimedes, which you would call dreams and paralogisms.”

Other truths, and even those of mathematics when applied to concrete cases, are brought to our notice through the medium of sense perception. But this grasps not the reality itself, but the image, the idea, as this is conveyed to us through media both external and internal; and these, either distinct or obscure, give only a partial view of the reality because it is but imperfectly imaged by our senses. Thus, different phases of the same truth are seen, and have each a word allotted to convey their signification; whence arise so many synonyms that language illustrates the sarcasm attributed to Talleyrand, that “words were invented not to convey, but to conceal, our thoughts.” Each synonym undoubtedly has some meaning attached to it, though not understood, perhaps, by him who uses it or him who hears it pronounced. The difficulty of attaching a fixed and clear meaning to a word increases as its application becomes more general, or, what is the same thing, more abstract, because it can be applied with nearly or quite equal propriety to any of the multitude of objects which are included under its wide signifi-

\* Crit. Locke, Entend. Humain, Liv. I, chap. II.

tion. When the name is proper and denotes only one person or thing, while its intension, contrary to Mill's view, is at its greatest degree, still it refers to a concrete thing which submits to our senses. Hence, though we cannot grasp all the characteristics of the individual, yet seeing it before us we are sure of its identity, and know it to be the object to which the word applies. But the general term becomes more dim because the number of objects included under it increases, and the special features of each must be left out of view because our powers are not sufficient to retain them. Still, such terms mean something; and each person who uses them must have in his mind some signification which he attaches to them; else he would be absurd and his language be nonsense. But it is not the case that the abstract and generalized word does become more obscure; it is only the image perceived by the senses whose distinctness fades. For the clearest thinkers, the most rigidly scientific minds, employ such most. Science cannot dispense with these even in its rudest beginnings; and its progress is measured by their employment and increasing comprehensiveness. For the more completely reasoning deals with such abstract conceptions as are farthest removed from the concrete individual the more accurate the results of the logical process. This is confessedly the case in mathematics, where the results are infallibly true because the data are not the imperfect product of our senses nor warped by our interested prejudices. From this it follows that there must be something in *rerum naturâ* which corresponds with these general terms, else the results obtained by their logical employment could not be true. Multitudes of minds differently constituted employ them, and in every conceivable relation, and yet with the same certainty. For unless the terms employed by the calculation be true the outcome cannot be free from error; and the further the process be carried the more erroneous the result. Hence there must be some reality which lies at the basis of every general term. This is the Platonic idea, the true and only model after which all individual things are made, and which get what measure



of truth and reality they possess by virtue of their resemblance and participation in the originals.

No subject even in the philosophic world has excited so much controversy as the doctrine of ideas. It is the corner stone of the Platonic system; the *bête noire* of Aristotle and the peripatetics; the shibboleth which divided the schools of philosophy and theology during the age of the schoolmen. Moreover, it remains the crucial test to-day between a material and skeptical mode of interpreting the universe, and that which recognizes an immaterial power guided by design in nature embodied in a personal God who created and governs all things. The *Metaphysics* of Aristotle is a polemic against ideas, and the exhibition of a mean jealousy against their great expounder who had been his teacher and friend. From this time forward the doctrine of ideas was the rock which divided the streams of human thought, so that more has been written and said on this subject than any other that has ever claimed the attention of philosophic thinkers. The way a man looked at this subject determined his position as a philosopher and theologian. The idealist held that there is a reality which is the subject of thought and speech; that this is transcendent, lying back of sense impression; that it gives reality to what is phenomenal and is the substance which casts the shade. This is a realistic view, for it accepts as true a mind which is anterior and superior to matter; a force which is causative and creative and the author of all change; which gives life, activity, and order to that which otherwise would be without form and void. But how does this idea exist? We hold that photography comes to our relief, and shows in another and diverse part of nature precisely how this is possible. For the picture is a transcript in material things of all that is material in the original, just as the idea is the coordinate of all that is material in the phenomenal. There are two sets, model and copy, over against each other. But what are the attributes of the idea, and how is it made known to us? As the materialist admits nothing in nature but matter, and therefore accepts no knowledge save that gained through the

senses, he has neither room nor use for ideas. But while he must accept force or energy in some form as the cause of motion, and mind as the instrument of thought, yet he says that they are merely modes of matter, immanent in it, and evolved by itself out of itself. In this view, however, he sets at naught the commonest experience in machines; and surreptitiously introduces automatic action, that is, perpetual motion in material things. For experimental mechanics, as well as the intuitions of common sense, recognize the wire as something wholly different from the electric current, which may or may not pass through it; which discerns in gravitation a power acting even through interstellar space, where matter is believed not to exist; and in spiritual action some agent which by volition and design brings about such results as the material unaided never has displayed. The ideas of these powers are mental pictures, which as far as understood and can be expressed by words are used by us in reasoning about them just as the signs of algebra stand for the relations of abstract number and quantity.

But the original difficulty is not yet removed, and comes to the front with the question, How do ideas exist? Are they distinct from the agent through which they work? Can we think of them as realities apart from their names and the things for which they stand? Or are they merely fictitious, a nondescript attached arbitrarily to the name, and having no existence apart from it? If Plato be called as a witness—and he should be, for a parent is expected to know his own children—we will be told that they have a separate existence, and are the most real of all things; that they are eternal, unchangeable, the substance of all knowledge whether material or spiritual—nay, more: that they are the only things that are real, and all else is phenomenal and transitory; moreover, that there is a hierarchy of ideas. Beginning with the supreme idea in which all others dwell, and by virtue of which they consist, there is a gradual descent until we arrive at the individual, which is the faintest adumbration because it is only one of the many units which form the type. The class

has a separate and permanent existence, embracing like the composite picture the features of all the individuals embraced under it. Now, the supreme idea is creative, and works according to these models which constitute his thoughts and are the instruments through which the divine energy shapes the plastic material during the never-ending process of creation. When this, the divine energy, as the *summum genus*, has molded the plastic material into individuals, it groups them under their respective types, from the lowest under subaltern species and genera, until we rise by regression back again to the *summum genus*. For each division, type, or species there is an idea which constitutes its actual nature; and to be consistent there must be also a like reality back of and upholding each individual. Now, while it might be easy for those who believe in immaterial existences to understand how there could be an idea corresponding to each single thing, yet when we come to those corresponding to species however small, provided these contained more than one individual, the difficulty to the majority of thinkers has seemed insurmountable. For how could the same idea, type, or exemplar stand for many and comprehend their diversities in its own identity and exactitude? The case of a model, such as is lodged in the Patent Office, is different; for there, though there be a general resemblance, and in the case where the parts are made by machinery, as in the Elgin watch or the Baldwin locomotive, the correspondence of all the examples to the model would be almost exact, still there would be the necessity of human imperfection be some differences. But the case is reversed with the idea or universal. This must contain all the differences which are found in the several individuals. Hence, if it were the exact counterpart of one of a species, it could not be, say the opponents of this system, for another, unless they were identical. Here was the dividing line between nominalism and realism. The former said it was impossible for there to be an idea which represented many. For the representation must be complete, else it would not be its counterpart; and this could not be unless the different individuals

were identical, which is *falsus in adjecto*. The idea, to be a complete counterpart, must be in the individual and inseparable from it. But we have seen that this is not inseparable because in mathematics, and, in truth, in all kinds of reasoning, we employ signs for the thing signified; and the certainty of the results show the reality of the correspondence. But if there can be no idea of anything but the individual, there is no possibility of grouping, and hence there can be no science. Yet we see resemblances throughout nature, types under which individuals can be classified. Some features of resemblance are fixed upon wherein all agree; the other properties are neglected in the summary, though present in the concrete cases. These types as species are arranged again under higher classes by increasing the comprehension and diminishing the intension, till a second group, then a third, when finally we arrive at the highest order, the *summum genus*, which includes all subalterns classified under one attribute. But the difficulty seems to the nominalist insurmountable that there should be an idea corresponding to the higher species or genera, admitting that there might be for the single example. We may form an abstract conception of a type or picture corresponding with one thing only. But how can this be the case when there are more, even up to an infinite number? For if the counterpart resembles one completely—and it cannot be a counterpart unless it does—then it cannot be exactly like any other. So that we have the apparent contradiction of resembling one and more than one, though they be different. Here modern science comes to our relief, and Plato's doctrine, which has been the Gordian knot of speculative philosophy, is resolved and its truth completely justified by a recent application of Daguerre's discovery.

Photography is one of the grandest applications of nature's forces by man's art. Nature always does her work perfectly if we will only let her have her own way. She can transfer the features of the sitter fixed so firmly that he must needs be stationary; or of the cannon ball as it issues from the gun; or of the flash of lightning as it darts through space. She can

take the picture of the foliage, even to the points of the pen-nated leaf in the distant forest; or the star dust of the Milky Way, so accurate, so minute, so particular, that the greatest magnifying power of the microscope fails to bring out all the delicate tracery. Nature may be divided up into parts seemingly without limit, but still there is a remainder which may be subdivided without end, even after the process has gone beyond the power of our organs to discern. We can see the truth of this statement in every domain of thought whether it be in relation to measure, weight, time, or space—the division may be continued *ad infinitum*; so that we are no nearer the end when we have reached any degree of subtlety than when we were at an appreciable magnitude however large. For there is nothing great or small, which is finite, except relatively. The photographer's plate if properly prepared transfers with absolute exactness the picture which the sun creates. We have tried in the course of this paper to show several analogies between the *εἶδος*, or image which the mind perceives and acts upon in all its reasoning processes, and the photograph which contains the exact image of an object transferred to the sensitive plate. All persons who have a knowledge of the subject will admit that when the sun takes a picture, an *εἶδος*, of one person or thing under proper conditions the correspondence to the original is absolutely perfect. If this be not the case, the failure is due to man's art, not the sun's. We can see this picture. It becomes a cherished souvenir of the dear one who is removed from us in space or has completed his work sooner than we in time. We can not only see this with our eyes, but form a mental picture of it—make an idea out of an idea by repetition in thought or communication to others. Aristotle held that Plato's doctrine was absurd because it required just this act, which he declared an impossibility. And yet this is a fact, and admits of a clear illustration. Place two mirrors opposite each other, not absolutely parallel, but inclined at a very slight angle. Let an egotistical person like Paracelsus, Beau Brummel, or Cleveland stand between

them and he will see his delectable person multiplied almost to the satisfying of his self-love. This process could, under proper conditions, be carried as near to infinity as any of nature's movements when directed by our powers. The picture may grow fainter—just as the idea does in ascending from the particular to the general—at the extremities of the series of reflected images; but this again is owing to the imperfection of our prepared media—not the want of accuracy in nature's handiwork. But, to return to the image of Daguerre. Here is a picture of a person or thing, an *εἶδος*, or *τύπος*. Of this we can frame a mental picture, just as we are compelled to do in the case of anything about which we think. This becomes an actual existence, may be the subject of reflection, memory, reasoning—every mental action.

Again, by the process of composite photography we can get a second object thrown by the camera directly upon the first. This second will be as accurate as the first—that is to say, under the proper conditions, absolutely perfect. But now the two pictures become more complicated; and if our eyes are not sharp enough to discern each minute feature of one, *a fortiori* we cannot of the two. Let another and another be superimposed and the same truths as to the accuracy of nature, and of our inability to grasp and discern the differences, will hold good. We may discern in the first picture the marked features of Lincoln's face, sad yet humorous and kindly; angular, and, while showing superhuman power, almost startling from their plainness and their clearly defined personality. Then let Gladstone's face of remarkable beauty, strength, repose, and spirituality be depicted on the same plate. The two greatest statesmen of the modern world can be seen distinctly, yet modifying each other, and forming a compound overpowering in its fascination. Next, take Stuart Mill, with his face the beau ideal of pure intellectual beauty, exhibiting a mental grasp sufficient to embrace the universe of thought. The picture of the trio loses its individuality because we cannot divide nature on her subtle lines, and assign what belongs to each. But we can still see some-

thing of the personality of the three noted characters. Let this addition of faces be continued indefinitely, and we will yet be able to see only so much as will allow us to say, "This is the photograph of an Englishman." Then if Bismarck, with his coarse, hard, strong features; Schleiermacher, with his refined, spiritual look; Kant, with his sharp features, beardless chin, and eyes which sparkle with pure reason—when these are added we still can see enough to say, "Anglo-Saxon." But we have not arrived at our *summum genus*. Let the camera transfer Pascal, Campanella, Plato, and we can still see enough to say, "Caucasian." Then, if we continue the process and add Moses, Confucius, Rameses, we will still under the innumerable sun-written lines see enough to decide, "This is Man." And we must not forget that all the individual lines of feature belonging to the various faces which have looked into the camera have been transferred by the sun, and we could see them in the picture provided our sense perceptions were sufficiently subtle to take in and discriminate the well-nigh infinite fineness of the combination. The process might be carried down through animals, plants, organized being, if our senses did not reel in the effort to separate the particular from the general.

Each of these stages would give us a *τύπος*, an *εἶδος*, on the paper. We could see it, think about it when before our face, and form a mental image; eke, reproduce it, and recognize it again by memory. These are all facts which we know intuitively, though they might be impossible of verification in a concrete case. For the composite photograph is a true type, no matter how many individuals there may be combined in it, just as the photograph of a single person is of that person, but unspeakably more subtle in the sun printing, because of the multitude of separate pictures imprinted on the same paper. As we increase its complexity by additions we diminish the distinctness of its representation of each individual, because either our art is at fault in printing the picture or our senses are unequal to the task of discriminating its complicated structure. And it is well for us to bear in mind



that we can have a mental picture, can name, define, meditate upon, each of these photographs with the same facility. The measure of their generality does not diminish their actual reference to something existing in nature, and which may be made the subject of thought. The highest generality is as real as the individual picture, and differs from it only in embracing more both of objects and distinctive features. Unless, then, we deny the possibility of having a mental image distinct from the material object it represents, and which is assuredly outside of the organ which receives the image, then the *εἶδος*, or type, must be separate from the object which awakens it. To say nothing of immaterial things, of abstract conceptions, of mathematical axioms and geometrical lines, which are just as much objects of thought as conceptions gained through immediate sense perception—we are forced to admit that for each concrete thing we form a picture significant to us and treated as a reality. Otherwise there could be no thought either for the materialist or the idealist. For each thinks of something when he utters a word or employs a sign, and that something is different from the object to which it refers—even as the shadow is diverse from the object which casts it.

This explanation of the idea finds many illustrations, and shows that so far from this theory being absurd, as often held by materialists, it agrees with the facts of universal experience as well as the tenets of opponents who build better than they intend. That it is impossible for the general idea, or that of the *summum genus*, to contain in itself all the features of each individual embraced under it is falsified by facts. When we look at an object close at hand we get a clear conception of its form and special features. Remove it farther off and it becomes more indistinct to us. Yet the object does not change. It retains all its distinctive features, but our sense organs are not vigorous enough to discern them. The house on the hill which at close quarters can be seen by us in all its minute parts fades in the distance to a white speck. At a greater remove the hill on which it stands

sinks to a level with the outlines of the horizon. Removed still farther from us as we stand upon a mountain we can see nothing but the blue outline, shading away until the sky and horizon meet. So individuals, species, genera, melt into obscurity, while we descend the logical tree down to organized and unorganized matter. There they meet under the name of substance, and cannot be distinguished by us though the *εἶδος*, form, of each retains its constituent parts sharply defined in themselves. They are in fact scarcely discriminated by our senses, and only kept apart by name because the line that divides nature has no breadth to our conception. For the subtlety of nature, as Bacon has said, far exceeds the subtlety of reasoning; though he would have been more correct had he said "sense perception" instead of "reasoning." For the senses fail to discriminate when the intellect by names and signs can continue its processes of reasoning with perfect accuracy. But however insensibly nature shades off between things that differ as inferior species, yet there is a division between such things as are indiscernible by the sense processes. For we can demarcate each thing by words to a degree of accuracy exactly proportioned to the progress of science. For the task of science is to separate in thought and to mark by words the precise distinctions between objects as they exist in nature; that is, to make our sense and word interpretation agree precisely with what things are in themselves. The struggling of our imperfect ideas to reach the pure *εἶδος* of nature is the never-ending work of science and the goal of earthly discipline.\* Science is constantly approaching this goal, but can never reach it. Moral culture in this life is struggling to reach its ideal, but comes far short of it in time; and will find it the work of unending ages under a higher development.

Darwin deserves unlimited credit for his untiring industry and patience in collecting facts both from observation and

\* Plato, "Phædo," 81 B.C. Τὸ δὲ τοῖς ὁμμασι σκοτῶδες καὶ ἀειδές, νοητὸν δὲ καὶ φιλοσοφία αἰρετόν, τοῦτο δὲ εἰδισμένη μισεῖν τε καὶ τρέμειν καὶ φεύγειν, οὕτω δὲ ἔχουσαν οἱ ψυχὴν αὐτὴν καθ' αὐτὴν εἰλικρινή ἀπαλλάξεσθαι.

experiment. His facts are in the main trustworthy—always so except when he has a pet theory to establish; and then if the facts do not conform to his interpretation of nature, “so much the worse for the facts.” But he is not always happy in his theories. And when his theories were found to be correct they were so in a sense which he perhaps did not comprehend, and certainly did not have in mind. For they prove a doctrine diametrically the reverse of what he wished to establish. For example, there was no doctrine on which he prided himself more than on “pangeneses,” that is to say, there is a germ inside of a germ, even to the beginning of *development*; for as to *creation* he would have none of it. Accordingly, the fruit or animal of to-day was found in the apple which grew in the garden of Eden; and the lion which now roars in the Nubian desert was already in the one which walked the plank up into Noah’s menagerie. Yea, verily, man of the present generation was actually present in the protoplasm which was common to man, beast, fowl, fish, ascidian, plant, star dust, incandescent gas—or such other gas as the Darwinian system delights in as the self-acting originator of all things. We have as the beginning of the universe a composite photograph, an *eidōs* which contained not representatively, but actually, the germ, complete in all its minute parts, of every creature of every kind that has lived or shall live till the end of time. One who as a strict scientist can believe this need not shrink back from any difficulty, nor charge those with absurdity who accept Scripture miracles. But in the application of pangeneses the first man, to go no farther back, that is, the creature which shook itself loose from the grosser elements of the *homo troglodytes*, and suddenly passed the dividing line and became *homo sapiens*, contained in himself the genus which in time developed into each several member of the whole human family. We can scarcely accuse Darwin of plagiarizing from a book he probably never read; yet how strangely is his theory like the statement of a much-neglected author which says that Levi “was yet in the loins of his father [Abraham] when Melchisedek met him;” or that

from another part of the same forgotten book, "The tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself." The wise man has said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and surely Darwin's pangensis is not new, but old as the Bible. And though Darwin either superciliously ignored its existence, or intended to establish a theory which he thought to be in contravention to its teachings, yet he is found to be in complete harmony therewith. For the doctrine of original sin which is taught by the Mosaic and Christian legations, and agrees with individual experience as well as the verdict of all history, requires that the human family were really present in our first parents in order for all men to be held judicially accountable. For the same character somehow crops out in each individual, and therefore shows that he was present and participated in that act which "brought death into this world and all our woe." Pangensis would account for this doctrine scientifically; and "the sibyl" would then be made, *volens volens*, "to testify with David."

But there is a still loftier sense in which the correspondence between the composite photograph and the Platonic idea receives illustration, and in turn gives support to the system of revealed religion. This is emphatically a representative system, in which a supreme type stands for and actually contains within himself all the subordinate individuals. As the first man contained in himself the germs of all his posterity, who were in succession influenced by the trend which his conduct was adapted to give, and thus affected their destiny so that they became subject to evils as the result of misconduct, and hence was the representative of the ruin, even so the ideal man was the type, the representative, of recovery. In the divine plan for man's redemption from sin and its consequences there is a Representative who shall be both able and willing to fulfill the obedience which all men owed to the divine law, and by suffering the penalty in their room deliver them from the consequences of their conduct. In the Platonic philosophy the idea stands as the type of a class, and, as we have shown, actually contains not only the general but the special

characteristics of every individual embraced under it; so in the mediatorial scheme the man Christ Jesus stands for and contains within himself all the specific differences of each one for whom he acts as Mediator. The doctrine of the Academy was cordially welcomed by the Christian fathers, who saw in it an exact counterpart of the revealed truth. So strong was this correspondence that it has always influenced the Church. The orthodox, the evangelical, the devoted element in Christianity has felt an irresistible sympathy with the idealistic system of philosophy; so that nearly all the leading doctors of the Church, from Athanasius and Anselm to Calvin, Wesley, and Shedd, have been unqualified idealists. And no wonder; for this view fits in every particular with the vicarious plan upon which Christianity is founded. Christ the ideal Man is the *τύπος*, the *εἶδος*, of the human family. He not only assumes their nature and becomes subject to the law which punishes their sin, but he actually contains within himself every feature of their character as well as every personality. They are one in Him; and therefore he, by virtue of this oneness, is treated not merely as their vicar, but as actually summing up in himself their identity.

The great difficulty, from a philosophic point of view, as well as moral and legal, has always been the transference of responsibility by which one who in his own person is innocent could justly be treated as guilty. But by the assumption of humanity, and so in a moral relation standing at its head, the Mediator becomes the type, the image, the transcendent reality of the whole human family. The first man by pangenesis is the representative of the entire succession to influence them for evil and superinduce their misery; the Second Man contains within himself not merely forensically, but in scientific reality, the entire human race for the purpose of enduring their deserved punishment, and thus secure their deliverance from the consequences of their transgression. How this can be done transcends our knowledge. Yet this is not strange. The processes of nature which pass before our senses escape our most careful scrutiny when we seek the cause and mode

of their action. But the inconceivability of an action is not the measure of its veraciousness. At any point of inquiry into the ultimate causes of phenomena we are met by barriers which we cannot pass; and so we must content ourselves with the measure of knowledge which we, under our present limitations, are permitted to gain—which at each step of progress is far more than we can fully utilize.

And if this be the case with such matters as confront us in ordinary experience, we must not expect less difficulty in the profound mysteries of the divine government. There, as in material nature, we must accept the fact as made known to us by the responses of experience and revelation, and wait for the time and strength to receive a higher enlightenment. For as is said in that profound passage in the book of Job,\* "God hath declared with reference to the secrets of wisdom, that they are in double folds"—that is, there is a type or idea lying over against the material thing that our senses grasp, while the former is the reality with which the mind comes in contact, and which it uses in all its processes of reasoning and intuition. Conformable to this, the teaching of Revelation is the doctrine of the idea in philosophy. The *εἶδος*, idea, sign, is the coordinate of all material phenomena; the reality on which science is built; the basis of reasoning and knowledge. This can neither be denied by materialists nor dispensed with by such as admit a spiritual nature. The idea represents the forces which control the world in its activities, physical and moral; and gives the only satisfactory solution of those questions which have occupied reflecting minds in all ages. It is the composite photograph which embraces all the truths of nature under general principles with which we must deal in every species of reasoning; and sees in the ideal Man the representative of all who are united to him by deliverance, as they had been to their first parent in condemnation.

\* Job xi, 6 (Hebrew original).

*John Cooper.*

## ART. VI.—THE FAITH OF TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was six years old when the field of Waterloo was won. The shock of nations and the crash of battle were to be followed by the greater changes which are wrought in silence. Evolution may have its occasional revolution in which the outward form readjusts itself to the long-accomplished inward fact, but the great movements upward are slow and silent. After Waterloo came the greater Wellingtons, the mightier Napoleons—the great thought leaders of a new age, the emperors of the mind. The stars looked with fair favor upon Tennyson's natal year—1806. In that year was born Mendelssohn, the Tennyson of music. It was the birth year of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the queen of English song. In that year Gladstone, the uncrowned English king, was born. It was the birth year of Abraham Lincoln, freedom's prose poet and America's immortal patriot; and in the same year was born Charles Darwin, the creator and destroyer. "Never alone come the immortals;" and Dr. Holmes writes to Tennyson that he is proud of his coevals, "Darwin, Lord Houghton, Gladstone, Mendelssohn, and the laureate whose 'jewels five words' long sparkle in our memories and will shine 'till universal darkness buries all.'" Tennyson's age was an age of great thinkers, and its triumphs are the triumphs of thought.

I. Our first step shall be to consider certain conditions under which the convictions of Tennyson were formed. Hint has already been given of the political genesis of his faith. The battles of bravery and brawn were to give place to the battle of brains; the contests of force to those of ideas; military revolution was to yield to reformatory evolution. The period of Tennyson's activity marked the beginning and progress rather than the consummation of English reforms. He witnessed the rise of the Chartist, or Liberal, party. The public interest was intense. Vast meetings were held, bringing together great multitudes. One authority asserts that one of these assemblies numbered 200,000 people. A monster petition bearing a million signatures was rolled into Parliament in a huge tub. Six points in that petition have since been em-



bodied in English law. The list is interesting: (1) Universal suffrage; (2) annual parliaments; (3) secret voting—vote by ballot; (4) abolition of property qualifications for a seat in the House of Commons; (5) payment of members; (6) equal electoral districts. It will also be recalled that the repeal of the corn laws took place in 1846; and this is but a partial list of the victories of peace. It is evident that the period of Tennyson's literary activity was filled with most stirring public changes and was marked by the birth of the "social conscience." These social movements gave to his faith a deeply human and sympathetic element, and yet, notwithstanding the fact that he has furnished a message of unfailing human interest, he is not recognized as a social prophet, as is Massey or Morris. Yet woven through his work there is an earnest sociologic message, and it is surprising that not more is made of it. He cries:

Ah when shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?

In "Locksley Hall" he denounces the ills of the social order in words like these:

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

The laureate's sociology is broad and comprehensive, and often takes on a national type. He is indeed a patriot poet. He is a cultured Kipling, and rejoices in the "far-flung battle line" of English power. Kipling has made a plea for a song for all English-speaking peoples—a saga for the Anglo-Saxon—which will unite the steady rhythm and defiant march of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" with the whirl and skirl of the "British Grenadiers." But why not adopt Tennyson's lines in "Hands All Round" as our Anglo-Saxon saga?

Gigantic daughter of the West,  
We drink to thee across the flood!  
We know thee most, we love thee best,  
For art thou not of British blood?  
Should war's mad blast again be blown,  
Permit not thou the tyrant powers  
To fight thy mother here alone,  
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.

Hands all round !  
God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,  
And the great name of England, round and round !

We will no doubt fight shy of the proposal to let our "broad-sides" roar with English cannon—at least until the African war is over. This poem, however, shows the world-wide application of the sociologic and fraternal spirit. The heart of every true poet interprets, if it does not lead, the spirit of his age, and the current social and political struggles of his times form one source of Tennyson's faith.

It had also a scientific genesis. As profoundly as the social movement affected Tennyson, the scientific spirit and progress moved him even more. He is the poet of science. It had long been supposed that there was a feud between science and poetry. In an early sonnet Edgar A. Poe arraigns science for her lack of friendship for the muses, and ends by calling her a vulture whose wings are "dull realities." Tennyson utilized the poetic possibilities of that larger world revealed by scientific discoveries. It was a greater poetry than known before, because it touched the great world rhythm. Its measures are along the sublime lines of cosmic law. The mystery and marvel of the universe are increased, and the scope of poetic interpretation is almost infinitely advanced. There was also a personal inspiration in Tennyson's close relations with scientific men. Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, were personal friends. He was in touch with the scientific leaders of his age, and did much, as we shall presently see, to accomplish the double reconciliation of science and poetry and science and religion.

Equally interesting is the religious genius of Tennyson's faith. His home life in the English rectory, his association with the leaders of religious thought, and especially such men as Robertson, Kingsley, and Maurice, gave to Tennyson's message not only the flavor of the new science, but also of the new theology. The religious world was passing through as great a transition as the political and scientific. G. Willis Cook points out that the eighteenth century was marked by skepticism in philosophy, classicism in literature, courtly formality in social

life, and deism in religion. He further observes that from these elements a reaction followed under the influence of Methodism, the French Revolution, German idealism, and the growth of naturalism. These blended reactions led to the great literary era of the first half of the nineteenth century. Besides these general elements there was the seething contention in the English Church, when Maurice expressed his conviction that the real struggle was soon to be not between popery and Protestantism, but between atheism and Christ. Tennyson makes one of his characters, Ulysses, say, "I am a part of all that I have met," and elsewhere declares that each man is "a whole van full of people." So that, without doubt, we may be able to trace in the faith of Tennyson its triple primogeniture in the political, scientific, and religious movements of his age. Tennyson reveals rather than leads. He interprets rather than pioneers. His faith is the present faith of the cultured classes in England and America.

II. Having glanced at the sources, our next step shall be to consider certain characteristics of Tennyson's faith. In the first place, as to formal expression, it is vague and indefinite. This quality, as Stopford Brooke observes, is necessitated by his art; definite doctrinal statements are alike abhorrent to poetry and true religion. Tennyson did not use the old formal statements; neither did he invent a new dogma. He keeps mind and heart open. His creed outlines are indistinct. He gives his faith plenty of margin. In this he expresses the scientific spirit. It is now better understood that the religious sense results from the apprehension of that "power not of ourselves which makes for righteousness." Scientific discoveries have enlarged our knowledge of the universe, and have correspondingly deepened our devotedness. But the ever-enlarging vision implies an ever-growing faith, and it follows that it cannot have a distinct definitive limitation. It must be pliable to the steps of progress. It is a living reality, not a dead definition. But while Tennyson's faith is thus vague in outline, it is not wanting in substance; on the other hand, it is intense in its reality. The storm cloud shaking the world with its thunders is real, but no eye can trace its borders. The starry heavens are a golden reality, but they have no limit.

With Tennyson faith is a life moving under the law of progress which touches all living things, and not a dead dogmatic finality. He believes in "faith beyond the forms of faith." Like his passing of Arthur, after his "last weird dim battle in the west," there is an impression of indistinctness and mystery suggestive of eternal progress:

And there-with-all came on him the weird rhyme  
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.

This suggests the second characteristic. Tennyson regards creeds as transient in form and inevitably subject to change. He reverences the abiding substance, but esteems of little value the passing form. He prizes the scientific principle of continuity, but sees in its steady progress the necessity of credal change. As a consistent evolutionist he never throws aside the essential substance of the creeds—that would violate the law of evolutionary unity; neither can he be held by the paper handcuff of an outgrown form from which the life, the unifying and vitalizing principle which he prizes, has passed away. He reverences the life—the permanent element—but believes the form of its expression is transient and passing:

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Again he writes:

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge,  
The old order changeth, yielding place to new  
And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

But Tennyson's faith is reverently rational. He rests his confidence upon a double foundation—the revelation of man's own heart and the answering revelation which comes from without and above. He believes in a self-revealing supernaturalness which transcends but does not contradict reason; and when these two unite their witness is the perfect and eternal truth. He traces the profound instincts of the heart to their external complement, and when the cry of the soul finds answer in the outward supernatural revelation, whether found in the traditions of the past or in the new and discovering present,

he is ready to trust this double-attested verity. The outward and inward warrant gives certainty. Doubt is banished by this double Gospel.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep  
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"  
And heard an ever-breaking shore,  
That tumbled in the godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And, like a man in wrath, the heart  
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

One other characteristic should be noted. Our great poet's faith was well tried and tested, and was finally triumphant. Like his beloved Hallam he had met and laid the specters of the mind. He certainly understood Browning's paradox when he says:

You must mix some uncertainty  
With faith, if you would have faith be.

The record of that struggle is found in many of Tennyson's poems. "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," "The Higher Pantheism," "Vastness," "Despair," "Merlin and the Gleam," and the "In Memoriam" make a part of the long list. The "In Memoriam" is the most notable of these "struggle poems." As another has written, that poem is:

The story of a soul at strife  
That learned at last to kiss the rod,  
And passed through sorrow up to God,  
From living to a higher life;  
A light that gleams across the wave  
Of darkness, down the rolling years,  
Piercing the heavy mist of tears,  
A rainbow shining o'er a grave.

It has been truly said that the poem is "a repertory of the doubts and faiths of the age, but after the storm came peace, and nature's eternal miracle is made the symbol of the soul's palingenesis." It is a long and tiresome struggle, but the clouded brow of doubt at last becomes radiant with peace. The poet has seen upon the gravestone in Clevedon Cemetery "a silver flame stealing along the letters of Hallam's name," and gilding them with the mystic glory of immortality, and his soul finds deep content.

III. In broad outline Tennyson held three elemental convictions—a belief in the divine personality, an assurance of the immortality of the soul, and a confidence in the progress of mankind. To say that Tennyson believed in the personality of God is more significant when it is remembered that probably the most subtle and powerful attack of skeptical thought in our day has been made upon this doctrine. The personality of deity is questioned upon the ground of the greatness of the universe and the difficulty of personalizing the infinite. On the other hand, human personality is under attack, not so much as to its present actuality as to its future permanency—the doubt of immortality. In both phases of the discussion Tennyson is the devout and doughty champion of personality. He believes profoundly in God as a person, and this is more significant since there is a trace of pantheism in some of his earlier poems. In his *Memoirs* his son says : “ A week before his death I was sitting by him, and he talked long of the personality and love of God. He said, ‘ I should infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above than the highest type of man standing alone.’ ” Jowett asked him to write an anthem for Balliol Chapel, and he responded with two stanzas, entitled “ The Human Cry : ”

Hallowed be Thy Name—Halleluiah !

Infinite Ideality !

Immeasurable Reality !

Infinite Personality !

Hallowed be Thy Name—Halleluiah

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee ;

We feel we are something—that also has come from Thee ;

We know we are nothing—but thou wilt help us to be.

Hallowed be Thy Name—Halleluiah.

To his son Tennyson declares, “ Take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God, and you take away the backbone of the world.”

Another element in the great poet's faith is his confidence in the permanence of human personality. Immortality naturally involves the question of origin. What is Tennyson's view of the beginning of the soul ? He holds, with Wordsworth, the judgment that

Trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home.

Out of the vast abyss of infinite being a spark is smitten into conscious human life. The birth of the poet's eldest son is celebrated in a sublime poem, "De Profundis:"

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
Where all that was to be, in all that was,  
Whirled for a million aeons thro' the vast  
Waste dawn of multitudinous, eddy light—  
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,

Thou comest, darling boy.

Here is man's divine origin, and the law of spiritual heredity assures the soul of its unending life. In this same poem it is declared that personality is itself a greater marvel than its permanency:

Who made thee, unconceivably thyself  
Out of his whole world-self and all in all—  
Live thou . . . and find  
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who wrought  
Not matter, nor the finite-infinite,  
But this main miracle, that thou art thou,  
With power on thine own act and on the world.

With great power Tennyson presents the familiar argument for the future life based upon the incompleteness of the present. He hints that without it there is no ground for responsibility or basis of morality. His position is far more logical than that of George Eliot, who makes earnest pleas for duty even though the only reward be a brief mnemonic immortality. There is but little inspiration to membership in the "choir invisible" if the stream of life is but nearing the Niagara of endless nights. Tennyson also emphasizes the intuitional argument, which Lowell touches upon when he declares:

Perhaps this longing to be so helps  
Make the soul immortal.

He receives the witness when, "like a man in wrath," the heart stands up and answers, "I have felt." And from the intuitional our poet passes to its complement and counterpart, the religious argument, which finds its highest expression in the Prelude of the "In Memoriam." The Prelude is indeed the



conclusion of the great poem, and here we may find a blending of the two arguments. Tennyson declares that man thinks he is not born to die, and to this is joined his conviction as to the divine purpose :

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;  
 Thou madest life in man and brute ;  
 Thou madest death ; and lo, thy foot  
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;  
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
 He thinks he was not made to die ;  
 And thou hast made him, thou art just.

That is, the intuitional would not exist without the objective reality, since God is too just to tantalize the soul with the vision of immortality and then end all in the gloom of an eternal tomb. A brief poem, written after the now familiar "Crossing of the Bar," gives the same message :

Spirit, nearing yon portal at the limit of thy human state,  
 Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,  
 Nor the myriad world, his shadow,  
 Nor the silent "Opener of the Gate."

It now remains for us to consider Tennyson's confidence in the progress of mankind. He is an evolutionist, and is optimistic, as all good evolutionists are. He believes that the good will eventually triumph, though it is a long journey from the ape to the angel. In confidence of the final outcome he writes :

O, yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete.

IV. We are indebted to this leader not only for these great messages, but also for the art of right attitude toward present problems. Tennyson inspires a ready welcome for new truth as well as a deeper confidence in the tested treasures of the past. He has shown that truth is ageless, that the eternal

verities are as fresh as the new-found fact, and the new fact should have the same reverence as hoary age. His conservatism is the conservatism of true progress. He would teach us to repose in the essentials of the faith of our fathers, and at the same time give welcome to every discovery their sons may make, lifting our faces to the future and adopting his motto, "Follow the gleam." The poem carrying that theme is the poet's spiritual biography, and the gleam is the high ideal which inspired this personal and literary life.

When his hour came Tennyson feared not the "silent opener of the gate." He fought well his own "dim weird battle in the west," and, like Arthur, he passed in peace. Shortly before he died he said, "I want the blinds up. I want to see the sky and the light." "The sky and the light," he repeated. Then he thought he was walking with Gladstone in the garden, showing him his trees. Later Dr. Dabbs told him of one of the villagers, ninety years old, who, dying, had so pined to see his old bedridden wife, as old and helpless as himself, that they carried her to where he was lying. He pressed his shrunken hand on hers, and in husky voice said, "Come soon." Tennyson murmured, "True faith." Only a little while before he himself had shouted, "Hallam." The full moon filled the great landscape and the poet's room with tender light. As the end drew near the silence was broken by the voice of the poet's son chanting the lines of his father's prayer for the Iron Duke:

God accept him,  
Christ receive him;

and as the words were spoken the spirit of Alfred Tennyson passed beyond "the sunset and evening star."

*L. W. Barnes.*

## ART. VII.—THEOSOPHY AS A PHILOSOPHY.

IN discussing theosophy we are dealing with a system notable for its claims to antiquity and universality. It represents itself to be the true interpretation of the old philosophies of India, Greece, Persia, China, Phœnicia, Peru, Mexico, and other lands, for the reason that its doctrines are the basal ones of these philosophies. It professes to explain the famous old-time mysteries—the Eleusinian of Greece, the Cabirian of Samothrace and Troy, the Dionysian of Thrace, those of Isis in Egypt, and the pre-Vedic of India. It claims to interpret the symbols of divine wisdom hidden for ages from the common people in the forms of the cross, the circle, the triangles, the square, the number seven, the wheel, water, and fire. A knowledge of it, in the estimate of its disciples, will unloose the knottiest problems of human life, will solve the mystery of evil, and will give the clear insight that reads the creative reasons of the varied forms of life. As to its origin, Madame Blavatsky says: "Whither can we turn to trace the doctrines of theosophy to their very root better than to the old Hindu wisdom? We say it again: Archaic occultism would remain incomprehensible if it were rendered otherwise than through the familiar channels of Buddhism and Brahmanism, for the former is the emanation of the latter, and both are the children of one mother, the Lemuro-Atlantean wisdom."

Theosophy is a very flexible pantheistic system. The name is said to have been coined by Ammonius Sanaas, the distinguished Neoplatonist of the third century, and means "divine wisdom." Its advocates speak of it as the philosophy and the religion of the seers and saints who lived before, in, and after the morning of our human world, and of its doctrines as the only sure basis of scientific, metaphysical, ethical, and spiritual truth, and as including the grandest mathematical certainties in the chronology of the universe. They aver, also, that its teachings are one with mathematical astronomy in the changes of the planets, the sun, and the polar star; one with the mathematics and astronomy said to be found in the famous pyramid of Gizeh; one with the commentaries of Confucius and

Lao-Tze ; one with the doctrines of the Persian Zend-Avesta ; one with the moral teachings of Buddha and the philosophical views of Kapila ; one with the learning and spirit that induced the magi to travel westward in search of Him born King of the Jews ; one with the Neoplatonism of the early Church which sought to spiritualize Greek and oriental mystics ; one with the mysticism of Swedenborg and Boehme ; and one with the speculative dreaming of Emerson when he slipped from the bonds of formal logic, which part of mental science is said to be as much below theosophic spiritual insight as sensation is below logic. And, in fact, in one of its fundamental features theosophy very forcibly reminds us of a peculiar but unacceptable theory of the relation of the Deity to the physical forces, which finds local acceptance in our modern philosophy, and has a strong pantheistic trend, and which speaks thus : The atoms of chemistry are active elemental forms in nature of the basal activity called God ; the physical elements are only forms of the present activity of the Infinite ; matter in its modes of motion is simply a manifestation of the immanent God.

In strong contrast with Western philosophy is the system of cosmic chronology held by theosophy. Compared with the mathematical astronomy of this occult wisdom, Sir Isaac Newton was a schoolboy mathematician. The great periodic movements in stellar, solar, and terrestrial history are measured, and can be stated, in exact periods of years. The great geologic cataclysms are mathematically periodic, and hence predictable like the changes of the moon and eclipses. We are told by one of their mahatma teachers, speaking of the sudden continental elevations and subsidences of the miocene times, that "everything comes in its appointed time and place in the evolution of the rounds ; otherwise it would be impossible for the best seer to calculate the exact hour and year when such cataclysms, great and small, take place." The beginning of our solar system, that is, the first creative tremor in the form of an out-breathing impulse, began just 1,955,884,479 years ago. Man in his lower form, when the human monad received the soul impulse, began 1,664,500,999 years ago ; since the time when, by a sudden rush or gush of the spirit force, man passed from his hermaphrodite or bisexual condition to his present

monosexual one, 18,618,739 years have passed; and our solar system will end 2,364,115,121 years hence. These dates refer to 1899 A. D., and are for our small solar system. But the great eon of the stellar universe, the hundred years of Brahma's age from his birth to death, a mahakalpa, is 311,040,000,000,000 years. So, too, it is said that Atlantis, spoken of as the last great island of the Atlantean race, and as the evolutioned predecessor of our Aryan peoples, was suddenly submerged in the Atlantic just 11,461 years ago. And Australia is the remnant of a great continent whose animal and human inhabitants belonged to the post-Lemurian race and were drowned about 700,000 years ago. The number seven is also notable in theosophy. It names seven planetary chains in our solar system, each chain having seven globes or planets; there are seven orders of beings, each making seven rounds on each globe in each of the seven great rounds which fill out a Manvantara, or special form of existence; in each minor round on a globe a race passes through seven sub-races, each sub-race being divided into seven branches or families. Of these our present race is on its fourth great round, and is in its fifth race—of which the old Aryans were the first sub-race, and we, the white Western Aryans, are the seventh and last sub-race, while the Teutonic peoples form one of the seven branches of this sub-race. The present stir of the Anglo-Saxons is the customary periodic prelude to the passing, by some great geologic catastrophe, into the next sub-race. Also the human monad passes, in the course of its evolution, through the seven great kingdoms of nature—which one may term the atomic, and also the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the human, the soul, the spirit. In each of these kingdoms the human monad passes through seven evolutionary changes on each planet, or ninety-eight in one round. Man is composed of seven elements or principles—the physical body, the astral, or seat of sensations, the vital, the animal, the human or intellectual, the Buddhistic or rational, and the spiritual. So, also, every plant, mineral, animal, has, active or embryonic, the seven principles. Thus the unbroken thread of existence, woven by the impulses of the infinite One, continues in its seven-knotted series onward through trillions of years.

The question here arises, Who were the founders or ancient authoritative exponents of theosophy? Mrs. Besant has described them as being :

Teachers, masters, adepts, mahatmas or great souls, who form a brotherhood consisting of men and women of various nations who, by patient study and purity of life, have acquired exceptional but wholly natural powers and knowledge; they are great in their powers, great in their wisdom, great in their self-sacrifice. They are the custodians of a body of doctrines handed down from generation to generation, increased by the work of each. Into this vast collection of cosmological and historical facts no new statement is allowed entrance until verified by repeated investigations. This forms the secret doctrine, the wisdom-religion, and of this, from time to time, portions have been given out and made the basis of the great philosophies and of the great religions of the world.

It is affirmed that to these teachers the secrets of nature were laid open; that they could go out of their bodies, pass up and down through the earth, and see all things, and read the hidden records in the geologic strata relating to the six days of creation, with the histories of progressive forms of life, of planetary changes in Mars, Mercury, and the moon; that they have attained to a spiritual culture which transcends the reason as much as the reason transcends sensation; that by this spirit the memories of the manifold phases of evolution in their past lives are recalled, and that they can, hence, interpret the onward movements of nature through the mineral, plant, animal, man, soul, spirit. Of such were Noah, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Confucius, Plato, and others. Abraham is spoken of as a notable astronomer and mathematician to whose teachings the outlines of the six days of creation in Genesis are partly due, as well as the figure-symbols in the signs of the zodiac, just as Solon and Lycurgus, having learned the secret wisdom in Egypt, laid the legislative and scholastic foundations of Greece.

Having noticed the nature and claims of theosophy, we now consider it as a philosophy. Matter may be called, theosophically, the shadows of spirit, or spirit-action taking forms. It is defined rather by figures of speech than by scientific terms. A piece of work is only a group of forces, a set of arrested tremors, held in peculiar, mutual equilibrium; a regular crystal takes its shape from the immanent mathematical

powers of spirit; a plant performs its functions by a life-principle, which is another term for a self-differentiation of spirit in a special plane of action. All these forces are forms of the varied differentiations of the One, self-differentiated for the purposes of manifestation until they shall be self-integrated at the close of the day of Brahma, some trillions of years hence. The basis of theosophy is thus not an intelligence, using purpose and plan, but a blind impulse from within which is called "Father;" space thus impelled or "vibrated" is "Mother." Says Mrs. Besant:

The universe comes into manifestation by the outgoing of the Great Breath of the One—the first, substance beyond our imagining; the second, spirit-matter, dual; the third, being as conditioned. From these three, in endless gradations, in endless combinations of gross and subtle, in endless varieties of consciousness, all things come forth; hence every part of the universe, from loftiest spiritual entity to tiniest molecule in grain of sand, has life, has consciousness, has form: No spirit without form, no form without spirit—such is the law in all manifested worlds.

In opposition to this, Western philosophy speaks of the passage from ontology to cosmology as a creative outgo of intelligence and free will, and the sober mind in a sound mood will very decidedly reject the theosophic doctrine of evolution, and will rest only in a rational conclusion based on a premise of the foregoing kind. We have a world of the manifested and the conditioned, including man with intellect, free will, moral powers, and rational intuition; and we accept the world thus conditioned as a fact resting for its existence on an intelligent power, a personal will. Serious, philosophical sentiment has never rested, and never will rest, in any explanation of the system of things until it has reached a free and intelligent personality as the primal cause; and therefore theosophy must be set aside as at variance with true philosophy.

There is also in theosophy a contradiction that impairs it seriously, and this is found in the doctrine of free will. Theosophy is at base a thoroughly fatalistic pantheism, but it is also emphatic in its doctrine of the human free will. It concedes to man the power of choice in regard to his destiny. He can make a wise or unwise use of his natural powers; he



has the power of a contrary choice; he can accept or reject a motive, and therefore is a responsible being. Their doctrine of karma is mainly a question of free will. "The free will power is limited, it is true, by natural law, but it can provide that the seed sown shall be such as will yield a bountiful harvest. We must work out our own salvation. You may build or destroy."\* Now this universe is, theosophically, the eternal existence, unfolding itself, "breathing out a universe which is subtlest spirit at the core, physical manifestation at its outermost manifestation. It is the One robed in garments becoming denser, and having reached the point of densest materiality, it [the present human race] begins a slow return, evolving the spiritual forces which had been involved during the densifying process."† Matter in lightest and densest forms; consciousness in sensation; thought in judgments; the reason in dealing with axioms; pure spirit in its high form of instinctive intuition—we are here speaking theosophically—all these are only self-differentiations of the primal One. Such a system has no logical place for the ethical distinctions of right and wrong, no logical ground for the virtues and vices as opposites with regard to human choice, no place for the free will as above described, and as setting itself in active opposition to the supreme; for thereby the unity is broken into a hostile dualism. With this conflicting dualism of free will and fate, theosophy, as a philosophy, is badly shaken.

Again, the theory of heredity takes a very peculiar form in theosophy and is closely connected with the doctrine of reincarnation. This is the theory of the successive births of a soul on the earth or some other globe, after its previous deaths. The soul, after some thousands of years in Devachan, wakes from its long sleep and seeks a body adapted to its condition; and in this search it is attracted to the appropriate body by a natural affinity. If on the earth there is a plague-spot where thieves, harlots, drunkards, ruffians, and others whose lives are a yielding to the baser, brutal impulses, are gathered, and where the sanitary conditions are those of a slum, then the soul which had gone out from the like of this will be drawn irresistibly to the place where there is an opposite bad body

\* H. S. Ward.

† Mrs. Besant.

in the womb of a bad mother. And if there is a place of the opposite kind, the good soul is irresistibly attracted to some good body in the womb of a good mother. No good soul can pass into a bad body, nor a bad soul into a good body. The inexorable laws of karma forbid it. And all about us are souls thus drawn toward the appropriate bodies. So also "the blind or crippled child, as regards his physical frame, may have been the potentiality, rather than the product, of local circumstances. But there would have been no crippled or blind child born unless there had been a spiritual monad pressing forward for incarnation and precisely adapted by its karma, or soul condition, to inhabit that body blind or crippled potentially." \* We shall not discuss this peculiar theosophic feature of the doctrine of heredity, but will relegate it to the domain of romance.

The ethical element of theosophy is essentially the same as the Christian. Its fundamental doctrine is styled "human brotherhood," which is stated to mean that everyone born of woman is entitled to equal rights and privileges without distinctions of race, creed, caste, or color. It teaches that in the search for truth, in educational systems, in ecclesiastical matters, in political privileges, all are equal; that in a theosophical association the slave from a rice field and the son of a king are to be received on the same footing; that a life devoted to the service of man is the truest service to God. In theory it is biblical, but in kindness to the poor, sick, homeless, and aged, and in other modes of relief for the ills of human life, it is so far below the Christian that it seems a very different system. Yet its theory is of a much wider application than the Christian, for it includes plants and the lowest of the animals. Mrs. Besant writes thus:

Man should cooperate with his divine teachers in evolving especially the vegetable and animal kingdoms. One would imagine that people who talk as much as we do about brotherhood, and love, and kindness, and compassion would be pained at the way our younger brothers flee from us. At our approach butterflies and birds fly away, rabbits scuttle off to their burrows. Looking over the vegetable kingdom, we see classes, the members of which live for a few months, but the longest lived develop a kind of dawning personality.

\* Sennett's *Esoteric Buddhism*.

Many people are agents of destruction wherever they go ; they pull flowers they do not want, and throw them away again ; they switch off the heads of others. They thus inflict discomfort and pain on these lower forms of consciousness. Why should trees be broken and flowers pulled and flung aside to gasp out their lives on the dusty highway ? Children should be taught their duty to plants, so that they would range field and woods with senses alert to all the silent appeals for help.

But we consign this part of ethical theosophy to the realm of pleasant romance and leave it there.

To the scientific aspects and claims of theosophy we shall only briefly refer. It does not deal closely, nor in detail, with the physical sciences nor with the psychological, although Mr. Sinnett identifies the human will with the animal desires. Nevertheless, the wild dream-spirit, the boastful assumption based on ignorance, seems at times to dominate. Mrs. Besant says :

We find in India the beginnings of astronomy, geometry, medicine, with psychology, carried to a point unapproached in modern times. In China, Egypt, Chaldea, Greece, science flourished, and in all these lands applied science left triumphs of engineering skill at which our punier modern world still looks with amaze. For in science, as in religion and in philosophy, esoteric philosophy is the complete body of truth.

In truth, when we read the "science" of theosophy a feeling comes over us as of one wandering in the dim twilight, or we feel like smiling as broadly as theosophists do when they refer to Darwinian evolutionists seeking for the missing links between man and ape. In history, also, our most advanced scholars are like school children compared with the mahatmas, one of whom assures us that the present "rush" of the Japanese into the life modes of advanced Western civilization is only a "caricature," and will soon pass away, for the Japanese, like the Chinese, are only degenerate remnants of the old Atlantean, or fourth, race of men. And that mahatma knows, for he has read under the ocean depths the records of the past races of men and animals ; he can prophesy with definite mathematical statements the progressive changes of man for the millions of years to come. When Mr. Sinnett stated that of the seven planets of our chain Mercury and Mars are visible, while the two in advance of Mercury and the two

beyond Mars are invisible, Madame Blavatsky learned from a mahatma that this Earth was the only planet visible to us; the other six he could see, but we cannot, for our senses are always functionally adapted to the globe in which we happen to be. Or, again, we had supposed our terms "lunatic" and "lunacy" had reference to a superstitious belief in the active influence of the moon, and that the phrase "man in the moon" was a sort of jocose slang; but we get a hint of their true import when Mrs. Besant says, "Though it is true that animals will not pass into the human stage in the present cycle, yet they may be helped up to the point which we had reached when we left the moon."

Our conclusion regarding theosophy as a philosophy and a science is the following: While we admire its philosophic spirit, enjoy its speculations, heed some of its fertile suggestions, most heartily wish we could understand and work such a superb system of mathematics as its teachers profess to know, yet as a philosophy it is in part a failure, in part a dream, in part a romance, and in part a vagary.

*S. D. Hillman*

## ART. VIII.—A RUSKIN MOSAIC.

JOHN RUSKIN's death at Brantwood, last January, seems almost like the closing in of the century. It is more than fifty years since he wrote his *Modern Painters*, which, according to his own description, "declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with or subjection to that." Here is the kernel of his teaching as an art critic. Himself a preacher who had missed the pulpit, he sought to "attach to the artist the responsibility of the preacher." He dwelt with emphasis on the contrast between his two friends Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti:

To Rossetti the Old and New Testaments were only the greatest poems he knew; and he painted scenes from them with no more actual belief in their relation to the present life and business of men than he gave also to the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Vita Nuova." But to Holman Hunt the story of the New Testament, when once his mind entirely fastened on it, became what it was to an old Puritan, or an old Catholic of true blood—not merely a reality, not merely the greatest of realities, but the only reality. So that there is nothing in the earth for him any more that does not speak of that; there is no course of thought nor force of skill for him but it springs from and ends in that.

He looked on Hunt's "Light of the World" as the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world had produced. In an earlier number of this *Review*\* we saw how Ruskin reached religious anchorage after many a storm. He was able in 1877 for the first time in Oxford to speak boldly of immortal life.

We may venture, under the shadow of his loss, to turn some pages of the library bequeathed us by the great literary artist, in order to learn what he gained from those Bible readings with his mother at Herne Hill which have become historic. He says in *Praeterita*: "To that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste in literature."

\* January-February, 1895.

The one hundred and nineteenth psalm, which his mother made him commit to memory, he described as "now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God." Ruskin would have been ready to take the position held by John Bright, who once told Mr. Gladstone that he would be content to stake upon the Book of Psalms, as it stands, the great question whether there is or is not a divine revelation. Ruskin felt that the first half of the Psalter contained "the sum of personal and social wisdom. The first, eighth, twelfth, fourteenth, fifteenth, nineteenth, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth psalms, well learned and believed, are enough for all personal guidance; the forty-eighth, seventy-second, and seventy-fifth have in them the law and the prophecy of all righteous government; and every real triumph of natural science is anticipated in the one hundred and fourth." He sums up under seven heads the gist of Bible teaching. It contains the stories of the Fall and the Flood, founded on a true horror of sin; the story of the patriarchs, "of which the effective truth is visible to this day in the polity of the Jewish and Arab races;" the story of Moses; of the kings; of the prophets—"virtually that of the deepest mystery, tragedy, and permanent fate, of national existence;" the story of Christ; the moral law of St. John, and his closing Apocalypse of its fulfillment. Then he asks, "Think if you can match that table of contents in any other—I do not say book, but literature. Think . . . what literature could have taken its place, or fulfilled its function, though every library in the world had remained, unravaged, and every teacher's truest words had been written down."

But loyalty to the Bible is not the only test of Ruskin's hold on the great realities. His noble note on St. Paul's benediction (2 Cor. xiii, 14) shows how he felt the power of that word "grace" which Dr. Dale said he longed to see restored to the Christian pulpit. "By simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion," Ruskin reminds us, "all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favor of gentle life will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will." The lovely letter written to some young girls who wished to know the rules of

St. George's Society is full of simple loyalty to Christ. "St. George's first order for you, supposing you were put under his charge, would be that you should always, in whatever you do, endeavor to please Christ—and he is quite easily pleased if you try." How beautifully Ruskin joins that zeal for pleasing Christ with joyful and hearty obedience to parents and superiors. The girls are given the following cautions:

Keep absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is likely to provoke you, thank him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And, remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy school-fellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The one thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystalizing like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

All the world knows Ruskin's belief in thoroughness. His mother, with her Spartan discipline, swept away the gorgeous Punch and Judy show brought by his pitying Croydon aunt. She taught him the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind. He never ceased to preach that doctrine. "In order to do anything thoroughly well, the whole mind and the whole available time must be given to that single art." He tells us in *Praeterita* how he once watched some men engaged in bricklaying and paving: "When I took the trowel into my own hand I abandoned at once all hope of attaining the least real skill with it, unless I gave up all thoughts of any future literary or political career." It was his great *dictum* that "no truly great man can be named in the arts but it is that of one who finishes to the uttermost." The vine leaves of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," in the National Gallery at London, pointed the moral, and he was careful to show that in Turner's painting of "Ivy Bridge" the veins are seen on the wings of a butterfly not above three inches in diameter, while in one of the smaller drawings of Scarborough, in Ruskin's own possession, the mussels on the beach were rounded, and some even shown as shut and some as open, though none were as large as the type of this article.



The duty of self-renunciation and of absolute devotion to the Master in heaven breathe in Ruskin's letter to the young girls. Every morning, just after their prayers, they are to say to themselves, "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be my disciple." "That is exactly and completely true; meaning, that you are to give all you have to Christ, to take care of for you. Then, if he doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if he takes anything from you, you know you are better without it." How much easier the grace of resignation would be if we could learn that lesson. What Christ intrusts them with they are to make as useful as possible. "Looking on yourself, indeed, practically, as a little housemaid set to keep Christ's books and room in order, and not as yourself the mistress of anything."

But the finest passage in this letter deals with the absolute surrender of the life to Christ. It is a searching comment on "No man can serve two masters." He says:

Most people think if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ, with plenty of flowers and good books in them, that they may keep a little chamber in their heart's wall for Belial, on his occasional visits, or a three-legged stool for him in the heart's counting-house, or a corner for him in the heart's scullery, where he may lick the dishes. It won't do, my dears. You must cleanse the house of him, as you would of the plague, to the last spot. You must be resolved that, as all you have shall be God's, so all you are shall be God's; and you are to make it so, simply and quietly, by thinking always of yourself merely as sent to do his work, and considering at every leisure time what you are to do next.

Prayer was a real thing for Ruskin. His publisher, Mr. George Allen, was originally a joiner who attended the Working Men's College, where Ruskin taught and lectured. "He chose me," says his old friend, "or, rather, chose my mother's maid, Hannah; for love of whom he came to the college. I hope he still looks back to his having been an entirely honest and perfect working joiner as the foundation of his prosperity in life." For forty-three years Mr. Allen worked at Ruskin's side. This is his testimony: "He was a great man in the highest sense; a grand man in heart, as well as in intellect. He never did a mean action, and his goodness to others was measureless." They spent the Easter Day of 1863 together in

the Savoy. Ruskin saw a peasant kneeling in prayer at the roadside, and went to kneel beside him because he thought it might console and strengthen the Savoyard. He told Mr. Allen, "When I reach the Alps I always pray." He would find a quiet corner among the glorious scenery and pour out his heart in praise and adoration. In *Fors Clavigera* he said :

The day will be ill spent in which you have not been able, at least once, to say the Lord's Prayer with understanding; and if, after it, you accustom yourself to say with the same intentness that familiar one in your Church service, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open," etc., you will not fear during the rest of the day to answer any questions which it may conduce to your neighbor's good should be put to you.

As to the relation between God and the praying soul Ruskin has this fine passage :

The whole confidence and glory of prayer is in its appeal to a Father who knows our necessities before we ask, who knows our thoughts before they rise in our hearts, and whose decrees, as unalterable in the eternal future as in the eternal past, yet in the close verity of visible fact bend like reeds before the foreordained and faithful prayers of his children.

Ruskin had no sympathy with that disdain of lowly life which some have cherished. For him nothing was common or unclean. He claimed that a great intellect took in Straw Street in Paris and the seventh heavens in the same instant. So he writes :

The higher a man stands, the more the word "vulgar" becomes unintelligible to him. Vulgar? What, that poor farmer's girl of William Hunt's, bred in a stable, putting on her Sunday gown, and pinning her best cap out of the green and red pincushion? Not so. She may be straight on the road to those high heavens, and may shine hereafter as one of the stars in the firmament forever.

No man lays more emphasis on conduct than Ruskin. He has a fine picture, in his description of St. Mark's at Venice, of the way in which generations that were ignorant of letters scanned the sculpture of a mediæval church. "The old architect was sure of readers. He knew that everyone would be glad to decipher all that he wrote; that they would rejoice in possessing the vaulted leaves of his stone manuscript; and that the more he gave them, the more grateful would the people be." With that hint we followed him to Amiens

Cathedral, where Christ stands in the center of the great façade. Ruskin calls it the Sermon on the Amiens Mount. Here the worshiper who enters may learn what the Lord's life is, what his commands are, what his judgment will be. Christ does not bear his cross. "The pure, joyful, beautiful lesson of Christianity" is that he once died, but lives to die no more. The mourning prophets, the persecuted apostles, the martyred disciples, do bear their cross, but Christ wears his crown. He "holds the book of the eternal law in his left hand; with his right he blesses—but blesses on condition. "This do, and thou shalt live. Nay, in stricter and more piercing sense, this be, and thou shalt live. To show mercy is nothing, thy soul must be full of mercy; to be pure in act is nothing, thou shalt be pure in heart also." That is a searching passage. Ruskin believed that the cure for doubters was action. He advised them "to take the Sermon on the Mount and act out every verse for a year, that being little enough for a trial of religion." If any man wills to do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine. Upon this point Ruskin says:

Any man—not the man who has most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brains, or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library fullest of most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at his word and sets himself to dig up the heavenly mystery, roots and all, before sunset and the night come, when no man can work. Before such a man God stands in more and more visible presence as he toils, and teaches him that which no preacher can teach, no earthly authority gainsay. By such a man the preacher must himself be judged.

Ruskin's philosophy of living is summed up in a passage from *Modern Painters*. Men's proper business in the world is: "First, to know themselves and the existing state of the things they have to do with; secondly, to be happy in themselves and in the existing state of things; thirdly, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as they are either marred or mendable." The same maxims are put more briefly in *The Stones of Venice*: "It is required from buildings, as from men, that they do their practical duty well and be graceful and pleasing in doing it, which last is another form of duty." He did not believe that God made his children to be miserable.

It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in the world without working; but it seems to me not less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, "In the sweat of thy brow"—but it was never written, "In the breaking of thine heart"—"thou shalt eat bread." And I find that as, on the one hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern, so, on the other hand, no small misery is caused by overworked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves and force upon others of work itself. Were it not so, I believe the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or, rather, knowledge, that so much work has been done well and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it.

There is a fine sagacity in these words. The foundations of life are laid in happy work. It is a law that Ruskin delighted to apply to all ranks and conditions; to the common workman; to the mother with her family; to children as well as parents; to peasants, princes, saints, and artists. For all he had a word of inspiration.

Such work Ruskin knew was only possible when men lived in the sight of God. His *Stones of Venice* was written with the express purpose of showing that "the moral history of a people is written indelibly on the material works of their hands, and that with the decline of faith came the death of popular art." He has taught us that lesson from the capitals on the ducal palace in Venice. One of them was decorated with figures of the eight virtues. Faith lays her hand upon her breast as she beholds the cross; hope is praying, whilst above her a hand is seen emerging from sunbeams—the hand of God according to that word of the Revelation, "The Lord God giveth them light." Above it is the inscription, "*Spes optima in Deo.*" This work was imitated by the next century workmen. Hope was still praying, but to the sun only; the hand of God was gone. They forgot to see God's hand in the light he gave.

Few men knew the strain of doubt and disappointment more keenly than Ruskin, but his faith came out of the crucible purified. He said :

There will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of him, and, though in these stormy seas, where we are now driven up and down, his spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day. That day will come when, with the evangelists on the crystal and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within and there shall be "no more curse," but "his servants shall serve him," and "shall see his face."

In the light of that hope Ruskin saw the demand for absolute loyalty to duty and to conscience.

You cannot serve two masters; you must serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil, and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils—"the least erected fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms; work first—you are God's servants; fee first—you are the fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve him who has on his vesture and thigh written "King of kings," and whose service is perfect freedom, or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written "slave of slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.

Such is this Ruskin mosaic with its glorious Bible truths, its scorn of sloth, its zeal for purity and truth and honor. What high thoughts this seer has put into the minds and hearts of youth all over the world. Ruskin is a noble part of our great century, and gifts like his are not lost by death. His own faith in the resurrection is ours also. "For all human loss and pain there is no comfort, no interpretation worth a thought, except only in the doctrine of the resurrection; of which doctrine, remember, it is an immutable historical fact that all the beautiful work and all the happy existence of mankind, hitherto, has depended on or consisted in the hope of it."

*John Telford*

## ART. IX.—XENOPHANES.

To the responsive, sympathetic mind of the thinker the universe is both question and answer, problem and solution. Both form of question and spirit of answer are determined by the quality of the thinker's mind; the terms of the problem and the statement of the solution are in characteristic expression of the thinker's own thought. This is the key to philosophy and to the biographies of philosophers.

Xenophanes, born in Colophon, on the shore of Asia Lesser and the bank of the cold-flowing Ales, near the city of Ephesus, was banished in the early years of his manhood to the far west, and dwelt in Sicily, Elea, Lucanian Italy, and there continued his question-asking and his rhapsodizing, stating his problems and his solutions of them. In his native Ionia, with its galaxy of free cities—Ephesus, Smyrna, Clazomenæ, Erythræ, Colophon, and Miletus—other thinkers had dwelt—Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Heraclitus, and Anaxagoras; but, though the same sky-dome heaved its hemisphere above them by day and by night, and the same *Ægean* ebbed and flowed blue-green at their feet, and the same men lived around them, other answers were given to the world's questions and, perhaps for sake of peace, Xenophanes was banished. He could not accept their teachings; their solutions of problems were not his. He went into exile—a young man of twenty-five—and, in his journeying, chanting, as he went, his hymnic philosophy, he came at length to Elea, to his fellow-Greeks there. Thus arose two schools of thought, two philosophies—Ionic and Eleatic. Yet were they neither Ionic nor Eleatic; for, though the aspect of nature tells on mind, place, not mind, determines philosophy.

Xenophanes, "melancholy and austere," probing mysteries in Ionia, as in Elea, saw beneath the omnipresent, universal mysteries the deeper meaning of the world's essential unity. Gazing at the heavens, staring at the stars, he said, "They are one, and the one is God!" Where others saw gods with human form and human fault he saw the formless, faultless God, yet not as the Hebrew prophet saw him—the God of

Sinai, tabernacle, temple, and the holy hill. He, however, though sloughing off an "anthropopathic, anthropomorphic polytheism," does not appear to have found the immanent God who is in the cosmos, but is not the cosmos, while the Hebrew, clinging to anthropopathism and anthropomorphism, passes through them to the Jehovah who creates the world and, therefore, is not the world. Xenophanes was a monotheist. Very definitely he says, "There is one God, greatest among gods and men, neither in shape nor in thought like unto mortals. . . . He is all sight, all mind, all ear. . . . Without an effort ruleth he all things by thought. . . . He abideth ever in the same place, motionless, and it becometh him not to wander hither and thither." He had thought his way out of a self-contradictory polytheism, yet had not thoroughly cleared his mind of ambiguity in his conception of God, for even yet it is not quite clear that he was not both polytheist and pantheist, believing in a God supreme among the lesser gods and identified with nature.

He regarded existence—being—as the foundation of phenomena, yet maintained that the essence of God is "neither finite nor infinite, neither moved nor unmoved." It cannot, of course, be finite, for, if it be finite, it has boundaries, and beyond them is the other god. It cannot be infinite, for, he argued, only nonbeing, nonexistence, is infinite, as having neither beginning, middle, nor end. He grasped only part of the truth of man's origin and destiny, for—though he declared, "From earth all things are, and unto earth all things return"—he did not understand that there is in man a "spirit," and that "the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Unable to reconcile these contradictions that pressed upon him, he is now regarded by acute historians of philosophy as neither a philosopher nor a skeptic. He was an agnostic. "No man hath certainly known, nor shall certainly know. . . . All things are matters of opinion. . . . The gods did not reveal all things to mortals in the beginning." Freed from polytheism—if he had, indeed, become a monotheist—he had not attained positiveness of belief. He was still a "guesser at truth." He had lost hope of positive knowledge, or perhaps he had never hoped to know. He rejected the ancient



myth, was sure that that was not knowledge, and became a monist; but of monism he was not sure enough to propose it as a sufficient substitute for the superseded myth. In the domain of observation, however, it was possible for him to form a true conclusion, and anticipate a science; as, when finding shells and fossils of marine animals on the mountains and in the quarries of Lucania, he inferred that the mountains had risen out of the sea and that the strata had once been beds of oceans. Voltaire was not so wise as this, for he said, "The seashells on Spanish mountain tops were borne thither by superstitious Catholics, in their pilgrimages to the shrine of old Saint James."

Xenophanes—thus thinking at problems, if not always thinking them out—founded his "school"—not the "Xenophanic," but the so-called "Eleatic," his greatest pupil being Parmenides, who, when an old man, if the story of Plato is true, visited Athens, and conversed with the young Socrates, giving to him, perhaps in an apparently chance meeting, that definite bend to philosophy which determined his destiny and made Plato possible. From Plato to Xenophanes was only a hundred years, from Plato to Emerson two thousand years. Yet Emerson is the son of Xenophanes, through Plato's line. Across the centuries, and under alien skies, mind finds its fellow-mind, and the master and his disciple meet. Xenophanes, Parmenides, Socrates, Plato, and Emerson—each "melancholy and austere," though not with repellent melancholy and austerity; each uttering with whatever variation of sense the formula, "one God," yet missing him in definitions whose terms negative each other; each recites the formula, "one God," as Moses, Isaiah, Jesus, John, utters it, yet misses the shrines of the one God; ever asking questions and drawing subtle lines between "knowledge" and "opinion" and disavowing certitude. Sincere? Yes, one and all, sincere. Xenophanes was "thoroughly in earnest," as one writer of his life-story says, yet wandered from "tryst to tryst," "mocked and eluded." Following truth, he was never at rest in truth, because he sought to discover the boundaries of the infinite; unconsciously he wished to elevate himself to the place of that other God whose existence he had declared im-

possible. He sought to find the light of light, the flame of fire, the soul of the Spirit, the core of heart, the innermost of essence, the definition of the last word, the analysis of the ultimate, the quality of the simple element, the animus of the Life that was and is and is to be.

There are limits to knowledge. This was one of the dicta of Xenophanes. No one more surely realized it; yet was he disloyal to his own dictum. The electrician knows that in the dynamo or by the dynamo one form of "energy" is converted into another. He points to the place and says, "There the 'conversion occurs'; I do not know how." And, for a while at least, he must be content with his limitation of knowledge, content to do his duty to his dynamo; that done, he knows it will convert one form of generated energy into another which he calls "electricity." So the thinker may reach, at last, the limit of knowledge—to know that, beyond it, there is a Some One from whom, in whom, and to whom he lives. At this mystic point in personality there is the conversion of God to Man, of the Spirit eternal to the spirit immortal; but how that conversion occurs one may not know, even as there are yet secrets of physical birth.

After sixty-seven years in exile Xenophanes fell into his grave. His "school" lives on and has its pupils, though many who distinguish between "knowledge" and "opinion" do not know his name and do not imitate their master in that sincere loyalty to "knowledge," however limited, which made him an exile, chanting his protests in rhythmic rhapsody against mythology and imbruting athleticism, and so exposing himself to the bitterness of popular dislike.

Four hundred and ninety years after he died there was born in Bethlehem one who, uttering no definitions of the finite and infinite, probed no implacable mystery, was oppressed by no vast toils nor dark despair, but lived a life serene in its purity, implicit and unquestioning in its faith in the "Father," and did the common task, making it uncommon by perfection of love and unconscious ease of measureless power. It is this that glorifies the life of Jesus Christ; this health of heart; this sanity of the intellect; this freedom from the disease of mere philosophy or impertinent and incorrigible skepticism; this

acceptance of the inherent mystery of things as an essential factor in the education of the human spirit—a mystery not to be removed as if it were a curtain veiling the shekinah, but rather recognized as the manifestation of the other life, as, indeed, the physical organism with its mysteries manifests, yet veils, the spirit.

Xenophanes was the antetype of the nineteenth century. Breaking with superstition, catching vague glimpse of God, he yet was an agnostic. Uttering the sentence, "He who, without an effort, ruleth all things by thought," he also said, "No man hath certainly known, nor shall certainly know. . . . All things are matters of opinion."

While knowledge and high wisdom yet were young,  
Through Sicily of old, from tryst to tryst,  
Wandered with sad-set brow and eloquent tongue,  
The melancholy, austere rhapsodist.

"All my life long," he sang, "by many ways  
I follow truth, whose devious footmarks fall;  
Now I am old, and still my spirit strays,  
Mocked and eluded, lost amid the all."

That was mind's youth and ages long ago,  
And still thine hunger, O Xenophanes,  
Preys on the hearts of men, and, to and fro,  
They probe the same implacable mysteries;  
The same vast toils oppress them, and they bear  
The same unquestionable hope, the same despair.

*G. M. Hammell.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

THERE is a literary cult of pessimism carried on by agnostics and atheists, promulgating a grim and grisly, sour and sinister, dismal and dolorous, set of doctrines. Its literature is deadlier than the poison of asps. It even has a laureate whose name is Thomas Hardy, and who has set its creed to verse, with results as soothing as the filing of a saw or the ululation of a tethered hound. This cult of irreligion and despair provokes the just and proper irony of Zangwill, who suggests for it a creed and a programme:

Its creed shall be godless and immoral, its thirty-nine articles shall exhaust the possibilities of unfaith, and its burden shall be *vanitas vanitatum*. Man shall be an automaton, and life an hereditary disease, and the world a hospital, and truth a dream, and beauty an optical illusion. These sad tidings of great sorrow shall be organized into a State Church, with bishops and paraphernalia, and shall be sucked in by the infant at its mother's breast. Men shall be tutored in unrighteousness, and innocence shall be under ecclesiastical ban. Faith and hope shall be of the seven deadly virtues, and unalloyed despair of man and nature shall be a dogma it were blasphemous to doubt. The good shall be persecuted, and the theists tortured, and who say that there is a balm in Gilead shall be thrust beyond the pale of decent society.

ONE of the most strenuous, energetic, and eventful General Conferences ever assembled in Methodist history closed its work in Chicago, a little after noon on May 29th, having dealt decisively with many subjects. Our Church moves forward now into the new quadrennium with eager, anxious, prayerful, hopeful spirit, to observe, as it pushes the Master's business on, the as yet largely conjectural effects of the new order. However keen, sagacious, careful, the prevision of individuals and councils, time and experience alone can test and prove the wisdom or unwisdom of measures, methods, orders, or changes of any kind. For adequate discussion of the General Conference's work at large the exigencies of this number do not offer space. Of two particular actions, however, which especially relate to the *REVIEW*, it is natural for these pages to contain a brief record.

One is the action by which the *METHODIST REVIEW* was made

a part of the required reading for our young ministers during their four-years' course of study; the other, the reelection of the present editor of the *REVIEW* for another quadrennium, in obedience to which order we proceed, under the scrutiny of the Church, and we trust with a sober sense of the magnitude of our task and the greatness of our responsibility, to investigate our capability for improvement in the sphere where Providence has placed us. And may the only wise God, our Saviour, prevent this editorial pen from error and unwisdom, and, if possible, make it potent for good to those whom it is appointed to serve.

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THE Church earns contempt and invites ruin when it lies back on assumed infallibility, and declines to answer questions or discuss difficulties, merely repeating without variation, like a parrot, the phrases it learned a long time ago. It can command respect and save itself only by listening patiently to the questions, frankly acknowledging difficulties, seriously facing problems, and taking up higher and harder and wider tasks as progress brings them on. Only by fronting its foes and fighting, with suitable weapons and by modern methods, every fresh battle to which the long roll summons it can Christianity "carry off from the great debate of comparative religions the prize of the world's allegiance." Some recently published words of Professor H. S. Nash are true, wise, and weighty enough to claim the space we give them:

After the fourth century the dogma of ecclesiastical infallibility was in full possession of the Church's mind. And ever since the Reformation, in those branches of the Church that have disowned that arrogant dogma, the mental habits begotten and bred by the dogma still survive. No wonder! For men are born to exercise infallibility as sparks are to fly upward. . . . Every student who would fane see the truth with clear, unclouded gaze knows in his heart that his own tendency to infallibility is the deadly foe of the intellectual life. . . . Infallibility is the Church's curse. It carries with it an incapacity to see and interpret facts of a larger measure or of a different order from those already under this hand. In dealing with new and critical opportunities it is tantamount to conventionalism, which entails a certain intellectual snobbery, a make of mind that cannot open itself to new facts upon their own level; but, if it touches them at all, does so with mental condescension. Now, no fact, not even the humblest, will ever open its heart to him who condescends to it. . . . Every form of conventionalism has its attendant frivolity; and the infallible Church has sometimes carried frivolity, the lack of mental seriousness in the presence of grave problems, to a high pitch. The Church cannot escape the law that holds good of the individual reasoner who is unable to attain mental purity except in relation with great problems. Philosophy begins in

a deep sense of mental difficulties, accompanied by a joyous confidence in the truth that lies behind them. The Christian reason, taken away from the cleansing presence of difficulties, given a false air of finality, becomes frivolous and unclean. The Church's mind must be purged through problems, through the consciousness of those great new facts in the social and historical order of things which she has hitherto seen only from afar. Thus shall her mental habits come to correspond with the task which history is now challenging Christianity to meet. . . . Thus will she clear up her own mind and come to a deeper knowledge of her Lord and his ways. The individual reason is saved by problems; philosophy, the coherent intellectual life, is created by wonder. The Church's reason is to be purified and saved by problems. The profession and parade of infallibility has long dulled the Christian reason. Infallibility, seriously believed in and practiced, makes strenuous knowledge impossible, and puts austere and merciless self-examination out of the question. The Head of the Church is purifying his Church by sending mighty problems against her, problems that beat the drum at her very doors. Christianity must come forth, light-armed and eager, leaving behind as mere baggage much that the past held dear, and claiming no authority save that which inherently belongs to the power to create and inspire manhood.

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#### BISHOP NEWMAN.

JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN was born in New York city, September 1, 1826, and died at Saratoga, July 5, 1890, aged seventy-three, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the death of Bishop Newman one of the most superbly ornamental figures that ever took its stately walk through Methodism disappeared from the high places of our denomination. Of him one might say, as Julia Ward Howe wrote of Chief Justice Chase—"a stately man, very fine looking, and rather imposing." The marble bust of him which stood in his Saratoga home is of almost Websterian dignity, though somewhat more courtly and less rugged, and suggesting rather Professor Agassiz, whom he resembled in stature, features, and shape of head. In attempting to speak of Bishop Newman's personality and career one is almost impelled to grandiloquence by sheer force of the instinct which makes the singer use tones to suit his theme and the painter choose royal colors to match an imperial subject.

With John P. Newman, as with multitudes of boys, real life began when he was about sixteen years old. At that critical, sensitive, and poising age—life's April or opening time—a stranger passing on the street flung at him the solemn awakening sentence, "God wants your heart." The stranger was Ezra Whitney, a Methodist layman. The unexpected arrow struck and quivered

in the center of the boy's soul. To the God who wanted his heart he soon surrendered it, joining the Church at once, and before long, under deep conviction of duty, setting out to prepare for the ministry. Lack of means prevented him from obtaining any adequate education, and with nothing beyond a short course in Cazenovia Seminary, he entered prematurely and poorly prepared on his ministerial career by joining the old Oneida Conference. But the future was to prove that in the raw, awkward, untrained, and untaught youth were most remarkable elements of eminence and influence. And very early there must have arisen in him some towering aspiration, some sense of his power, and some weighty realization of his great responsibility to stir up every gift that was in him and make the most of himself for God and for humanity; for as his ministry progressed he gave himself with increasing diligence and mental industry to the formation and maintenance of studious habits and to persevering self-discipline, so that he gradually reduced his uncouthness and licked his crudities into shape to an extent which in the course of years resulted in dignity and grace, a cultivated elegance of manner and delivery, an elaborate rhetoric, a highly trained memory, and an orderly arrangement of ideas.

He first became conspicuous in Albany, where his preaching was the sensation of the town, drawing governor and legislators as listeners and to some extent as friends. Still larger popularity attended his earlier pastorates in the city of New York, where he attracted constant crowds to his ministry. He made his next mark in New Orleans, whither, after the close of the war, he was sent to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church, and where he bore himself with tact, with courage, and with a superb personal dignity which not even the Southerners themselves could exceed. From New Orleans, when his work there was accomplished, he went to the then newly organized Metropolitan Church in Washington, and began there one of the most phenomenal careers, extending through three pastorates, and including the chaplaincy of the Senate, that the capital city has ever witnessed. The title of "court chaplain" has not, in our day, certainly, if, indeed, ever, been so completely and indisputably won by any other Washington pastor. He gained marvellous influence over numerous prominent and influential public men. President Grant, who attended his church, became his ardent and devoted friend for life, and the White House welcomed



him with love and admiration. His preaching, from first to last, drew and held many able and distinguished men—congressmen, cabinet ministers, supreme court judges, military and naval officers and other distinguished officials—many of whom he magnitized into firm and fast personal friends, whom he knew how to grapple to himself with hooks of steel.

His next extraordinary distinction was his appointment, at the end of his first Washington pastorate, by President Grant as government inspector of United States consulates, which commission took him on a journey round the world, clothed with national authority to examine, question, criticise, and report on the character, capacity, and conduct, personal and official, of all United States consuls, accompanied by his wife as his official secretary. This work he did with marked ability and scrupulous fidelity, with results which greatly improved the consular service in many places, and to the entire satisfaction of Congress and the administration.

His subsequent pastorates in Metropolitan Church, Washington, and in Central Church, New York city, continued without abatement his career of popular success. The least fortunate incident in his history was an experiment in acting as pastor of a Congregational church in this city, while retaining membership as a local preacher in our communion. Yet, in spite of this strange and awkward episode, the crowning distinction of all his life came to him here in the very same city in his election to the bishopric in 1888, by a General Conference of which he was not a member, his election being assisted, if not accomplished, by outside pressure exerted on the body from the host of influential friends and admirers, whom his long popularity had accumulated as an enthusiastic personal following.

As a bishop he was at his best, doubtless, on grand occasions, in stately public functions, and where his own supremacy filled the hour and the place. His large self-confidence and practiced self-control gave him a composure which could hold itself solid and unperturbed under the most trying circumstances and in the face of a storm of criticism that was like a rattling fire of Maxims and Krag-Jorgensens. He showed himself capable of learning by experience, and it is reported that in the latter part of his episcopal career, while yet his powers had not begun to fail, his presidency in the chair at his Conferences became often admirable for firm, calm, gentle, steady mastery, for a less lofty

and more acceptable and influential dignity, for confidence-inspiring wisdom of utterance and bearing, for approachability and patience, for all the qualities which win the approval and appreciation of Methodist Conferences, and invite affectionate respect. To a perceptible degree, advancing years mellowed and responsibility subdued or held in check some of his most pronounced peculiarities.

As in all his pastorates, so in his other places of service and residence, episcopal or other, he commanded an immediate, widespread, and lasting popularity. In Saratoga, which was for many years one of his homes, he preached and lectured season after season to packed audiences, which included the most distinguished visitors to that resort. At Round Lake, also, summer after summer he was the one central, eloquent, and regnant figure. In Omaha and San Francisco, as resident bishop, he made an unusual sensation by his sermons, lectures and addresses, and courtly impression in social circles, and was a model of grand suavity, urbanity, and paternal dignity in his official intercourse.

Bishop Newman's fame was of the superb and sumptuous sort. His conspicuous public career, made showy by its glittering associations, exceptional distinctions, and exaltations, and lit by the glamor of a dazzling popularity, had something of the nature of a spectacle, while its advancing success, from stage to stage, made it, in a worldly way, a sort of triumphal march. Of a florid and lavish temperament, and richly endowed with a decorative imagination, he was an artist in profuse panegyric, as is seen essentially in his various tributes to his bosom friend, the great general of the war for the Union, and yet far more amazingly in his phenomenal funeral eulogy of young Leland Stanford, Jr., which seemed like a king's palace built for a boy's playhouse.

While his lot was cast and his life moved on amid much splendor and pomp and adulation, and his affiliations leaned strongly to the prominent and the powerful, who chose him as their favorite friend, yet, under these lofty affinities he cherished mindful and generous sympathies with the poor and the plundered and the oppressed. He befriended the negro, and the freedmen owed him many a word of advocacy and many a helpful deed. His own early struggles and lack of preparation gave him a tender sympathy with young men preparing for the

ministry and he was a generous helper of many such, only requiring that the student have piety, poverty, pluck, and brains. As for his grand and famous friends, he himself has told us that he made his intercourse with them religious and pastoral, as became a Christian minister. How faithfully and frankly he dealt with them in private about their souls, when once he had gained access to their hearts, not a few of our annual Conferences have heard with fullness of detail from his own lips; and the story of his spiritual fidelity is confirmed by his friends and parishioners. From the beginning of his acquaintance with General Grant he virtually became his private chaplain for life, a shepherd, and a bishop to his soul, preaching to him for years, baptizing him in his last long, painful illness, and helping him to suffer and to die in submission, in faith, and in hope.

Bishop Newman was a perfectionist. The race he ran was for no common goal. He was ambitious to excel. And the noblest value of his life, now that it is ended, is as a stimulating and inspiring example to all, especially to disadvantaged beginners, by reason of his high aspirations, his resolute, patient, and plodding perseverance, his manly determination to do his best and make the most of his powers, his intense concentration of effort, his willingness to live laborious days, extended often far into the night, that he might prove himself a workman needing not to be ashamed. To his success in striving toward perfection, testimony is not wanting. Referring to his presence as a delegate in the first Ecumenical Methodist Conference, which met in London in 1881, *The Christian Advocate* says editorially:

To that body he read The Invited Essay on "Scriptural Holiness." This composition still marks the highest plane attained by him as a writer, and was heard with delight both with respect to its style and delivery. The bearing which to strangers, at least, seemed like ostentation disappeared, and, imbued with the theme, impressed by the grandeur of the occasion, and thrilled by the knowledge that where he stood Wesley had preached Christian perfection, his noble appearance and voice, modulated by an influence higher and deeper than art, made a presentation not to be forgotten. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, a rhetorician and orator of the school of Edward Everett, said as he closed, "That was a perfect piece of work."

His sermon before the second Ecumenical Conference, held in Washington in 1891, is also spoken of as a marvel of accumulation and memorizing as well as of studied and sustained delivery. The Christian perfection in love and in purity of

heart, which, at the beginning of his ministry, he had vowed to seek, he professed to have found while on his journey round the world as inspector of consulates. For his work in the pulpit or on the platform he prepared with diligent care, giving minute and artistic attention to the details of rhetoric, articulation, pronunciation, and gesture, achieving thus a fascinating, magniloquent, and semi-olympian eloquence. He had a life-long and eager ambition for knowledge, and considerable power of acquiring it, and specially cultivated some favorite lines of study, though the lack of early education and scholarly training affected somewhat the accuracy, discrimination, profundity, and fullness of his learning. His nearest and most constant intellectual stimulant and help was his wife, a woman of keen intelligence, education, and ambition. He was the author of a number of books, the best of which is one on Palestine, published after his travels in that land in 1860. A company of five ministers, traveling through the Holy Land in 1873, had among them three books, Thomson's *The Land and the Book*, Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, and John P. Newman's *From Dan to Beersheba*, from all of which they continually read for information and illumination on the events, localities, and persons of history. It was the judgment of that party that for carefulness, trustworthiness, practical usefulness, and interest Dr. Newman's book was not inferior to the other two, notwithstanding their remarkable advantages. The volume must have cost him hard study and great labor.

The General Conference of 1896 observed some diminution of vital force in the splendid physique of Bishop Newman. The first decided break in his health came while he was holding the New England Conference, at Worcester in April, 1898, when he was found sitting on the side of his bed breathing stertorously and almost unconscious. From that time until the spring of 1899 he had no official work. Early in April of that year he held the East German Conference at Poughkeepsie. The last sermon of his life was there on Conference Sunday morning. After speaking about twenty minutes he paused as if strength were failing, and said slowly, "If I should fall dead on this platform, sing over my prostrate form, 'In the Cross of Christ I Glory.'" He opened the Wyoming Conference at Kingston on April 12, and presided with manifest weakness of body and mind, until, on the third day of the session, his work fell from

his feeble hands, and resigning the Conference into the charge of Bishop Joyce, the sick and trembling bishop withdrew from public sight with a sweet and kindly farewell smile on his face, like the soft light of a nobly industrious day when its sinking sun is near to vanishing and men turn to watch its disappearance.

About three months later he died peacefully in his Saratoga home, on July 5, 1899, after eleven years of service in the episcopal office to which he was elected at the age of sixty-two. Thus passed from mortal sight a unique individuality, the most imposing embodiment of courtly dignity and lofty stateliness and grace ever seen in episcopal ranks in our communion.

#### "THE COSMIC CHILL."

A RECENT volume of "Religious Discussions and Criticisms from the Naturalist's Point of View" makes it appear that the standpoint of a naturalist does not afford a cheerful outlook, but rather a shivery, shuddery, shocking sort of view. This naturalist finds the universe to be, for the heart and hope of man, "a great void," the contemplation of which gives the normal man a "chill." Amid heights and depths enormous, vastness immense, he sees our helpless lives embosomed in a world of blind, titanic vital forces from which there is no escape. And this practically infinite universe, the naturalist says, is "going its own way with no thought of us." This is the discovery that "sends the cosmic chill with which so many of us are familiar in these days."

The naturalist sees that we are shocked at his report, and remarks that "the world is not yet used to the open air of this thought—the great out-of-doors of it; we are not hardened to it." He explains that we are hothouse plants, too tenderly shielded, and that it is because we have been so long housed in our comfortable religious creeds, and surrounded with their warmth and light, that we experience "the cosmic chill" when we are suddenly turned out-of-doors by the eviction papers which scientific atheism serves on us. This observant naturalist, watching the habits of the human race, notes that "every man builds or tries to build himself a house of truth of some sort to shelter him from the great void." Naturally enough every man does this, for the exposure is intolerable. The great void sendeth forth its ice like morsels. Who can stand before its cold? Some

shelter from the merciless drive of its infinite wind, and the pelt of its elemental storms is a dire necessity. The impulse to find a refuge or build a shelter implies no high degree of intelligence. The frozen brain of the Laplander has wit enough to build a hut against the bite of the insufferable air ; and it is pathetic to see how even the dumbest brutes, caught in the fierce blizzard's cruelty, will huddle in the lee of any hill, or rock, or tree, or building. If, as the naturalist reports, there is no shelter, no shadow of a Great Rock, for the human soul, then is our lot terrible beyond endurance.

Our naturalistic nomad, with not so much as a tent, moved by the misanthropic wish to make his fellow-men sharers of his own homelessness, sets out as a missionary for the propagation of misery. His book is a vehicle in which he rides about on his errand of eviction to apprise his neighbors that they must abandon their homes. He carries tools with him to knock their houses down about their ears, in case they are unconscionably slow in vacating under his orders. He informs us naively that he finds they "object to being turned out of doors." He apparently wonders that they do not enjoy being homeless, shelterless, and naked. The poor, sensitive souls really suffer. What wonder if, like evicted peasants on an Irish moor, they should sit outside on their household goods, wringing their hands and wailing hopelessly, "Where are we to go? What is to become of us?" The keenest sufferers among the evicted, our naturalist observes, are women, whom it seems his doctrines disrobe as well as dispossess. They are so delicate, he says, that they "cannot face the chill of the great cosmic out-of-doors without being clad in some tangible faith." The poor, shivering creatures plead piteously for something to shield their frost-bitten nakedness. Nevertheless, he sees no help for them. His theories allow them not so much as a rag for their comfort. For them, as for all, there is nothing but stark exposure to "the great void," and the universe's icy indifference, and "the cosmic chill." Imagining that science has stripped men and women of the garments of faith and conviction, in which they have been wont to wrap themselves, our naturalist writes (in exceedingly clumsy English): "What mankind will finally clothe themselves with to protect them from the chill of the great void, or whether or not they will clothe themselves at all, but become toughened and indifferent, is more than I can pretend to say."

For himself he says that the longer he lives the less he feels the need of any garments of religious faith or any shelter of truth for his supposed soul. He has become quite accustomed to living under Professor Clifford's "empty heaven" and upon his "soulless earth." "The cosmic chill," however, seems to be much on his mind, his teeth chatter occasionally with an involuntary shiver, and the description of his sensations reminds us of the experience of a man who is freezing to death, his sensations of cold passing into numbness and insensibility, succeeded presently by delirium, in which the victim has comfortable dreams the while the congealing blood is settling purple under his finger-nails.

On the whole the apostle of the great void thinks it probable that future generations will be so robust that they will be able to endure the extreme exposure and the bitterly inclement weather which mere naturalism gives us. Severe as life in the open is, he believes we will, in time, get used to roughing it. At any rate, whether we can stand it or not, live or die, there is nothing else for us, he says. His words are, "We must face it, and still find life sweet under its influence." Nevertheless, sometimes the naturalist shows signs of feeling an intelligent sympathy with those who are reluctant to leave the shelter of their homestead and the shadow of its roof-tree; who, as he puts it, "cleave to the shelter of the old traditions." He writes wistfully, "Probably the bravest among us do not abandon them without a pang. The old church has a friendly and sheltering look after all, and the white monuments in the rear of it where our kindred sleep—how eloquent is the silent appeal they make!" No wonder a pang smites the spirit of the unbeliever as he looks on those headstones graven with records of the immortal faith of those whose bodies rest beneath, for among them is one which bears the name of his own sainted father concerning whom he himself writes: "As an old man he died in the faith he had early professed. It was sufficient unto him while he lived, and at the last it did not fail him. Father always spoke of his approaching end with perfect assurance and composure. He looked upon it as some journey he was about to make, some change of scene that was to come to him, and which need give him none but happy anticipations. . . . He no more doubted these things than he did his own existence." An eloquent appeal, indeed, must such a godly old man's monument make to his disbelieving



and denying son, whose pride in being more knowing than his father was suggests that scientific knowledge is not wisdom, and reminds us of Tennyson's line,

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

Fortunately the naturalist's book contains some happy, perhaps hopeful, inconsistencies. If he is saved, it will be by the warmer, better, and nobler side of his inconsistencies, a bright gleam of which is seen in the following: "I cannot tell what the simple apparition of earth and sky means to me. I think at rare intervals one sees that they have an immense spiritual meaning, altogether unspeakable, and that they are the great helps after all." How a man, who looks into the face of Nature and says, "There is no God," can gather spiritual meaning out of a spiritless universe, or get help by gazing into the heartless, heedless, untenanted heavens, is as incomprehensible by us as it is inexplicable by him; but if he shall be saved at the expense of his intellectual consistency or by sloughing off his atheistic notions, there will be joy in heaven.

In our naturalist, as in Darwin and Spencer, we see the limitations of thought produced by a strictly scientific education or habit of mind and the atrophy which ensues from a disuse of the higher spiritual faculties. By believing in the exclusive light of the scientific method in the Court of Reason, George J. Romanes also passed into agnosticism and even for a time into positive materialism. It was then that he published his *Candid Examination of Theism*, the processes and conclusions of which brought him only sadness of spirit and distress of mind. The reader of that wall-eyed argument sees its author visibly shivering in "the cosmic chill" as he lays down his misguided pen and turns with a shudder from the horribleness of his own conclusions, confessing his horror in the following statement:

Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the "new faith" is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of "the old," I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and, although from henceforth the precept to "work while it is day" will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that "the night cometh when no man can work," yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall

ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. For whether it be due to my intelligence not being sufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of the age, or whether it be due to the memory of those sacred associations which to me at least were the sweetest that life has given, I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in those words of Hamilton, that philosophy having become a meditation not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept *know thyself* has become transformed into the terrific oracle to *Œdipus*:

"Mayest thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art!"

In this confession of Romanes, as in our naturalist's discussions of religion, is matter enough to make us fly back from dallying with skepticism when we see on the brink of what an awful abyss it sports, a gulf the only adequate description of which is furnished by Holy Scripture in its phrase, "the bottomless pit." Surely, if there were little positive evidence to make a man believe, he might well let himself be driven back to faith as an alternative to the unspeakable and intolerable horror of existence as unfaith pictures it; and in so doing he would be entitled to rank as a wise man, since in a universe the contents and fortunes of which the naturalist must at least admit to be debatable, he who jumps to the worst of all possible conclusions or accepts the most painful and degrading of alternatives is a suicidal fool.

What worse could a man do than propagate such a doctrine as this: "In the light of modern astronomy one finds himself looking in vain for the God of his fathers. In his place we have an infinite and eternal Power whose expression is the visible universe, and to whom man is no more and no less than any other creature." The naturalist's great void is no more interested in us infinitesimal human insects crawling about on this earth-globule than in a swarm of aphides pasturing on a rose-leaf. It is impossible not to note the condemnation pronounced upon such teachings by their own legitimate and probable, if not inevitable, moral effects on character and conduct. Surely they empty life of noble incentives. The doctrine of the worthlessness of man is calculated to make men worthless. If man is but a beast, what reason can there be why he should not be exhorted to live like one? Why vex and strain himself with vain and absurd efforts to climb out of bestiality? Surely he cannot break the bounds to his nature. Strive as he may, the ape and the tiger will not die in him. Why should they? What is he but own brother to the tiger and the ape?

Since the naturalist's doctrine has despoiled and desecrated

existence and disgraced man of all his dignity, he ought to be neither displeased nor surprised if in his lifetime his fellow-men shall say among themselves, when he passes by, "There goes the man who thinks himself a beast;" nor can he expect his open graveside to be dignified with any sacred and lofty words, inasmuch as the only ritual warranted by his creed would be, "Behold, he is buried with the burial of an ass."

He does us a service who makes us feel the horror of the dreadful doctrine so coolly and stoically propounded by mere naturalism. The effect of the shock of such theories should be to settle us on our foundations. Like the oak in the tempest, let us grip the ground with all our roots and work them down to a deeper hold. Let us make men see the sharpness and narrowness of their dilemma. This is no case of *in mediis tutissimus ibis*. Men delude themselves who think that some midway position is tenable—that in the *corps législatif* of belief they can sit with the right center or the left center. There is no center; nothing but the extreme right of warm evangelical Christianity on the one side, and on the other the extreme left of agnosticism, "the great void" and "the cosmic chill," the blackness of darkness and the abomination of desolation for evermore. So Romanes said at last, "It is Christianity or nothing," and fled back for shelter and peace to the warmth of the Church's fireside and the comforting glow of the dear old faith. Great, indeed, is the responsibility resting on those who are set to tend the Church's altars; for the world is warmed by its altar-fires, and if they die down, "the cosmic chill" creeps in and numbs all hope and cheer, all courage, aspiration, and noble endeavor. Tennyson, when he feels the winds of eternity filling his sails, sings, with the good cheer of Christian faith,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

He is a child of God and an heir of immortality. The naturalist, faithless and forlorn, drifts on his uncharted and unpiloted way at the mercy of unreturning currents which set toward the frozen pole, with no music more comforting and no fellowship more fraternal than the crunch of icebergs in a bitter ocean gouging and grinding each other in an arctic night. He is the hapless, helpless, and accursed victim of a hideous and scandalous universe. His only gospel is "the great void" and "the cosmic chill."

## THE ARENA.

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### JOHN WESLEY'S WORK REVIVED IN ENGLAND.

JOHN WESLEY's work was many-sided. He was not only the stirring evangelist and Christian organizer, educator, and propagandist of good literature, but was profoundly interested in civic and political questions, and was a social reformer, a painstaking philanthropist, and a propagator of religious music. Methodism has not distinguished herself in maintaining the leadership in all these particulars, while it has always been a revival Church, and has walked in the van in regard to some social questions, such as slavery and intemperance.

English Methodism of to-day, however, is, in a most surprising manner, taking a very advanced position in all the lines above suggested. This has arisen largely from the Church's attempts to meet the new conditions of life and reach the unchurched multitudes in the great centers of population. The great Wesleyan city missions which have arisen during the past sixteen years are the movements that occupy the best thought and prayer of the Methodists of England. Their aggressive, many-sided work has won the admiration of all denominations. Some of these institutions possess in a remarkable degree all the characteristics we shall speak of, and still others are as worthy to illustrate the work. The gratifying thing is that there are so many of these enterprises that we are embarrassed as to which ones to choose.

*Evangelism.* The best known characteristic of the Methodist movement in the eighteenth century was its intense evangelism. The greatest human factor in this result was lay workers, a great number of whom were raised up and thrust into the field. Wesley's "helpers" became his preachers. To-day the Joyful News Mission, under the direction of Rev. Thomas Champness and his wife, is a resurrection of Wesley's idea. Mr. Champness has been a missionary in Africa, and returned home to England more than thirty years ago with broken health. His physical condition compelled him to go to country circuits. To meet the religious destitution of the country districts he found that more religious workers were absolutely necessary. But the country was too poor to pay for additional helpers. To bridge the difficulty Mr. Champness conceived the thought of taking some of the brightest young men and women of the country parishes and training them as lay helpers. For many years this thought burned in his breast, but for lack of means he was unable to bring it into realization. When the means came it was from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Champness had become the editor and publisher of a halfpenny paper, *The Joyful News*. To his surprise and delight the paper was a success from the very first issue. Like John

Wesley he found himself "growing rich unawares." He felt he ought not to use this money for himself. For a time he gave the profits to the connectional fund for worn-out preachers, but one day said to himself, "Why not now train young and live preachers, and send them forth into the country villages to save the lost?" He did. The result has been that during the past fourteen years about four hundred and fifty different men and women have been supported, trained, and employed, for longer or shorter intervals, as evangelists in all parts of England, and in India, China, Africa, and other missionary lands. To-day there are about seventy-five regularly at work under the support and direction of the Joyful News Mission, and twenty more are in training at the home in Rockdale, England. Of course the support of such a work could not entirely come from the profits of the paper and the book business built up out of it. But from the grateful thank offerings of the poor and the approving offerings of the rich sufficient means have come in to develop the movement to its present effective proportions. It comes the nearest to a genuine "work of faith" we have ever met. Mr. Champness has been compelled to give up his pastorates and devote his whole time to the superintendence of the mission. It owns no real estate, and has no other support than the \$5,000 to \$10,000 profits arising from the publication of the *Joyful News* and the freewill offerings of the people. The receipts and expenditures are published every week. The evangelists are not sent to a circuit, except on the request of the preacher in charge. Mr. Champness always makes the appointments. Many thousands have been brought into the Church in the country districts, while many of the workers themselves have entered into the regular ministry all over the world. The Joyful News Mission of Thomas and Eliza Champness is the nearest approach to the evangelism of John Wesley we have ever seen.

*Civil Activity.* The last letter John Wesley ever wrote was to Wilberforce, to encourage him in his great political effort to liberate the slaves. In his published letters we find others to the leading political men of his time, offering suggestions on public affairs. In the threatened civil war with the "Pretender," Wesley acted for a little season as army chaplain, and afterward frequently met the Methodist voters separately to urge them to exercise their right of franchise faithfully and above the suspicion of bribery. The most prominent forum in England to-day, where political questions receive the public criticism of a religious leader, is St. James Hall, London. The speaker is Hugh Price Hughes, the well-known superintendent of the West London Mission and ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. His utterances are quoted in all the daily papers. On a recent Sunday, when he was speaking of "overcrowding in tenements," it was afterward learned that many of the leading landlords were anxiously listening to him through the gramophone at their homes several miles away. On another occasion, recently, one of the greatest political leaders of England sent to Mr. Hughes to have a seat reserved for him, as he had failed to get into the hall on two preceding

nights on account of the crowds. Mr. Hughes is a born radical and agitator. In the last Wesleyan Conference he felt compelled to take the conservative, rather than the extreme, side on the temperance question, the position of the radicals being that "no publican or brewer should hold official positions in the Church." In this reform, as in others, his friends expect to see him swing into his customary position of leading his Church and country by at least twenty-five or fifty years.

*Social Christianity.* The first week of each year, toward the last of his life, John Wesley used to solicit subscriptions from the wealthy Londoners to provide food, clothes, and shelter for the wretched poor. These necessities were distributed at City Road Chapel. He also organized and encouraged his workers to seek out the distressed and to supply their needs. He established the first public dispensary in England, and turned his chapels in Bristol and London into workshops where the poor were given an opportunity to earn their living. By thus ministering to the physical wants of men he said he hoped to attract them to the Church and reach their souls. The modern Methodist pioneer in this form of work is the Manchester Wesleyan Mission. Fifteen years ago its great leader, Rev. S. F. Collyer, was sent to the Oldham Street Chapel, Manchester. The membership—only forty—were so discouraged that they thought it wise to disband. Instead of that the new pastor, through his faith and enterprise, has built a great Central Hall on the spot where the old chapel stood; has erected a shelter and rescue and industrial home that cares for sixty women; is now completing another to accommodate two hundred and fifty men; has a preventive home for young girls in the country; has a rest home for the overworked and convalescing; and has taken two other discouraged chapels, torn them down, and in their stead built great halls with all the modern appliances for religious and social work. He has also two or three other chapels he will in time likewise transform; and, besides all this, the mission rents the two largest auditoriums in the city—Free Trade Hall and Grand Theater—and fills them full every Sunday night with persons who come to listen to the Gospel music and the sound Gospel preaching. Each Sunday night in its various stations the mission preaches to more than fourteen thousand people. Under the inspiration of this great movement a similar work has sprung up in all the great cities of England. It differs naturally under the peculiarities of its various superintendents and the demands of the respective cities. Some give their chief attention to preaching, as Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of Leeds; Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Edinburgh; and Rev. T. Marcom Taylor, of Glasgow. Others give much more attention to social and philanthropic work, as Rev. J. W. Wiseman, at Birmingham, and Hugh Price Hughes, J. W. Wakesley, Peter Thompson, and H. T. Meakin, of the West, Central, East, and Southeast London Missions. Never since the days of Paul has there been such an aggressive movement to leaven with social Christianity the great cities as now exists among the Methodists of England.

*Philanthropy.* John Wesley did not overlook the orphan or the widow. He began an old ladies' home, and both he and Whitefield supported orphanages. We doubt not that, if his followers had been as zealous in such good works, there would not have been so much wasteful friction and divisions in the Methodist fold. The Methodist successor of John Wesley in this phase of philanthropy is T. B. Stephenson, D.D., LL.D., ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference. He, with Mr. Alfred Mager, a cashier in a London bank, began this work a generation ago. They were soon joined by Mr. John Pendelbury, who has continuously superintended the London work, while Mr. Mager has developed the remarkable country work near Bolton. The history of this great movement reads like a fairy tale. Upward of four thousand children—boys and girls—have been rescued by this home from poverty, suffering, and vice. To-day there are more than eleven hundred in residence at the several branches. More than three thousand are now useful and honorable citizens in various parts of the world. Some have reached positions of honor and trust, as those of clergymen and teachers. The methods are: (1.) A home life. Not more than twenty-five dwell in the same house at one time. Devoted Christian workers are appointed over each home. This is the divine method. God "setteth the solitary in families"—the method, I need scarcely say, advocated to-day by the leading specialists in children's work. It is only a question of a few years before the "barracks system" will be gone. (2.) Efficient education. The greatest care is exercised that each one shall receive the best education he is capable of. Several have been passed on into the highest schools. (3.) Industrial training. Some are put on farms, others at trades. Whenever the boys or girls leave the home they are prepared to earn an honest living. (4.) Christian teaching. In receiving children the creeds of their parents are not considered, and in training them the home seeks but to make them Christians. There are daily worship and regular Bible teaching. This home is regarded by many experts as the best in appointments, the best managed, and the most successful of the many orphanages in England.

London, England.

E. J. HELMS.

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"NESCIENCE OF GOD."

THE writer has read with interest the former articles on this subject, and thinks that Dr. Breckenridge, in the *Review* for July, 1899, has the stronger position, and the one in accord with both reason and revelation. In twelve places the inspired writers speak of God as "repenting" of some act of his own. If he did repent, he did not know before of the result of that act; otherwise he is placed in the position of saying that he was sorry that certain acts resulted as he knew they would. It may be said that the word "repent" does not have the same meaning when applied to God as when referring to man; but the same word, *nácham*, is applied to both.



Dr. Terry speaks of the nescience of God as inconsistent with a perfect being. Such a being is one "having all the qualities requisite to its nature and kind." Does Dr. Terry attempt to measure the perfection of God? May it not be as consistent in God to limit his omniscience as his omnipotence? And has he not done the latter in his dealings with man? Otherwise the doctrine of free moral agency falls to the ground. The writer quoted fails to make a distinction between God's knowledge of his own plans and the future contingent acts of free moral agents. God knows the end of his own plans and purposes (Acts xv, 8) from the beginning, and can bring them to pass through the agency of the voluntary acts of men; but to me it seems unreasonable to assert that he knows what every free agent will do or think. If so, man is not "a disappointment to God," as is so often asserted. In Jer. xxxii, 35, we read: "And they built the high places of Baal, which are in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Molech; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my mind, that they should do this abomination, to cause Judah to sin." This statement is preceded by a "Thus saith the Lord." Jonah was commissioned to say, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown," but it was not. Did God know the city would repent, and, if so, why was the positive declaration made? Again, when David was at Keilah he learned that Saul was coming down to capture him. He called for the ephod, and it was brought by Abiathar, the priest. Then David asked the Lord if Saul would come down, and the Lord said, "He will come down." He then asked if the men of Keilah would deliver him up to Saul, and the Lord said, "They will deliver thee up." Then David left the city, and Saul did not come down.

I have carefully read the texts referring to God's omniscience and foreknowledge, and have failed to find a single passage which asserts that God knows the future contingent acts of a free agent. This is not inconsistent with his perfect nature. To know is to be certain that something is. Something that is not, and may never be, is unknowable, and even omniscience cannot know an unknowable thing. God's plans and purposes *are*, and he sees and knows them from their beginning to their fullest completion; but the future contingent acts of a free agent *are not*, and may never be, and hence are unknowable.

It may be asked, If God did not know of the fall of man, why was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world? For the same reason that railroad cars are provided with axes, saws, and sledges, and steam-boats with life-preservers and small boats—to meet emergencies which the companies are doing their best to prevent. So God, knowing the possibility of man's disobedience, made provision for an evil result which he did his best to prevent, failing because he had so limited his omnipotence that he could not compel obedience. To my mind there is but a hairbreadth between the opposite view and the baldest Calvinism.

Keyport, N. J.

H. J. ZELLEY.

**THE ITINERANT'S CLUB.****THE PROLOGUES OF ST. PAUL.—I. TO THE ROMANS.**

It is usual in all writings, whether in prose or poetry, to begin with a prologue, or introduction. The same is true in the realm of oratory. The reason for this habit is not difficult to find. The prologue serves to avoid abruptness, which is abhorrent to the refined taste, and also to form a bond of union between the writer and his readers, or between the speaker and his hearers. It is only in impassioned speech or writing that one is justified in abandoning this method which has come down to us through the centuries. The mind needs to be gradually led forward until the subject is unfolded in its fullness. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." An enumeration of the choicest writers in our literature would show how universal this custom has been. Examples of it to a greater or less degree abound in the sacred writings, and these prologues afford a subject of study which has not been considered with the critical care warranted by its importance.

It is evident that an introduction must in some way relate itself to the treatise which follows by some recognized organic union. It cannot be entirely isolated from the train of thought which is to follow, and it ought naturally, in some measure, to anticipate it. The prologues to St. Paul's epistles have much in common, yet each is so different from the other and so related to its own particular epistle that one could not be substituted for the other without a manifest sense of unfitness. This shows the care which the apostle took in his letters, which have been handed down to us as the expression, under divine inspiration, of his ripest thought upon Christian life and duty.

Although the Epistle to the Romans is not the earliest of Paul's letters, it affords an illustration of the subject we are now considering. The question has been raised by critical students of this epistle as to whether it was an occasional message, intended to meet some important exigency in the history of the Roman Church at that time, or whether it was an elaborate and formal production in which the author undertakes to set forth the great scheme of Christianity for his own age, and also for subsequent ages. The latter is the view of the writer of this paper. The introduction harmonizes with this view. The sacred writer proposes, in general outline, to state the content of the Gospel which underlies his theological conception, and also his own relation to it.

A brief analysis of the first seven verses of this epistle will fitly illustrate the point under consideration. Paul first gives a description of himself as "a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God." We may well note here his designation of himself, under the terminology of the Old Testament.

The leaders and prophets of the old covenant were designated as "servants of God." He thus joins himself with the great ancestors of his people, the word "servant," in its relation to religious leaders, being in the Hebrew conception not one of shame, but of dignity. He next describes himself under the New Testament view as an "apostle"—one sent out from God, an ambassador of God. Not content with this, he designates himself as separated from the mass of mankind, or possibly from his own people, to proclaim the Gospel of God. What more fitting introduction for one who is about to write an epistle freighted with the choicest thoughts of Christianity?

The next point in his prologue is a description of the Gospel as something which had been promised in the sacred writings of the Jewish people. He at once shows them that it was not new, in the sense that it had not been anticipated before, but that its roots were found in the writings acknowledged to be "holy" by the Jewish people. The prophets of his race had spoken concerning this Gospel, had foreannounced "good tidings" which were to be to all people. Not satisfied, however, with the statement that the Old Testament Scriptures announced good tidings, Paul proceeds to a concrete statement, namely, that this Gospel foreannounced by the prophets had a definite communication concerning his Son, Jesus Christ, and then sets forth the twofold nature of the Son, "who was born of the seed of David according to the flesh, who was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead." We may not enter into the critical discussion of this passage. It is sufficient to say that it sets forth the human and the divine aspects of the person of our Lord. The commentators on this passage clearly attest this interpretation.

The apostle next affirms the relation of himself to Jesus Christ, "through whom we received grace and apostleship." He had received this apostleship in order that he might proclaim an obedience which springs from faith to all nations. He is writing to the Roman church, composed of Jews and Gentiles, and he anticipates the discussion of the world nature of the salvation he proclaims by affirming that he had received divine favor and apostleship in order that he might be the bearer of the divine communication intended for all people, in all parts of the world, included in which was the church in Rome, to which the letter was addressed. We may well note here that as he, in the opening sentence of his introduction, designates himself as a called apostle, so he designates the Roman Christians as "called to be Jesus Christ's." It is a wonderful statement in its bearing on the whole doctrine of salvation. His call to be an apostle was from God. Their call to be Christians was alike from God. Neither his apostleship nor their salvation was self-originated. All God's ambassadors are called. All Christians are such as have accepted the divine call and thus entered the kingdom of God.

We may now briefly recapitulate the steps in the apostle's prologue with which he introduces his great letter: First, a description

of himself; second, a description of the Gospel; third, a setting forth of the person of his Lord as at once the Son of God and the seed of David; fourth, his own divine call to apostleship; fifth, the purpose of his calling, to proclaim an obedience which springs from faith; sixth, the world-wideness of the apostolic commission; seventh, that in his apostolic mission was included Rome; and then, eighth, with his usual formula of greeting, he concludes his prologue as follows: "Grace to you, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." The elaborateness of this introduction seems admirably to fit a letter so world-wide in its significance and so profound and subtle in its argument as that to the Romans. This prologue seems to embody the essence of that which is to follow, namely, a salvation wrought out through faith in Jesus Christ, the divine Son of God, who gave himself for our sins.

Perhaps the force of this prologue will appear more fully from a paraphrase of these verses as given in Sanday's *Commentary*: "Paul, a devoted servant of Jesus Christ, an apostle called by divine summons as much as any member of the original twelve, solemnly set apart for the work of delivering God's message of salvation; Paul, so authorized and commissioned, gives greeting to the whole body of Roman Christians (whether Jew or Gentile), who as Christians are special objects of the divine love, called out of the mass of mankind into the inner society of the Church, consecrated to God, like Israel of old, as his own peculiar people. May the free unmerited favor of God and the peace which comes from reconciliation with him be yours! May God himself, the heavenly Father, and the Lord Jesus Messiah grant them to you! The message which I am commissioned to proclaim is no startling novelty, launched upon the world without preparation, but rather the direct fulfillment of promises which God had inspired the prophets of Israel to set down in holy writ. It relates to none other than his Son, whom it presents in a twofold aspect: on the one hand, by physical descent tracing his lineage to David, as the Messiah was to do; and on the other hand, in virtue of the holiness inherent in his spirit, visibly designated or declared to be Son of God by the miracle of the resurrection. He, I say, is the sum and substance of my message, Jesus, the Jew's Messiah and the Christian's Lord. And it was through him that I, like the rest of the apostles, received both the general tokens of God's favor in that I was called to be a Christian, and also the special gifts of an apostle. My duty as an apostle is among all Gentile peoples, and therefore among you too at Rome, to win men over to the willing service of loyalty to him; and the end to which all my labors are directed is the honor of his holy name."

A careful study of this paraphrase will show differences between the rendering of certain passages and the implications involved in the preceding analysis. Space does not allow that minute examination of particular words and phrases so necessary to an exhaustive treatment and thorough comprehension of this prologue. We may

simply call attention to matters of interest which the young preacher may well consider in his special studies. He would do well to investigate the origin of the name "Paul." Then to note also the fullness of meaning involved in the phrase "according to the spirit of holiness." At this point the commentators differ widely, but the outcome of his investigations will show that the general import of the phrases "according to the flesh" and "according to the spirit of holiness" is in harmony with the statement given in the analysis. A critical study of the text also becomes very important in connection with the words "to all that are in Rome," since the words "in Rome" are omitted in some manuscripts. In short, it seems as if Paul in the prologue to this great epistle has given the substance of his Gospel which he afterward proceeds to elaborate with such wonderful subtlety and dialectic power. This passage would afford a fitting subject for a sermon on the great central concepts of Pauline theology, and also of Paul's personality and his relation to the world which Christ came to redeem.

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#### LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF DR. STORRS.

WE recently noted the retirement from his pastorate of the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. After a service of fifty-three years he laid aside his work and became *pastor emeritus*. He then lived to see the selection of his successor and the entrance of the latter upon his work, after which, in the fullness of his years and honors, he quietly passed to his reward. His death has called forth recognition from all branches of the Christian Church; and he leaves to posterity a record of a noble life spent in the service of his church, his city, and his country. In many respects his career serves as a lesson to our younger ministry.

First, he won success without resort to any sensational methods. He had faith in the appliances of the Gospel as they have come down to us through the centuries, and followed normal methods in the accomplishment of his great work. The visitor to his church would be struck by the absence of everything which savored of any attempt to win popular applause. Neither his sermons nor his services were out of the ordinary order. They were also in good taste, and were always such as to commend them to thoughtful Christians. He has taught young ministers the lesson that a man can fill an important pulpit for over half a century and maintain his hold upon his people to the last without resort to the artifices supposed by many to be essential to ministerial success. Whatever he did was well done, but in harmony with usual lines of procedure.

Again, his life should teach young ministers the value of thorough culture. Perhaps it is safe to say that Dr. Storrs was among the most finished speakers and orators of his time. His diction was choice, his style classic. He brought to his work a thorough collegiate and theological training. He also spent two years in the

study of law, which profession he abandoned to enter the ministry. He was all his life a close student, especially a student of history and of the Church, and was also devoted to literature. His writings will be regarded as classics in the departments which he touched. His broad culture made him available upon important occasions as a speaker, and he was often called upon to represent his city and great public interests. On great occasions he never failed to meet expectations. His preparation was always ample, and some of his finest productions were those in which he was called in a representative capacity to speak for the interests of the Church or for the city. Brooklyn has been proud of him as one of her most eminent sons, and all classes join in respect to the memory of one so highly honored and so deeply loved.

Another lesson from Dr. Storrs's life is the power to hold an audience for many years through extemporaneous address. For years he was a slave to the manuscript, but over thirty years ago he abandoned the manuscript and spoke without notes through the remainder of his life. It has been held that this is not possible in a permanent pastorate. He has demonstrated otherwise. His extemporaneous efforts, however, were the fruits of careful study and ample preparation. He brought beaten oil into the sanctuary. His language was as carefully selected as if written, and yet it was his claim that he spoke entirely without notes and without committing to memory. His little book on extemporaneous preaching has been widely read. And while no one will assume that the extemporaneous method is the only one, or that it is the method for every preacher, Dr. Storrs has proved that it is possible to hold a cultured audience for many years without resort to manuscript.

He has also demonstrated the power that comes from concentration of effort in a single place. He was called to different churches, but ever remained in his own field. He was never dazzled by the opportunities for changes that were presented to him. He was always Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn. But by being a citizen of Brooklyn he became a citizen of the world. Men can best become universal by having a locality in which they work and a definite sphere in which they labor. He had no title save that of the pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims—an admirable illustration of the fact that great influence and wide fame may be achieved in that calling which by many is not regarded as a road to public recognition. To a Methodist minister, it may be said, this is denied. Yet what a city is to a minister of another denomination the Conference is to the Methodist minister; and by staying in the same Conference many men among us have achieved wide fame and influence.

A further lesson which the young preacher may learn from the life of Dr. Storrs is that the power of a great preacher and pastor is not limited to the congregation which he serves. There are waves of influence that go out from his life and teachings which do not stop till they reach the uttermost parts of the earth. It is true that a

great congregation with abundant wealth and intelligence affords a field of unusual opportunity to accomplish these results. For it is said that Dr. Storrs's congregation during his pastorate had contributed a million and a half of dollars for charitable purposes, and the usefulness of the congregation in other directions was probably equally great. But a minister without a large congregation may thus accomplish great results through others. It becomes the minister, therefore, in estimating the possibilities of usefulness to take into consideration not only his direct but indirect power for good. Dr. Storrs's morning congregation was large, but strangers who visited his church in the evening were often surprised that with a pastor so able the church was only partially filled. Still it does not follow that large audiences are invariably accompanied by great power in the pastor. Only he who holds his people by strength of personality and vigor of utterance, whether the congregation be large or small, may achieve success in the Master's service.

It has been noted also by the students of the career now under consideration that, while Dr. Storrs was abreast of his age in all the great movements of human thought, he yet held firmly to those great fundamental truths which have been the heritage of Protestant Christendom. He has been truly reckoned as a conservator of the doctrines of our faith. He believed that the old Gospel was still "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," and that the new methods of interpretation had not proved themselves sufficiently to justify the abandonment of the old paths. He must stand, therefore, as a representative of conservative Christian scholarship and methods. An editorial in a recent secular paper strongly sets forth his general position: "Dr. Storrs was a man not of the modern type. He was one of the last of the race of the Puritan preachers, and illustrated, as nearly as it could be illustrated in our day by a man alive to the conditions of present society, the position of the eminent eighteenth century New England clergyman in a community which deferred to his leadership. He had the unquestioned precedence which few men even of those who began the ministry with him were able to command outside of small towns, and he did his work with much of the old-fashioned dignity and conservatism both of thought and conduct which must have characterized the long line of his clerical ancestors. The new theology, the higher criticism, the institutional church did not attract him, and he pursued his thinking and his preaching with a calm indifference to many generally accepted conclusions of scholars which no man less intrenched in the divinity that hedges about accepted eminence could have maintained. At the same time Dr. Storrs was not a fanatic; he was a brilliant conservative." It may be well, therefore, to remember that the two great Brooklyn preachers who have recently passed away—Dr. Storrs and Dr. Behrends—were thorough exponents of the harmony that must always exist between profound scholarship and unyielding faith in the Holy Scriptures.



## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

### EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY AND ANTIQUITIES.

THE study of chronology has always been a puzzling one, and never more so than when applied to Egyptian antiquities. Yet great strides have been made during the past dozen years in this direction. Gap after gap has been filled up, link after link has been found, so that now the long chain reaching back into hoary antiquity is becoming more perfect every year. For nearly a century Egyptologists have suggested dates which have surprised both the friends and foes of revelation and have caused most men to shake their heads in wonder at the credulity of overzealous archæologists and those unable to distinguish the historical from the legendary.

Account for it as we may, there has always been a belief that the first ruler of Egypt was Mena, or, as the Greek historians called him, "Menes." The discoveries of the past few years, however, have made it perfectly clear that Mena could not have been the first to reign over Egypt, since the civilization which prevailed in his age presupposed centuries upon centuries of culture and growth. The story of Egypt, whatever the origin of the Egyptians might have been, must have commenced at least two thousand years before Mena, the so-called founder of the first dynasty.

The earliest documents for the study of Egyptian chronology are, first, the lists found on tablets of Abydos and Karnak and in a tomb at Sakkara containing the names of seventy-five, sixty-one, and forty-seven kings respectively. The list found at Abydos begins with Mena and ends with Seti I. The tablet from the tomb at Sakkara is less complete, and commences with Mer-ba-pen, the sixth king of the first dynasty. Besides these three great lists, there are a large number of shorter ones, which, in one way or another, furnish important dates; these latter are found for the most part in private tombs, but are none the less true or reliable for that reason. The next great document is the so-called Turin papyrus. Unfortunately this venerable manuscript is much mutilated, and consequently of proportionately less value. It is probable that it once contained the names of all the rulers from Mena down to the close of the Hyksos period, or to about 1700 B. C. To these must be added, thirdly, the history, written in Greek, by an Egyptian priest named Manetho during the reign and at the suggestion of Ptolemy II (Philadelphus), 286-247 B. C. The original work of Manetho has been lost, and all that we now possess of it are a few extracts in later writers, as in Josephus (see *Contra Apion*, I, 14, ff.) and in Eusebius, who in turn takes his data not directly from Manetho, but from the great work of Julius Africanus, entitled Πενταβιβλίον Χρονολογικόν,

being a history of the world from the creation (according to him 5499 B. C.) to 221 A. D. Now, this list, given by Eusebius and containing not only the dynasties, but also the number of the years of the reign of each king, is, as Budge observes, one of the most valuable documents which has come down to us; for Manetho, by his position as priest and his knowledge of the ancient Egyptian language, used the ancient literature in a way no other writer seems to have done. Let us be thankful that we have these valuable excerpts from his works, and cherish the hope that some untiring archaeologist may yet discover the original book or papyrus.

As already stated, it has been quite usual to make the history of Egypt begin with Mena; but there has been no agreement as to the exact time when this ancient monarch reigned. While Mariette gives 5004 B. C., Wilkinson thinks 2320 B. C. nearer the beginning of his reign. Brugsch gives 4400 B. C., Lepsius 3892 B. C., Petrie 4777 B. C., and now comes the latest of writers on Egyptian chronology, Fleay, who thinks that Mena began his rule 2929 B. C. These various dates and differences of opinion are not difficult to explain. The chief reason, of course, is that we have insufficient *data* for a scientific calculation. But Egyptologists also proceed from different standpoints; for, while one class holds that all the kings of the several dynasties ruled in regular succession in one unbroken line, another assumes that some of the dynasties were contemporaneous and many of the reigns coincided and overlapped each other.

But to return to Mena. Though the date of his reign may never be discovered with absolute certainty, yet that he lived at least four thousand years before our era will be doubted by few who have kept themselves informed regarding the latest finds in the valley of the Nile. Much has been done during the last quarter of this century which must compel us to change our views concerning the beginnings of Egyptian history. Even twenty-five years ago it was quite common for a certain class of critics to treat Mena, and indeed the twenty-five kings of the first three dynasties, covering a period of 779 years, much in the same way as the heroes of Greece and Rome, as purely legendary, "having no better historical foundation than the primeval kings of Ireland." This has changed, for now the very tomb of Mena has been discovered at Negada. And, if the most learned Egyptologists are to be trusted, the very name of Mena has been deciphered upon a small ivory plate which, besides, is literally covered with representations of the funeral objects offered to the king. The tomb of Menes, measuring fifty-four by twenty-seven by four meters, and the multitude of articles therein discovered, bear eloquent testimony to the civilization then prevalent. The external ornamentations, though not elegant or elaborate, are yet of such a nature as to make it certain that Mena was not the first link in that long chain of Egyptian rulers. A learned German, Dr. Borchardt, well versed in Egyptian antiquities, and who has carefully examined the various articles found in Mena's tomb which are now deposited

in the Glizeh museum, expresses himself thus: "The skill with which ivory-carving was done in that early time is indeed amazing. Reclining lions, hunting dogs, and fish are so skillfully reproduced that one asks how many centuries of development must have preceded before the art of carving reached this perfection. A number of feet taken from the legs of small chairs and other similar furniture, and made in imitation of bulls' legs, show such a fixity of style, and at the same time such a freedom of execution, that no archæologist without the report of the excavator would dare to proclaim them the oldest dated works of Egyptian art."

These words are interesting, and will prepare us for the more recent discoveries, which, as Professor Flinders Petrie has ably shown in a recent work, prove clearly that the age of Mena was preceded by at least two well-defined and distinct civilizations. Indeed, this great English Egyptologist tells us that, no matter how far back we may go, we are always surprised at the perfection of Egyptian art. Even in the remotest predynastic times objects in copper, silver, and gold meet us. So, also, various articles carved in alabaster and modeled in clay and paste. He is also of the opinion that some system of hieroglyphics was practiced from the earliest ages, at least sufficiently developed to mark different articles belonging to different persons, though there are no hieroglyphic monuments, even of a few words, belonging to the predynastic ages.

In view of the finds of Professor Petrie at Negada, in 1894-95, of De Morgan in the same place two years later, and of still later ones—not only by reputable and authorized explorers like Amelineau, Petrie, and others, but also by private individuals, mere speculators, digging simply for gain—Egyptian scholars are now taking new courage, and believe it quite possible to have a more scientific chronology. The London *Athenæum* in a recent number says editorially, "We have now to recognize that the art, language, literature, religion, and mechanical skill of the Egyptians are older by many tens of hundreds of years than Menes."

Had explorers in Egypt for the last fifty years—or from the time of Young and Champollion—paid the same attention to the classification of the objects discovered as has been paid to such during the past ten years, the chronology of Egypt would have been on a much firmer basis to-day. What Herodotus said, nearly five hundred years before our era, has never ceased to be true as far as archæology is concerned, namely, that Egypt "contains more wonders than any other land, and is preeminent above all other countries in the world for works that one can hardly describe." This superabundance of articles is the one great reason why the chronology of this ancient land is not more clearly understood. Instead of examining each object where found and noting the exact location and the circumstances of the discovery, the explorers have seized the larger and more exquisite specimens to the neglect of things very much more ancient. But now Egypt has a large number of trained exca-

vators who are not only trying to unearth new treasures, but are also bending all their energies upon a proper classification of those already discovered. The art of classifying Egyptian antiquities is progressing well, and, as new discoveries are being made almost every month, it will be easier for those studying them from the standpoint of chronology to verify the conclusions already accepted. From this time on every object can be examined at the time it is discovered, and not, as too often in the past, taken out of a promiscuous pile in the lumber room of some museum.

From a recent address by Sir John Evans, the president of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, we learn that the Egyptian government has allotted the English explorers a large area in and around Abydos, one of the most fertile spots in the whole of Egypt for antiquities belonging to every period of Egyptian history.

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#### BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

THE episcopal address to the General Conference is in every way a model, and no part of it more so than the paragraph entitled "Doctrinal Fidelity." This portion is both scholarly and evangelical, advanced enough for the most liberal and sufficiently conservative for the most pronounced champion of orthodoxy. Our bishops firmly believed that the permanence and growth of the Christian Church are inseparable from fidelity to the truth as revealed in Christ Jesus, our Lord. They rejoice that the teachings of our Church are in the main everywhere unchanged, and that the essential Christian verities as received from the fathers are firmly held and positively proclaimed both at home and abroad. They emphasize the fact that the reverent spirit of Methodist theology "has nothing in common with the destructive spirit of much recent criticism," whose tendency, if not its aim, seems to be the overthrow and not the conservation of the faith. The bishops unqualifiedly recommend a serious and patient study of the Bible in the following words: "It [the Church] believes in scholarship honestly directed to learn more than has hitherto been known of the divine word and the divine works. It believes that more light is yet to break forth from both. It contemns sciolism, self-sufficiency, love of novelty, the iconoclastic spirit in biblical studies; it welcomes truth, even new truths, if duly tested, confirmed, and found serviceable to the life of the soul."

The words of Dr. Thomas Allen, fraternal delegate from England, are also very reassuring. He says: "The controversy in regard to the sacred book is not so acute as it was ten years ago. There is a calmer temper on both sides, a better understanding of the methods of investigation which are pursued, and a disposition to look at facts and to accept new knowledge. The critics are less dogmatic than they were, . . . and on the orthodox side men are finding out that neither science nor criticism has shaken the foundation principles of their holy religion, and so the spirit of panic has gone."

**MISSIONARY REVIEW.****ONE OF OUR NEW PROBLEMS.**

TWENTY-FIVE years ago many Christian people in the United States held it to be providential that, since we were not sending missionaries in reasonable numbers to evangelize the heathen, these heathen had taken to coming to our own shores; that God had thrust upon us the privilege and duty of evangelizing those who came to us; that many would return to their own land to propagate our faith; and that much information about the Christian religion would filter back to China or other lands from these immigrants to our shores. And the last expectation seemed reasonable enough. Protestant spiritual life had thus flowed back to northern and western Europe through converted Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Swiss, and Germans. As for China, it is still proving true that letters from former converts in our California Chinese missions tell of their Christian activity in their own land, and even of extraordinary revivals succeeding their efforts. In the case of Japanese students, in our schools on the Pacific coast, the proof is also abundant of the reflex influence of Christian instruction. We are told that some of these former students are found in the parliament of the Japanese nation; some are leading merchants; some the authors of books and some the editors of journals; some the managers of great industries; while some are teachers, pastors, and evangelists.

We have not, however, measured up to our responsibilities to the Chinese who are permitted a residence in this country. There was a temporary wave of enthusiasm over the new opportunity when Chinese immigration first set in on the Pacific slope. It is, however, needless to trace the incidents which checked this immigration and the corresponding missionary opportunity. Ten Chinatowns, each with from five hundred to a thousand Chinese, upon the California coast, are without a mission solely because the money for their support has not been forthcoming. If we now had the overwhelming numbers in the United States which, unrestricted, would have come to our shores, is there any assurance that we would have measured up to the duty of evangelizing them?

But now a wholly new phase of this matter has appeared, with the extension of our possessions to Hawaii and the Philippines. What are we to do with the twenty thousand Chinese in Hawaii, and the seventy thousand in Luzon? How can we help the thirty-three thousand Japanese in Hawaii, and soon a possible duplication of that number? They are now under our flag, and our obligations are accentuated, while in Hawaii the Congregationalists and the Methodist Episcopalians are the sole agencies from the United States

which are helping the Christians of Hawaii to deal with these new problems.

There has not been shown any misapprehension of the possible reflex Christian influences on China and Japan through the evangelization of the immigrants from these lands. That being true, there is now renewed in a different form the old proposition to have the heathen sent to us for Christianization, and by the reflex influence thus to reach the people in their home land. Whether or not we did wisely in resisting the coming of the Chinese to our shores, it remains a fact that what seemed a providential door of access to them in our midst, instead of the more costly method of sending workers to their own land, was suddenly closed, but now in an indirect way has been reopened. In Hawaii we may work among the Japanese with no fear of a fickle nationalism stopping us with parliament action. In Luzon there will be no *literati* to oppose us. If, strategically, the geographical situation of the Philippines reduces the distance of China from three thousand to five hundred miles, why do not the changed social and diplomatic relations also become factors in our opportunity? Whatever we may or may not do for the Malays and Tagals, and for half-breeds of the Philippines, why not give a moment's thought to the new form of the old opportunity, which we so readily attributed to divine Providence, of sending the Chinese to school under our own flag?

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#### THE GAURANGA REFORMERS OF INDIA.

MISSIONARIES have always to consider the forces to which they are opposed. In the case of the ancient religions these are pretty well comprehended. But the pressure of Christianity on these has become so great that the followers of those faiths are giving repeated evidence of realizing the acuteness of the conditions. It is the ever-varying phases of these false faiths that we now have in mind. Thus the Calcutta Missionary Conference recently gave a long session to the consideration of the new Gauranga cult, the result of their analysis being that, like all other sections of Reformed Hinduism, it is really Krishnaism. There is something noticeable in the extent to which these corrupt heathen religions are obliged, in the presence of Christianity, to attempt to explain away the vice which has been popularized by their legendary literature. The story of the free-love of Krishna is familiar to all who are acquainted with the Bhagavat-Gita and others of the most popular religious books of the Hindus. But now the attempt is made by educated and so-called reformed Hindus to lift the whole into the plane of allegory "illustrative of the spiritual unification with God by love." Others try to cover its sensualism by asserting that it is intended to show that Krishna as God was above all carnality, though deep in love; but others insist that Krishna was a live paramour, not only in sentiment, but in gross action.

But those who attempt to explain the Krishna story as a spiritual allegory have trouble enough with his encouraging a civil war, his slaughter of his enemies, and the final destruction of his own race. The Krishnaites, moreover, rose to a subtlety that Western folk will scarcely comprehend, who defend the story of Krishna and Raddha as a true type of religious love, because the love of a husband for a wife or of a wife for a husband is based on self-interest, while that of a lover for her paramour is disinterested, since he may cast her off at any time. They cannot disguise the fact that the practical result of this story is to lower the common morality, and yet these reformed Hindus still attempt to lift the nation out of the cesspool of the vilest licentiousness by allegorizing the corrupt life of their national hero; and, marvel of marvels, they have a great following in this effort to renovate a worship which they know will not stand the light. The concession which is implied to the higher morality of Christianity is sometimes recognized, and we have an illustration of this in an instance of a Hindu preacher noted for his skill in antagonizing Christianity who is reported to have "burst into a rhapsody of India's future glory in terms that indicated that Christ would reign supreme in the land." But the missionary, none the less, has to face these ever-varying phases of the false faiths which the Christian religion meets.

It is noteworthy that these so-called reformers of Hinduism in their efforts to save their religion from the deadly attacks of Christianity should find themselves supported by some women from England and America. Mrs. Besant is not only proclaiming the Hindu religion, but is endeavoring to raise an enormous sum of money to found and endow a college at Benares in which Western sciences are to be taught along with Hinduism. One American lady preaches the merits of worshiping the murderous Kall, and still another woman, who calls herself a countess, preaches Buddhism in India. But, withal, educated Hindus have lost whatever faith they had in idols, and wince under the attacks of Christianity. Any attempt which may be made to metamorphose Hinduism will not save it. Internally, it is in a state of collapse; externally, it is preserved by the complex and powerful socialism called caste.

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#### ALLEGED OUTRAGES IN THE CONGO STATE.

It has long been known that much of the Congo State administration has in some particulars been a burning shame to Christendom, and has needed a radical overhauling. The most flagrant crimes have been committed on the Upper Congo in the name of the government, and the worst forms of heathenish cruelties have been practiced by an armed force of cannibals, equipped with the regular army rifle and sent against an unarmed population to execute demands of the State which are affirmed to be in themselves absolutely indefensible. Here are some twenty-five millions of popula-



tion who are receiving an object lesson in murder, robbery, and slave raiding, in the name of a so-called Christian State, which puts into the shade the worst forms of cruelty in the heathen States of Africa or Asia.

There is said to be a vicious system of tribute imposed in rubber and ivory, which the people are certainly unwilling, and possibly unable, to pay; and the State keeps at Luluaburg a well-armed lot of tribute collectors, recruited from cannibal races, who are sent out to exact the specified tribute. When the people do not return the amount exacted they are punished by murder, by the burning of their villages, and by slave capture; in other cases many are deliberately maimed by the cutting off of their right hands. If this "inhumanity of man to man" is not stopped, and stopped at once, the cause of civilization will be permanently damaged, and the acceptance of Christianity by the people in this section of Africa will be indefinitely delayed.

An American missionary on the Upper Congo River, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who has lived on the Congo for ten years, recently transmitted to the British government through Reuter's agency statements which he is thought to be abundantly able to verify by actual witnesses, and which confirm the worst rumors hitherto circulated, but till now supposed to be founded on secondhand native stories. This missionary declares that since the mission was established at Luebo in 1892, on the Upper Kassai, they have been cognizant that the worst offenses were committed in the interior by the Zappo Zaps, a cruel people, known to be cannibals, from whom the government at Luluaburg has recruited its collectors of revenue. He says: "These barbarities are perpetrated on innocent and harmless people, whose only crime is that they happen to live in the border of the Congo Free State, are unarmed, and cannot successfully resist these hordes of plunderers who are armed and sent out by State authority."

This all assumes additional importance at a time when, within the so-called "spheres of influence," the Africans are to be impressed with the justice and humanity of Christian governments. So that, while it is not fair to decry a State for accidental miscarriage of justice, nor to deny them a hearing, any more than we would if they were individuals, it is in no local light that these measures should be reviewed. England has just dissolved the Royal Niger Company, and taken all Nigeria directly under the crown; Germany, France, and the rest hold seven ninths of Africa in their grip. It is of the utmost importance to the evangelization of Africa that even-handed justice shall prevail in these protectorates. Missionaries may not dictate to governments by whose leave they occupy fields of Christian toll; but they must speak out in the presence of giant abuse which is perpetrated by these governments, especially when the ultimate purpose of the governing power is designed to be benevolent, but flagrantly fails of being that in the incidents of its daily administration.

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK.

## SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

**Julius Boehmer.** This scholar is a pastor and an adherent of the conservative wing of German theologians. But his conservatism springs from an intellectual conviction based on thorough study, not from an emotional prejudice in favor of beliefs long cherished. He has recently given to the world a study of the command of Christ in Matt. xxviii, 19, under the title of *Das biblische "Im Namen"* (The Biblical Expression, "In the Name of"), Giessen, J. Ricker, 1898. He inclines to the genuineness of the passage, though he does not give this feature of his work as much attention as we could desire. He devotes his chief energy to the attempt to discover the source and significance of the expression, "In the name of." He assumes what he does not prove, namely, that the phrase is simply transferred from the Hebrew. Hence he subjects the Old Testament to a rigid scrutiny to discover what the meaning of the Hebrew equivalent is; and he reaches the conclusion that in the Old Testament the phrase, "In the name of Jahweh," signifies, "In the fellowship," "In the possession," "In the association of the name of Jahweh." The "name of Jahweh," in the Old Testament, indicates the inner nature of Jahweh. The expression could be often replaced by the word "person" without change of meaning. At first the significance of the discussion is not apparent to the casual reader. But when it is considered that it is a part of the attempt to settle the question as to the origin of the religious ideas and terminology of the New Testament, and even of Christianity, the importance of the subject will be seen at a glance. The ordinary conception of the relation of God to the Jews and of Judaism to Christianity renders it exceedingly difficult to disconnect any part of Christianity from the providential preparation for it among the Jews. The theory is that the Jews were God's peculiar people in such a sense as that no other nation had any of God's guidance religiously which could contribute to the Christian system. But this theory is not demonstrable either from the Old or the New Testament, nor from a comparison of Christianity with the religious thought, practice, and language of the Greek-Roman world in the time of Christ and the apostles. And, after all, this is not a question to be settled by our preferences, but by an appeal to the facts. Did the Gentile world have any worthy religious ideas? If they did, they, as truly as the Jews, must have gotten them by divine revelation, or else revelation is unnecessary. Now, it has been proved by Professor Deissmann, of Heidelberg, that the phrase, "In the name of," was current among Greek-speaking peoples, and that it expressed a relation of adherence to another. In this case, at least, Greek custom furnished part of our Christian terminology.

**Karl Dunkmann.** The problem of the freedom or the bondage of the will still continues to engage thoughtful minds. Whether it will ever be settled to our entire satisfaction is doubtful. The vast majority of us believe in the freedom of the will because we feel ourselves free. But Dunkmann has not been able to satisfy himself so easily. In a recent book, entitled *Das Problem der Freiheit in der gegenwärtigen Philosophie und das Postulat der Theologie* (The Problem of Freedom in Current Philosophy, and the Postulate of Theology), Halle, M. Niemeyer, 1899, he has not so much contributed to the solution as to the clear understanding of the difficulties of the problem. Undoubtedly one source of the difficulties just mentioned is the fact that we all approach the subject partly from the standpoint of philosophy and partly from that of theology. As Dunkmann says: "The philosopher sees no good reason for entering into the theological aspect of the subject, and the theologian is obliged to look at the philosophical aspect of it as but a preliminary question, for which he can find no suitable place either in dogmatics or in ethics. To this must be added that theology, on account of the varying aspects which the problem takes in the light of sin, grace, and providence, has felt no necessity for regarding the problem from all these standpoints combined, but has been content to look at it now from the standpoint of sin, now from that of grace, now from that of providence." Dunkmann holds that since the kernel of all philosophy is a view of life, and since theology also has its view of life, it is possible to frame a doctrine relative to human freedom which will satisfy both philosophy and theology. This may be a possibility; but it will become an actuality only when it is settled that we have a true theology and a true philosophy. Philosophy cannot admit the fact of freedom in any comprehensive sense while it is obliged to acknowledge the influence of heredity and environment; and theology, as long as it holds to the current theories of sin, grace, and providence, must equally deny all true freedom. The strange fact in connection with it all is that for all practical purposes philosophy and theology are compelled to suppose that man is free and responsible. Primarily the fact of our consciousness of freedom is mightier than any facts of heredity, environment, sin, grace, or providence. Every man is conscious in his own breast of a power to rise superior to all obstacles; and one can change the effects of heredity and environment. As to sin, grace, and providence, it is altogether possible that we have held hitherto to an erroneous conception of them. Philosophy and theology will unite in the assertion of human freedom, as soon as they determine to make largest use of none but the most evident and indubitable facts.

**Friederich Loofs.** This is not the first time that this writer's name has been mentioned in this department. He is rapidly rising into prominence in Germany and America as a constructive radical in biblical criticism. The term "constructive radical" is, perhaps, novel, but it is the proper

designation of a class. Radical critics are not all destructive. With some of the radicals the conclusions of the critics are so thoroughly established as no longer to need defense. To their minds it is idle to discuss the question whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, whether there was but one Isaiah, whether Daniel was written during the captivity, whether the scientific and historical utterances of the Old Testament are to be unhesitatingly accepted as correct. All of these questions they answer in the negative, with the unquestioning assurance that they thereby answer truly. But of these radicals there are some who use their doctrines to prove the large amount that the Church has been compelled to yield of what she once taught, while there are others who employ the same doctrines to show how much remains to the Church of her old and most cherished beliefs. They utilize every favorable opportunity to point out that all the old doctrines retain every feature that made them religiously valuable. Hence we designate these men as constructive radicals. Loofs is one of the best of his type. He has remarkable ability in the popular putting of these newer views in the interest of faith. And he believes that in Germany, at least, the time has come when the pulpit should under proper circumstances handle these new views of the Bible. The more intelligent portion of the German congregations is aware of the fact that the science and history of the Bible are no longer regarded as wholly trustworthy; but not that the religious revelation remains untouched. To make the latter known Loofs regards as the duty of the pulpit. He himself has several times set the example. Three of his sermons were published in 1899 under the title, *Die Schöpfungsgeschichte, der Sündenfall, und der Turmbau zu Babel* (The Scriptural Account of Creation, the Fall of Man, and the Tower of Babel), Freiburg i. B., J. C. B. Mohr. Doubtless these sermons contain much that would be offensive to many hearers, but, on the other hand, as examples of the method of treating the Bible in the light of the more recent views of its origin and inspiration they are worthy of all commendation. The fundamental principle of Loofs seems to be that the preacher of the Gospel, be he also professor of theology or not, has for his first duty the building up of the people in the faith of Jesus Christ and in the holy living appropriate thereto. If every preacher will keep this principle in mind, he may be trusted to preach even on this controverted theme.

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#### RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

**Die Entstehung des Volkes Israel** (The Origin of the Israelitish People). By B. Stade. Giessen, J. Ricker, 1899. The Germans believe in the mission of the small book as well as of the large. Would that our American scholars had a similar confidence! In twenty-four pages Stade has summed up the principal positions now held by the critical historians relative to the origin of the people of Israel. Stade holds that the traditional view of that origin is out of analogy

with all other national origins, and in contradiction to certain portions of the Old Testament and the Egyptian monuments. Of the four "sources" of the Pentateuch he thinks the oldest, the Jehovistic, not only the most natural starting-point for all investigation of the history of Israel, but the most reliable, as well. According to this source Jacob and his sons were nomadic shepherds dwelling in the land of Goshen, which lay between the borders of Egypt and Palestine. They did not dwell in the residence of Pharaoh, as the Elohist document teaches, nor in the best of the land, Rameses, as the Priestly document has it. They never dwelt in Egypt proper, though some of them may have become subjects of Egypt and may have been regarded by Rameses II as his slaves. There is no doubt as to the existence and work of Moses, though Stade holds that both are somewhat overgrown with legend. In the name of the ancient Sinai-God, Jahweh, who was originally the tribal god of the Kenites, but who subsequently became the god of a confederation of Hebrew nomads, the Levite, Moses, appeared as the deliverer of the oppressed in Goshen, whom he led through the Red Sea. The destruction of Pharaoh in the sea, according to Stade, rests upon legend. The success of the deliverance was the proof of the power of Jahweh, and produced the faith of the delivered tribes in him. They went to Kadesch, overcame the Amalekites, which was regarded as a victory of the national god, Jahweh, and then passed on to Edom and Moab. In the east Jordan country they began to adopt the agricultural industry. There also the names "Hebrew" and "Israel" arose. It is impossible to determine how long they remained either at Kadesch or in the east Jordan country. The conquest of the country west of the Jordan was but slow; at first including only the hilly portions of the land. The Tel-el-Amarna inscriptions show that at that time the rulership of Egypt was weak, which accounts for the rising rulership of the Hebrews in Palestine. Later, during a period extending into the time of the kings, those portions of the land which had remained Canaanitish were conquered. The various elements of the Israelitish people united in a single State, and Jahweh became the god of the land, banishing Baalim. This process was aided by making Jahweh the god of battles among the Israelitish people. The book is interesting and consistent, even though we may not be able in all respects to accept its conclusions.

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**Serubbabel, Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der messianischen Erwartung und der Entstehung des Judenthums.** (Zerubbabel. A contribution to the History of the Messianic Hope and of the Origin of Judaism). By Ernst Sellin. Leipzig, A. Deichert, Nachf., 1898. This book is an attempt to throw light upon the period between the dedication of the second temple, in 516 B. C., and the appearance in Jerusalem of Ezra, in 458, or of Nehemiah, in 444 B. C. Three questions press for answer: (1) How was it that the legal system of the time of Ezra and Nehemiah

grew up in the sixty years in question? (2) Why should the hopeful second Isaiah have been so soon followed by the despairing Psalmists? (3) What caused the two diverse currents of legal and spiritual piety to flow together? Briefly summarized Sellin's answer is that upon their return to Jerusalem Zerubbabel was, at the suggestion of the prophets, elevated to the dignity of king, and with him it was expected that the Messianic kingdom would begin. This plan ended in a frightful catastrophe. Zerubbabel suffered the death of a martyr for his people; Jerusalem was again laid waste; the new temple was desecrated. The words of the prophets had proved deceptive, and the Messianic hope was shattered. But reflection on this judgment of God, leading to despair, on the one side, and the ray of hope rekindled by a single great genius, on the other, make the origin of Judaism clear. Of course all this somewhat remarkable historical scheme demands evidence in its support; and the author admits that this evidence is not direct, though he thinks it sufficient to establish his position. He argues, first, that the fact that, subsequent to Zerubbabel, Jerusalem was placed under the jurisdiction of Samaria looks like a punishment for insurrection; second, that, since Nehemiah i, 1, ff., cannot refer either to the destruction of the walls of Ezra nor to that of 586, it must refer, as Ewald thought, to the destruction of the walls built by Zerubbabel; third, Rehun's letter suggests an insurrection of the returned Jews and a consequent devastation of the temple; fourth, the reinstitution of the temple service by Ezra leads to the same conclusion; fifth, the priestly code, which marks the fall of the hope of a personal Messiah, indicates some kind of a preceding catastrophe; sixth, that the prophetic announcements had proved deceptive is probable from the fact that the prophets suddenly fell into discredit with the people. The argument which these points constitutes is certainly ingenious and in some respects convincing, especially in the absence of any other explanation of them. Nevertheless, they are far from conclusive, since it seems very unlikely that, had there been such a catastrophe as Sellin supposes, we should have had no other evidence of it than the inferences which may be drawn from the facts above mentioned. Still, in history as in all science, hypotheses are often constructed and sustained upon exceedingly weak foundations.

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#### RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

**The Call for Workers.** Little by little, in the face of age-long prejudices, the Germans are working their way to an understanding of the value of the lay worker in the cause of Christ. At a recent meeting in Berlin the question as to the best means of protecting young girls from moral and religious degeneration caused an exciting discussion. It was boldly asserted that the old-fashioned notion that only the pastor may openly expound the word of God, and that other equally antiquated theory, that women are no part of the common priesthood of believers, must be abandoned.



The plea was made that women of education outside the ranks of the deaconesses must be enlisted in the work of holding evening gatherings, in which suitable entertainment shall be given. The writer had the rare privilege of attending such a gathering some years ago, and of addressing the girls assembled. There were probably thirty present, seated about a long, broad table. Each had her knitting or embroidery in her hand, and worked busily while the exercises were in progress. There was a time of pleasant social conversation, some light refreshments, which added to the sociability of the occasion, some interesting reading by the woman who had charge of the meeting, a little singing, in which all participated, and the short address of the writer. The influence must have been elevating, to say nothing of the fact that the young women were thereby kept off the streets and given a touch of the life of those who were far above them in social position.

**A Recently Discovered Monumental Inscription.** Explorers in Asia Minor have recently found a Greek inscription which the historian Mommsen and others place about the year 9 B. C. It is chiefly interesting from the fact that it celebrates the birthday of the Emperor Augustus in language which is strikingly like that which in the New Testament is applied to Jesus Christ. Among the thoughts parallel to those of the New Testament are the following : "It is impossible to express suitably the thanks which are due for the great benefits this day has brought;" "Providence, which rules over all the world, has, for the benefit of mankind, so filled this man with gifts that he is sent to us and to the coming generations as a Saviour;" "In his appearance the hopes of our ancestors are fulfilled; he has not only surpassed all previous benefactors of mankind, but it is impossible that a greater should come;" "The birthday of this God has introduced to the world the message of joy which is inseparably connected with him;" "From his birth a new era of time must begin." These words are understood by some as having furnished the pattern after which the Gospel writers modeled their description of Christ. And it may well be that the language of the gospels has its roots more deeply set in religious conceptions current prior to the time of Christ than are now generally supposed. This would merely prove what it is reasonable to believe and what the New Testament teaches, namely, that God had by his providence in some measure prepared the way for Christ even in heathen lands. But we are inclined to make less of these passages from the inscription than some others would make. The people of that day affected to regard the emperor as divine, and they could not well speak of him in language different from that which we have here. At any rate, whatever they may have expected would be the results of the reign of Augustus, it is very certain that the reign of Christ has been infinitely more beneficent; and, while the language applied to Augustus appears like fulsome flattery, it can be understood in all soberness of Jesus, the true Saviour.



**SUMMARY OF THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.**

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THE death of Dr. James Martineau, at the advanced age of ninety-five, has removed a vigorous and marked personality. In the *London Quarterly* (London, Eng.) for April, P. T. Forsyth, D.D., sums up his life and influence in an article entitled "Dr. Martineau." His habit was that of retirement. "He had the seal of an unearthly altitude and purity, a heavenly aloofness. He was a valuable rebuke to the passion for sociality, for popularity, for seeing and knowing everybody of note, of everybody who has done us good. . . . He wrote no little books which sell by thousands with the religious public; he played no open part in the public life of the nation; he was not a politician, nor an empire-builder, nor a king of finance, nor a princely giver; his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart; he had little that appealed to the keen and bustling young person of the period; he did not deal in the wares which are in current demand. Yet, for these reasons in part he was a great man, with a kind of greatness we much need to be forced to own." As for Martineau's theology Dr. Forsyth says: "He was one of the Greeks who would see Jesus, or who did see him, but who saw him before the cross rather than after it. Few orthodox Christians have lavished on the Saviour such love and reverence as this heretic; he was a Socinian St. Bernard; but the evangelical interpretation of Christianity was an offense to him. Mediatorial religion seemed to him to be an implety. He carried the love and reverence of Jesus to the height of a passion, and he enshrined it in words and thoughts of beauty at once rich and chaste; but one thing he refused to him on principle—he refused him worship. Christ was the author in man of the highest faith, but he was not its object. Martineau was not even Arian. That was the great gulf between him and such as ourselves. It is a very great gulf, ecclesiastically impassable—especially from his side." The chief service, the review continues, which Dr. Martineau did for his age was in the world of thought, in his defense of "the spiritual principles of life, and the spiritual basis of God for mind and soul." In his attitude "he stood for the value of the soul's intentions as against the mere arithmetic of utilitarian results. He insisted on the moral value of motives, as distinct from effects. The motive was more for the man than the net upshot of his action. It was the quality of the soul that guaranteed the future of the soul. And it was God, the soul of all, that guaranteed the quality of the soul. He [Martineau] stood for God, a living God, freedom, and immortality, in the face of a science which, if not materialist, would have made the mass of its believers little else. . . . He broke the self-sufficiency of the mere physicist and the tyranny of the agnostic; while, on the other side, he exposed the hollowness of the amateur and literary

Idealists like Matthew Arnold, and pricked, with the sharpest and deftest sword among us, the fine phrases in which they offered mere ideal substitutes for God." As for Martineau's books, he delayed their publication too long, and found himself "no longer in the van of philosophical progress." In the department of ethics his view is "of a highly intuitionist, and therefore individualist, character." On the question of revelation his views were "too philosophical and too little historic," while, as to trust, there is something unsatisfactory in his scientific writings. "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed, who, in the abeyance of the intuition and the hiding of the face, yet commit themselves to the eternal act and the crucified arms. But, in company with Martineau's system, in the presence of its wonderful depth, discrimination, beauty, and truth one is often moved by its want of dynamic and help to re-echo Helne's cry before the Venus of the Louvre, "She is lovely—but she has no arms." Martineau was also a critic of "mediatorial religion," and the exponent of an ethical creed in which we cannot rest, there being ultimately "no ethics but Christian ethics," which "start from the new morality of the redeeming cross." But, with it all, Martineau was a "master in God;" and in his departure death "removes one of those lives that do more than all fleets or armies to make a people great and keep them so."

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IN the *Edinburgh Review* (New York) for April is found the following table of contents: I. "The Alaska Boundary;" II. "Fiction and Philanthropy;" III. "Religion in Greek Literature;" IV. "Morris and Rossetti;" V. "The Struggle for Italian Independence (1815-1849);" VI. "Cappadocian Discoveries;" VII. "Alexander Leslie and Prince Rupert;" VIII. "The Evolution of the Stars;" IX. "Partition of the Western Pacific;" X. "Dean Milman;" XI. "Great Britain and South Africa." Of the Alaska question the reviewer says: "The territory in dispute is a strip of land, so far as at present known of small inherent value, bordering the northwest coast of America, between latitude 55° and 60°. . . . While the boundary line is contested at almost every point throughout its entire length, the interest of the question for the moment centers in the heads of the Lynn Canal. . . . Under the present laws British vessels may not carry goods from any American port to the Lynn Canal. It is true they can trade between British ports and the Lynn Canal, and a customs arrangement has recently been entered into between Canada and the United States whereby goods arriving at Skagway may be bonded through to the Yukon district; but this bonding privilege is attended by restrictions more or less irksome, and is terminable at the pleasure of the American government. Thus Canadian trade, flowing through American channels, is building up American towns in what Canada holds to be British territory. It is, perhaps, not surprising that Canadians should chafe under such a condition of affairs. As

regards the future of this question, it is difficult to predict anything." The second article carefully reviews two somewhat recent works of fiction, *The Island* and *Number 5 John Street*; the third article is a notice of a work by Lewis Campbell, LL.D.; and the fourth traces the careers of two prominent art students, showing their intimate relationship and their contrasts of character. "Italian unity," the next article says, "was the work of three generations of men." As for the explorations of M. Chantre in Cappadocia, they have been most important, representing the civilization of that ancient region "from at least 2500 B. C. down to the time of Justinian," and including "the ancient texts and sculptures which he, like others, compares with those of Chaldea, the early Aryan remains, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman." In the seventh article we find an exhaustive review of two recent biographies sketching two important historic characters. The one, Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, "more than any one man . . . helped Scotland to save her national existence and her covenant to be a Protestant people." The other, Rupert, the son of Frederick Elector Palatine and Elizabeth, daughter of James I, led his cavalry at Marston Moor to disaster. "His military reputation never recovered, and all that he loved even better than his own fame . . . were involved in that common ruin." Reviewing seven works on some phase of astronomy, the next article traces the progress made in stellar science since the equipment by Huggins of his observatory, in 1856, at Tulse Hill and the employment of the spectroscope for the analysis of star light. The conclusion of the next article is that in the western Pacific the first duty of England is "towards the native inhabitants," rather than "to extract all the profit possible" out of the new possessions. Among the Broad Church leaders of the century was Dean Milman. "For many years he was a central and most popular figure in the best English literary society, and he reckoned most of the leading intellects of his day among his friends. He was in an extraordinary degree many-sided, both in his knowledge and his sympathies. He was an admirable critic, and the eminent sanity of his judgment, as well as the eminent kindness of his nature, combined with a great charm both of manner and of conversation. Few men of his time had more friends, and were more admired, consulted, and loved." The tenth paper notices his valuable work and his enduring influence; while in the concluding article it is interesting to read the protest from the English standpoint against the charge of undue imperialism in South Africa. "We want the whole world to recognize also," the writer says, "that we are not actuated by unjust or aggressive aims; that we love peace, that the interest of the British empire lies in peace, and that we have no intention of abandoning the counsels of three generations of statesmen in order to enter upon a rivalry of military ambition with the great powers of the world." But the national character and good name must be respected.

AN important paper on the missionary growth of the century, found in the *Missionary Review of the World* (New York) for June, is entitled "Thoughts on the Missionary Century." Its writer is Professor Warneck, D.D., of Halle, Germany, who was detained from the late Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, and who consequently sent a communication, of which the present paper is a summary. Having made "the historical and theoretical study of missions his special work for over thirty years," he speaks with recognized authority. Upon the necessary training for missionaries to be sent into the field he has this advice: "What we need, besides expert mission directors, is, above all, missionaries really equal to their great work. The general cry is more missionaries—and, let me add emphatically, more men. But the petition that the Lord of the harvest should send workers into his harvest also has reference to their quality. Missionaries must be weighed, not only counted. Spiritual equipment is of course the chief consideration. But the teaching of more than a hundred years of missionary experience should prevent us from again falling into the mistake of thinking that this alone suffices without a thorough training. More than enough male and female missionaries have been sent out who were not even capable of learning to speak the foreign language fluently."

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THE *International Monthly* (Burlington, Vt.) is a new "magazine of contemporary thought" which merits the attention of scholarly readers. Its first article, by Professor Edmund Buckley, Ph.D., of the University of Chicago, discusses the "Relation between Early Religion and Morality," and maintains the position that "morality and religion have distinct natures and independent origins." The second article considers "Political Parties and City Government," and is written by Professor F. J. Goodnow, of Columbia University. The State, he holds, "should establish an effective central control over the actions of municipalities, so far as they are acting as State agents;" laws should be passed preventing "national and State parties from making use of municipal patronage, contracts, and franchises in their own interest;" and municipal organizations should be so simple and the powers of their authorities so great that the voter should know the ability of the officer for whom he votes "to carry out within a reasonable time a municipal policy" under consideration. The third paper, by Professor R. W. Wilcox, M.D., LL.D., of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, is entitled "Recent Advance in Medical Science," and points out some encouraging progress lately made. The next paper, on "The Nature of the Creative Imagination," is written by Professor Th. Ribot, of Paris; and the final article, on "High Explosives," is contributed by Captain E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A. (Retired.) The magazine is published by the Macmillan Company, and is worthy of success in a field where there are many competitors.

## BOOK NOTICES.

## RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

*The Singular Death of Christ.* By Rev. JOSEPH DUNN BURRELL, D.D. 8vo, pp. 62  
New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, paper, 25 cents.

This great subject is here considered under four heads: "The Old Testament Idea of the Suffering Saviour;" "Christ's Own Estimate of His Death;" "Paul's Estimate of Christ's Death;" and "What Christ's Death Ought to Be to Us." In his preface the author says: "What is Christianity? The life of man in fellowship with God through faith in the living Christ. The meaning of that life turns upon the fact that the Christ who now lives for evermore once died. We worship an enthroned Saviour, crowned with unspeakable glory. But his path to glory lay through the grave. That is why every Christian is led to try to understand why Jesus died. We cannot know the living Christ until first we have known Christ dead. The dying Saviour has been the subject of innumerable essays and books, from the apostolic age on. One might imagine that the subject had been sufficiently treated already. But as 'the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,' there arises in every age the inevitable and legitimate desire to reinterpret truth in forms of thought and language familiar to the time. So long as the world lasts men will be trying to explain the atonement." The discussion of the Old Testament Idea closes thus: "The most remarkable trait of the thought of the nineteenth century is the tendency to unification. Everything known to man is brought into one system, governed by one law—that of evolution. Nothing is permitted to be exempt—least of all, human history. Every event has its adequate cause, and things to come are contained in germ in what has been. It is so in religion as in other things. Religion is not what we like to make it; it is a concrete product of history, coming to be the definite thing it is by an age-long process originated and controlled by God. Christ did not come unheralded, or in a sense uncaused. The centuries were making for his Messiahship. At the heart of ancient civilization were the Jews, carrying in their life the consummate spiritual and ethical achievement of the ages of the world. At the heart of that life was their complicated system of sacrifices guarded and explained by their Scriptures. At the heart of that sacrificial and scriptural economy was the thought of a suffering Saviour. The Jew stood before the altar with his victim for sacrifice. Here was something precious, a life, given for his sins, to God. What did it all mean? He turned to the pages of the Scriptures, and there might learn that in the great struggle between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman the latter one day should receive a deadly wound, yet triumph; that there should come a prophet who,

like Moses, would plead for the people, offering to bear the penalty of their sins himself; that there should be a holy soul suffering vastly, even to the sense of being forsaken of God, in order to serve the Most High; that he should bear the sins of many; and that, in spite of being God's own appointed shepherd, his smiting should come from God. How came these things into the Jewish mind? They were an integral part of that long historic process which culminated on Calvary. We know Christ only as we know what went before Christ. When he came he came to suffer for the sins of the world." Dr. Burrell reviews fully all that Christ himself had to say concerning his death, and then says: "Looking back over these several sayings of our Lord, we see how profound a meaning he attributed to his own death. He said that it was the natural result of leading a righteous life in this wicked world, where the only way to gain is to lose; that he came as the Son of man to give his life as a ransom for many from their sins, which was the crowning act in a career conformed to the law that the way to glory is service; that his body was broken and his blood was shed, after the manner of a lamb of the sin offering slain for the remission of sins, and a passover lamb slain to mark the beginning of a new covenant; that according to the Scriptures the Messiah must suffer death, because, back of that, it was necessary according to the eternal purpose of God; and that he must be lifted up on the cross in death, in order to bring eternal life to all who believe in him. So many different aspects of the one great act fairly bewilder us; but they may all be brought into one—death the way to life. That is a law which holds throughout the whole vast world of nature. Its symbol is the perishing grain of wheat opening the way to the springing harvest. That law, Jesus tells us, holds also in the spiritual world. Christ must hang on the cross and die that we might live." The author notes, as the impressive thing in all Scripture teachings concerning Christ, their complete coincidence in the doctrine that the death of the Saviour was for the redemption of men from sin. "So that if we give proper credit to the Old Testament, both for its inspiration and because it presents a legitimate stage in the evolution of religion, and if we believe that Jesus understood himself and the meaning of his own presence here on the earth, and if we are moved by the evident religious insight of the great mind of Paul, we cannot get away from the fact, however difficult it is to comprehend, that Jesus Christ died on the cross to redeem men from their sins." Dr. Burrell's serious and able setting forth of a sublime subject is in the full light of modern thought. In considering what Christ's death ought to be to us he writes: "The point from which we must start if we would know the reality of Christ's salvation is a personal appreciation of the fact that we are sinners. For if we are not sinners, we do not need to be saved, and Christ's death was superfluous; and if we do not know that we are sinners, we are not likely to come to him for salvation. Who is there who reads these lines who has not at some

time tried to appreciate his own sinfulness and feel such grief over it as we know we ought to feel? But in spite of all our trying we have failed. But when we are in the mood to try to appreciate our own sinfulness we should remember that as long as we are in this world our special sins will be attractive to us, and will hide their badness from our eyes. Instead of wasting time, therefore, in trying to make our sins seem terrible to ourselves we would better lay emphasis on their great wickedness before God. Even the best man's judgment of evil is likely to be too complacent and apologetic. We can know the truth about it only by remembering that in spite of its slightness to us it violates profoundly the will of God, is utterly hateful to him, and is under his curse. Do not pay any attention to what people about you think about sin; or to your own vacillating judgments upon it. But remember that you have committed it before God, and that it is accursed. But when we appreciate that before God we are guilty it is necessary for us to remind ourselves of his character; that while he hates sin with the burning antipathy of perfect holiness, he loves the sinner with a passion far more intense than that which the tenderest of fathers feels for his child. Imagine a miserable, drunken son who has deserted his father's house and is out in the world, earning, begging, or stealing pennies enough to keep body and soul together, but often shelterless, cold, hungry, and sick. Imagine the father sitting by his cozy hearth some bitter winter night and wondering where his poor boy is then. Perhaps he is huddled with other vagrants in some police station. Perhaps he is slinking about some cheap and dirty lodging-house. Perhaps he is cowering behind a pile of lumber trying to hide from the sharp wind. Think of the anguish of that father's heart as these thoughts run through his mind. There is nothing in the world he would not give to save his son from that horrible appetite which has wrecked his life. That is the way God looks at his poor children down here below who are hugging their sins and losing their souls. There is nothing he will not give in his infinite pity to save them. He would surrender his own life were it possible. He comes as near to it as he can in the person of his holy Son, Jesus Christ, who dies to redeem us from our sins. It does not matter very much, perhaps, how much emotion there is in our hardened hearts; but it does matter eternally that we should believe in the reality of the love of God and the reality of our need of it. Still, that is not enough. I say again that thinking never saved anybody. Acting saves. It was necessary for Christ to act for us, and now it is necessary for us by an act of surrender of ourselves to him to appropriate what he did for us. Strangely enough, if that act of surrender be genuine, we not only, through our union with Christ in the fellowship brought about by faith, make Christ's death a death for us, but after a manner we repeat his experience in ourselves. As he died, rose, and lives again, so we die unto sin, rise unto righteousness, and live forever unto God. In ourselves



we reproduce, as it were, the cycle of Christ's saving acts. 'For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' The death of Christ was for the salvation of men from sin. That was what he himself understood by it, and Paul, and the Old Testament; that is what we must understand by it if we would have eternal life. Looked at historically, this was the greatest event in the passage of the ages, the most influential, the most revolutionary. Looked at scientifically, it was the emergence of a higher type of manhood, through the entrance of a new strain of influence into human character. Looked at theologically, it was the coming of the divine into touch with the human in such a way that sin might be abolished and a righteousness from God be realized in the world. But, after all, of how little importance to us is it to appreciate these broader aspects of Christ's death compared with our personal experience of it. Indeed, the broader results of Christ's work in the world through his death are accomplished only by their being first brought about in individual men. The supreme question for each one of us, therefore, is, What is the death of Christ to me? What ought it to be to you? It ought to be God's loving way of salvation from sin, freeing you from its curse, releasing you from its power, inspiring you with a deep zeal for righteousness, and quickening in you the hope of one day being holy as God is holy. How can it be made this to you? By that personal surrender of yourself to the living Christ which we call faith. He died for you, he lives for you, and whosoever believeth in him hath eternal life."

*The Son of Man; Studies in His Life and Teachings.* By GROSS ALEXANDER, S.T.D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Vanderbilt University. With an Introduction by JOHN J. TIGERT, D.D., LL.D., Book Editor, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. 12mo, pp. 380. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Price, cloth, \$1.

The inexhaustible field for study which is found in the earthly life of Jesus has here attracted another scholar to patient and successful effort. Professor Alexander at the outset, however, wisely recognizes the limitations under which it is best to hold himself, and makes no attempt to accomplish the impossible. Modestly calling his work an "unpretending book," he refrains from any effort to write a complete life of Jesus or to furnish "a treatise on his teachings." His volume rather consists, to use his own words, "of studies of some of the important phases of his [Christ's] life and teachings," and as such must be judged. Since our somewhat careful examination has failed to discover any conspicuous variance from accepted doctrinal teaching or the usual New Testament exegesis, we shall content ourselves in the interests of clearness for the reader with such quotations as will indicate the author's purpose and manner of treatment. The circumstances obtaining in Palestine, at the time of Christ's birth, are set forth in Chapter I,

entitled "The Condition and the Beginnings." Scribes or rabbis, Pharisees, and Sadducees were the molders of the national thought; the social outcasts had abandoned themselves to lives of open sin; the publicans had hired themselves "to the service of the hated Gentile power that held in subjection the elect people of Jehovah;" and only a small remnant of devout souls waited for the consolation of Israel. The condition of the heathen world was also one of gloom. "Nature was an impenetrable mystery; man, an inexplicable enigma; truth, a matter of philosopher's guess; virtue, a blind and uncertain risk; and death, at once the refutation and extinction of hope. Darkness seemed to cover the earth, and gross darkness the peoples." Chapter II discusses "The Supernatural Birth of Jesus," and Chapter III "The Baptism and its Meaning." Jesus, the writer holds, was already conscious of his Messiahship. If not, "we cannot discover any reason for his submitting to John's baptism. If there was not something in his consciousness which called for his baptism apart from sin and repentance, there was no reason for his baptism at all. But, if there was something in his consciousness apart from sin and repentance which prompted his desire for baptism, that something must have been in connection with his Messiahship." His baptism, in other words, "marked the close of his former life of privacy and inactivity and his entrance upon one that was entirely new, namely, the life and work of the Messiah." The theme of Chapter IV is "The Equipment of Jesus," and of Chapter V "The Test in the Desert," in which the author claims that Jesus was "as truly tempted as if he had not" a divine nature. Chapters VI and VII, which discuss "The Kingdom of God" and "Conditions of Entering the Kingdom," are among the important divisions of the book—the former showing the reasonable expectation of the Jews, based upon many Old Testament prophecies, of a coming "national-political power" and the contrary teaching of Jesus as to the true nature of the kingdom; the latter showing that repentance and faith are the conditions for entrance thereupon. "The Church," says the professor in a passing reference to existent social life, "has not yet accepted the teaching of Jesus on the subject of money. There are multitudes of rich men in the Church to-day who, like Dives, live as princes, while Lazaruses are perishing not far from their gates by the slow processes of crumb-starvation. And there are yet others who, like the rich young ruler, are keeping the commandments and holding on to their riches with a passion that is stronger than their love for suffering men or their regard for the words of Christ. But when the teachings of Jesus become more thoroughly understood and more widely expounded, and his spirit more deeply permeates the Church, we may hope for better things." Other chapters are entitled: "The King, the Law, and the Kingdom;" "Jesus's Doctrine of God as Father;" "The Daily Prayer of God's Child," in which the Lord's Prayer has a brief but scholarly interpretation; "Jesus and the Old Testament;" "The Transfigura-

tion;" "The Self-Consciousness of Jesus"—which is one of the author's very important chapters, were there room for quotation; and "The Resurrection of Jesus." The latter event, says the author, "becomes also the proof of immortality. If the fact has been established, it alone answers the question, 'Does death end all?'" From these citations the trend of Professor Alexander's book will be easily inferred. His resort to the Scriptures in the original; his consultation with such distinguished foreign scholars as Keim, Weiss, Wendt, Bruce, and Schürer, who have commented upon the life of Jesus; and his evidently independent and thoughtful excursion into the mysteries of the Gospel story have combined to furnish a volume as wholesome and worthy as it is unpretentious. The perpetual charm which surrounds the earthly life of the Nazarene has in the volume a new illustration. To study the life and teaching of Jesus, even as a critical unbeliever, is necessarily uplifting; to study that matchless career as Professor Alexander has done is to find new proofs for Christ's deity and new inspiration for loyal service to him. And in finding these undoubtedly for himself the author has also found them for all who may read his book. The Church South is to be congratulated that so inspiring a volume, fully abreast of the latest scholarship, has been added to its native literature.

*The Conception of Immortality.* By JOSIAH ROYCE, Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard University. 16mo, pp. 91. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, \$1.

This is the Ingersoll Lecture for 1899. The previous lectures on the foundation given by Miss Caroline Haskell Ingersoll were: "Immortality and the New Theodicy," by Dr. George A. Gordon, in 1896; "Human Immortality," by Professor William James, in 1897; and "Dionysos and Immortality," by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in 1898. Professor Royce begins by pointing out where, to his mind, lies the most central problem concerning man's immortality. "In the real world in which our common-sense metaphysic believes, some things are obviously transient, and others, as, for instance, matter and the laws of nature, are more enduring, and perhaps (so common sense would nowadays tell us) are absolutely permanent. But permanence is of two sorts. A *type* may be permanent—a law, a relationship. Thus the Binomial Theorem remains always true; and water continues to run down hill just as it did during the earliest geological periods. Or that may be permanent which we usually call an *individual* being. This particle of matter, as, for instance, an individual atom, or, again, the individual whole called the entire mass of matter of the universe, may be permanent. Now when we ask about the Immortality of Man, it is the permanence of the Individual Man concerning which we mean to inquire, and not primarily the permanence of the human type, as such, nor the permanence of any other system of laws or relationships." Most of the lecture is given to discussing what we mean

when we talk of the Individual Man; for, the author says, "If we can discover what we mean by an individual man, the very answer to that question will take us so far into the heart of things, and will imply so much as to our views about God, the World, and Man's place in the world, that the question about the immortality of man will become, in a great measure, a mere incident in the course of this deeper discussion." Through most of the lecture, then, the inquiry is concerning what we mean by an Individual Man; and at the end it appears that in defining the Individual Man his immortality has been defined. The author aims to show that in order to be an individual at all a man has to be very much nearer the Eternal than in our present life we are accustomed to observe. At the close he says that the application of his argument to the problem of Human Immortality lies in these plain considerations: (1) The world is a rational whole, a life, wherein the divine Will is uniquely expressed. (2) Every aspect of the Absolute Life must therefore be unique with the uniqueness of the whole, and must mean something that can only get an individual expression. (3) But in this present life, while we constantly intend and mean to be and to love and know individuals, there are, for our present form of consciousness, no true individuals to be found or expressed with the conscious materials now at our disposal. (4) Yet our life, by virtue of its unity with the Divine Life, must receive in the end a genuinely individual and significant expression. (5) We men, therefore, to ourselves, as we feel our own strivings within us, and to one another, as we strive to find one another, and to express ourselves to one another, are hints of a real and various individuality that is not now revealed to us, and that cannot be revealed in any life which merely assumes our present form of consciousness, or which is limited by what we observe between our birth and death. (6) And so, finally, the various and genuine individuality which we are now loyally meaning to express gets, from the Absolute point of view, its final and conscious expression in a life that, like all life such as Idealism recognizes, is conscious, and that in its meaning, although not at all necessarily in time or in space, is continuous with the fragmentary and flickering existence wherein we now see through a glass darkly our relations to God and to the final truth. By what process this individuality of our human life is further expressed Professor Royce does not profess to know or even guess. He only knows that "our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God, in whom we alone are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our true relationships both to other individuals and to the all-inclusive Individual, God himself." To subtle minds, fond of metaphysical subtleties, this lecture may have interest; but the ordinary mind, even if it persevere in the reading of it, will not be impressed that the argument is convincing.

## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

*The Light of Day.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. 12mo, pp. 224. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

Of one of her contemporaries Charlotte Brontë wrote: "In Mr. Thackeray's nature is a good angel and a bad, and I would match the one against the other." John Burroughs's book reminds us of that saying. His self-contradictions make it unnecessary for anybody to contradict him; he attends to that business himself. One part of him wars with the other part of him, till self-demolition is complete. His mutually antagonistic opinions reenact the tragedy of the Kilkenny cats. He seems to be an atheist. Witness passages like the following: "When I look up at the starry heavens at night and reflect upon what it is that I really see there, I am constrained to say, 'There is no God.' . . . It is not the works of some God that I see there. I am face to face with a power that baffles speech. I see no lineaments of personality, but an energy upon whose currents solar systems are but bubbles. In the presence of it man and the race of man are less than motes in the air. I doubt if any mind can expand its conception of God sufficiently to meet the astounding disclosures of modern science. It is easier to say there is no God." Again, "We must get rid of the great moral governor. He is a fiction of our own brains. We must recognize only Nature, the All . . . Nature we know; we are of it; we are in it. . . . This is all the God we can know." And again, "Man is the insect of a summer hour. The scheme of the universe is too big for us to grasp—so big that it is no scheme at all. . . . Before it all notions of a God disappear; one says in his heart, 'There is no God.' The universe is no more a temple than it is a brothel. The cosmos knows no God—it is *super deus*." But it seems, *per contra*, that Mr. Burroughs is equally a theist. Witness the following: "There surely comes a time when the mind perceives that this world is the work of God and not of devils, and that in the order of nature we may behold the ways of the Eternal; in fact, that God is here and now in the humblest and most familiar fact, as sleepless and active as ever he was in old Judea. This perception has come and is coming to more minds to-day than ever before—this perception of the modernness of God, of the modernness of inspiration, of the modernness of religion." Again, "To disclose God subjectively through the conscience, or as an intimate revelation to the spirit, that is to experience religion as usually understood. The person finds God by looking inward, instead of outward, and finds him as a person." With this book before us, we suggest that the next edition of *The Origin of Species* should record the recent origin of two entirely new species, the theistic atheist and the atheistic theist, with a footnote saying that these two new species have gone into authorship and have become collaborators in a volume entitled *The Light of Day*. As might be expected, a "variety store" is a monotonous place compared with the book produced by such collaboration:

the proper notice on the title-page for all sort of people would be, "If you do not find what you want on one page, look for it on another." A bundle of extracts from it might be labeled "An Invoice from Topsy-turvydom;" among which would be such excellent things as the following: "Science does not make up the sum-total of life; there are many things in this world that count for more than exact knowledge. A noble sentiment, an heroic impulse, courage, and self-sacrifice—how all your exact demonstrations pale before these things! . . . Four-fifths of life is quite outside the sphere of science; four-fifths of life is sentiment. The great ages of the world have been ages of sentiment; the great literatures are the embodiments of sentiment. Patriotism is a sentiment; love, benevolence, admiration, worship, are all sentiments. Man is a creature of emotions, attractions, and intuitions, as well as of reason and calculation. . . . To know is less than to love; to know the reason of things is less than to be quick to the call of duty. . . . We accept what science can give, knowing full well that there is a joy in things, and an insight into them which science can never give." Again, "Science is not the main part of life, notwithstanding all the noise it is making in the world. . . . Science is young; it is now probably only in the heat of its forenoon work. A little curious it is that man's knowing faculties, the first to be appealed to, should be the latest in maturing; that he should worship so profoundly, admire so justly, act so wisely and heroically, while he yet knew so little accurately of the world in which he was placed. Does not this fact point to the conclusion that science is not the main part of life? Science alone can meet our demand for knowledge of the physical world. But after science has done its best is not the mystery as great as ever? Is there not the same ground for faith, worship, adoration, as ever?" The following concerning faith: "The skeptic sees the benefit of a strong, active faith. . . . It is not for nothing that we have had so long thundered into our ears the benefits of belief and the dangers of skepticism and doubt. . . . The very act of belief is in itself wholesome and sets the current going, while doubt paralyzes and leads to stagnation. . . . The great periods in history have been periods of strong faith, of serious affirmation, not of denial, nor yet of reason." And further, "St. Paul's definition of faith the religious mind has clung to very fondly—namely, 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;' and Dr. Fisher's new version of the passage—to wit, 'the firm assurance of things hoped for, the being convinced of things not seen'—can hardly take its place in the popular conscience. It is true, but not taking. Faith is neither evidence nor substance. 'It makes real to the mind the objects of hope'—so real that 'they exercise a due control in the shaping of conduct.' Coleridge said to Crabb Robinson that 'religious belief is an act not of the understanding, but of the will. To become a believer one must love the doctrine and feel in harmony with it.' " Again, "Undoubtedly, religion knows



certain things in a more intimate way than science does. What we receive through the emotions is more vital and personal to us than what reaches us through the reason. The person in whose mind has been awakened a deep love of Jesus comes to know Jesus in a way the mere outside observer does not; his spirit takes hold of the Christ-idea and is filled and modified by it to an extent the other is not. An emotional process is more potent than a rational process. The knowledge thus gained is not more truly knowledge, but it is more vital knowledge. It is not mere conviction; it is attraction and affiliation as well." Concerning the New Testament this theistic atheist admits, "Whether or not the Gospel records are true as history, they have wonderful, even magical power as literature. Their certitude, their good faith, their sweetness, their solemnity, and their aroma of the sacred and divine are almost irresistible." Indeed they are, Mr. Burroughs. And well may you add, "Only very strong minds or else very dull ones can withstand them. A spell is put upon the mind of the reader. *It seems as if these things must have happened just as the Gospel writers put them down.*" (Italics ours.) Yea, verily, it does so seem. They must have happened just so. The author's opinion of Calvinism is made very clear: "The God of our Puritan fathers will not do for us at all. The moral difficulties of Calvinism are getting to be as insurmountable as the intellectual difficulties of Catholicism. The God of to-day, or the divine ideal toward which the religious conscience of our time is struggling, one may feel some liking for, but the God of the Puritans, of Calvinism, was a monster too terrible to contemplate. . . . Calvinism has long outraged men's reason, but it got along very well till it began to impinge upon their moral sense, their sense of justice, of mercy, of fitness. The ideal of Calvinism is beginning to topple, and when this is the case with a creed its power for good is gone." What he thinks of certain other religionists this extract indicates: "In a city near me is a large cemetery, in a neglected corner of which is a multitude of children's graves which have the appearance of being outcasts, reprobates; and so they are. These children were not baptized, therefore they cannot be buried in consecrated ground; their blameless little souls are in hell, and their bodies are huddled together here in this neglected corner. This is a glimpse of the beauty of our Catholic creed." John Burroughs believes that "the only thing real and valuable in religion, the only thing saving in it, is the emotion of godliness, of tenderness, gentleness, purity, mercy, truth." An apparent inspiration from Walt Whitman is the last essay in this miscellany, entitled "The Divine Ship," the best part of which is this: "Can anything transpire of which the Whole does not take cognizance? 'Not a hawthorn blooms,' says Victor Hugo, 'but is felt at the stars; not a pebble drops but sends pulsations to the sun.'" A naturalist, it seems, is a freethinker, who is not put by circumstances under bonds even to consistency.



*The Psychology of Religion.* An Empirical Study of the Growth of Religious Consciousness. By EDWIN DILLER STARBUCK, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Education at Leland Stanford Junior University. With a Preface by WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University. 12mo, pp. 423. London: Walter Scott, Ltd. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

In its methods this is an unusual book. The proposition to tabulate the facts of conversion and subsequent Christian experience, and thus to arrive at an "inductive study into the phenomena of religion," is a radical departure from the stereotyped order of practice. So that Dr. Starbuck, in his Introduction, well gauges the sentiment of many readers that those "who hold conceptions which separate sharply the spiritual realm from the mundane, who acknowledge law and the consequent validity of science in the one, but set the other under the control of voluntary and arbitrary decrees, will look on a scientific study of religion with distrust and suspicion." Withholding for a little, however, any comment upon the wisdom of the method which the author has followed, the scope of his book may be best learned by a somewhat free outline of his procedure. The material for his study, he informs us, "consists largely of autobiographies written in response to a printed list of questions." These questions, "so much in use since the early work of Darwin and Galton," were so framed as to evoke a statement of experience, rather than a categorical answer; a statement of experience, and not the expression of "opinions about certain ideas or doctrines," was sought; and the effort was made "to have the material as representative as possible in regard to sex, age, Church connection, and vocation." The quotation of the second of the eleven questions must suffice as an example of the whole, it being as follows: "What force and motive led you to seek a higher and better life—fears, regrets, remorse, conviction for sin, example of others, influence of friends and surroundings, changes in belief or ideals, deliberate choice, external pressure, wish for approval of others, sense of duty, feeling of love, spontaneous awakening, divine impulse, etc? Which of these or other causes were most marked, and which were present at all?" The number of responses used in the compilation was finally one hundred and ninety-two, of which one hundred and twenty were from female correspondents and seventy-two from male sources. "The Church connection," it is said, "was not always given; almost all, however, are Protestants, with the Methodists somewhat better represented than the other denominations. The rest were about equally divided among the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian, and Friends Churches. At least eight were Episcopallians. By far the majority were Americans. Besides these there were twelve English, three Canadians, three negroes, two Germans, two Japanese, and one Hawaiian. The numbers were well distributed among the vocations, although ministers and the student class were slightly in excess, as they were more accessible. . . . In

regard to the environment under which conversion occurred, only one half of the females and one third of the males were immediately in connection with revival influences; in a few of the cases the real change took place at home after attending revival, and may be regarded as under the direct influence of evangelical surroundings; a small number of males and about one fourth of the females were converted at regular church service or prayer meeting or confirmation; about one fifth of the entire number of conversions (more frequently those of the males) have taken place independently of any immediate external influence. This last fact seems to show that conversion is a phenomenon natural to religious growth." A fuller citation is not possible, but this is sufficient to show that whatever value may follow from a diversity of testimony upon the experiences of conversion certainly inheres in the present instance. The third chapter of the book has for its title, "The Age of Conversion"—In the study of this subject twelve hundred and sixty-five instances having been tabulated, of which two hundred and fifty-four are from females and ten hundred and eleven from males. Both the author's charts and tables, however interesting, must be passed by, his inference from the whole being in the following words: "Conversion does not occur with the same frequency at all periods in life. It belongs almost exclusively to the years between ten and twenty-five. The number of instances outside that range appears few and scattered. That is, conversion is a distinctly adolescent phenomenon. It is a singular fact, also, that within this period the conversions do not distribute themselves equally among the years. In the rough, we may say they begin to occur at seven or eight years, and increase in number gradually to ten or eleven, and then rapidly to sixteen; rapidly decline to twenty, and gradually fall away after that, and become rare after thirty. One may say that if conversion has not occurred before twenty the chances are small that it will ever be experienced." The pertinency and force of these inferences are vividly established by the author's charts just alluded to. Of the ten succeeding chapters which conclude Part I, and which are largely made up of extracts from personal narratives, we may only give the captions, as follows: "The Motives and Forces Leading to Conversion;" "Experiences Preceding Conversion;" "The Mental and Bodily Affections Immediately Accompanying Conversion;" "In What Conversion Consists;" "The Conscious and Sub-conscious Elements in Conversion;" "The Quality of Feeling Following Conversion;" "The Character of the New Life;" "Conversion as a Normal Human Experience;" "A General View of Conversion;" "The Abnormal Aspect of Conversion." And, still compelled by the necessities of the case to summarize, we may notice that Part II has for its title, "Lines of Religious Growth Not Involving Conversion," an appeal still being frequently taken to the narrative of personal experience, and that Part III is entitled "Comparison of the Lines of Growth with and

without Conversion." Among the practical inferences inserted by the author in his final chapter is "the importance of wisely anticipating the stages of growth [childhood, youth, maturity] and leading on naturally and easily from one stage into the next." Nor should these steps be unduly hastened. "Just when the soul begins to put out its tentacles and feel its way into the higher life, it often happens that some one crashes into it with a gospel that contradicts every need of its nature. The disturbances of youth seem to be as much due to lack of sympathy of older people with the needs of human nature as to temperamental peculiarities and physiological defects. The interests of the religious life demand that in venturing to help in the processes of growth from childhood to maturity there should be a tact, a knowledge, a delicacy of treatment in some measure commensurate with the infinite fineness of the organism with which we are dealing." Enough has perhaps been said to give the reader a fairly intelligent understanding of the line of discussion which the volume follows. The method—to revert to our initial criticism—will seem to many repelling, and the prompting will instinctively arise to combat that scientific spirit of the age which holds nothing as sacred, but subjects all intellectual processes to the test of the scalpel, the scales, and the X-ray of the electrician. With equal fitness it would seem that the delicate emotions of love and courtship might be tabulated in the rigid and ruthless columns of a statistician. But the contention of the author is that law reigns in the spiritual world, as well as the physical; that "there is no event in the spiritual life which does not occur in accordance with immutable laws;" and that, as the study of religion is at the point where astronomy and chemistry were, four centuries ago, so "another four hundred years may restore to law the soul of man, with all its hopes, aspirations, and yearnings." The psychology of religion, in other words, has its relations to sociology and history, to psychology, to the philosophy of religion and theology, and to religion itself. "The relation," says Dr. Starbuck, upon the latter point, "is the same as that of any science to its corresponding art. . . . The development of the psychology of religion is another step in the growth of racial self-consciousness, which seems to be nature's way of self-improvement." Hostility to the new method followed in this treatise may therefore for the time being be held in abeyance, until it is learned if science has not, after all, touched with a reverent hand the great facts of religious consciousness, only to learn important lessons from their compilation. While the volume is necessarily an array of concrete testimonies, rather than an abstract argument, it will be found most suggestive by all progressive religious students and teachers.

*The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill.* 16mo, pp. 340. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

E. R. Sill was a crystalline personality, pure, sincere, transparent, a gifted and earnest spirit, a facile and graceful writer in prose and

verse. Hitherto we have had only poems from him, three volumes; here is his prose, forty essays on a wide variety of subjects, grouped under these heads: Nature, Literature and Criticism, Music, Psychology and Ethics, Education, Life. An Introduction of some sixty pages contains extracts from his familiar correspondence, from which may be gathered some details of a quiet life and some characteristics of a lovable nature. He tried to preach, but found he could not; so he turned to teaching and writing. He felt himself somewhat out of joint with the world as it is, and wrote, "I should have made an excellent citizen of some other planet, maybe, and they got me on the wrong one." He dreaded to see anything of his in print, lest the universe point at him as an example of a wretch that had mistaken his vocation. He shrank from criticism of his opinions, and almost vowed not to write anything but arithmetics and geographies. "Even then," he said, "somebody would hate you for your view of the Indian Ocean, or fear the worst about your character because of your treatment of the Least Common Multiple." He liked "open fires and open friends—both kept well replenished and *poked up*." He wrote to an early friend: "I've been reading theology lately. You spoke of the legion of things which claim our attention—verily, verily. But moral philosophy stands first, then metaphysics, then down to medicine, literature, sociology, history, etc. I keep a little fountain babbling and plashing in my brain, by reading every day a word of Tennyson or Browning (Mrs., I mean) or Ruskin or Bible or somebody. I would like to take your arm and start on a trip through moral philosophy, by evenings." From his *Index Rerum* he extracts this: "He who has loved and served an art is like the child that was nursed by Persephone: he is not subject to the woes of other men, for he has lain in the lap and on the bosom of a goddess." Quoting the adage, "Up to forty a man seeks pleasure; after forty he shuns pain," he says there is no doubt that, as we get on in life, we value things not merely as they promise some increment of positive enjoyment, but as they fortify the spirit against positive suffering. Certain books, for instance, acquire greater value in that they provide a harbor of refuge when the mind's barometer begins to fall, and one's moods are overcast and threatening. He names three kinds of books that have this peculiar value: First, books for simply passing the time; books which absorb us and make us for the hour oblivious of ourselves, our sorrow, remorse, anxiety, mortification, or "the thickening Brocken shadow of our own unprofitableness." Each temperament and taste will select its own preference for this purpose: books of travel and adventure, old ballads and romances, or volumes of natural science remote from the whole region of human cares, moods, complexities, as remote from the pain of excessive joy as from that of excessive woe, taking us to realms passionless and serene. The works of the elder Dumas have this value, and Sill lies back with abandon on "this virile author's secure mastery of the planetary and cometary

orbits of his always impossible but never improbable characters." Second, books of refuge which fortify us against our "bad quarter-hours" by bracing up our own moral tone or our philosophical heroism; which make a man ashamed of caring too much whether he be happy or not—which present anew the higher aims and better estimates of life. Third, books which by their mere largeness of scope make all our own haps and mishaps, and states of mind or of fortune, dwindle to insignificance. Their voice appeals every case from *die kleine to die grosse welt*. Such, says Sill, are Goethe, and Turgenieff, and Landor, and George Eliot, and the great historians, and Browning, and Shakespeare's deepest dramas. The most pathetic figure in story is Longfellow's Evangeline, thinks Sill. In an essay on "The Charm of Similitudes," speaking of their illuminating use in poetry and in colloquial speech, the author says: "The reason we enjoy them seems to be that they hit out the idea like a flash. There is nothing the mind enjoys, after all, like getting an idea and getting it *quick*—which is only giving in a nutshell the gist of Herbert Spencer's admirable essay on 'Style.'" A friend had a new cook, and he said (he is a small man): "I'm afraid of her. She is as big as a bonded warehouse." "As dry as a covered bridge" is expressive, and "as fine as a fiddle" cannot be improved upon. An old sea-captain used to say, "He flew around like a flea in a hot skillet." "Like a bumblebee in a bass drum" describes the activity of a different sort of temperament. Sill's ecstasy over music reminds one of Lanier. In Boston Sill writes: "I went to a sacred concert in Music Hall. There was glorious orchestra music, and Arbuckle had a cornet arrangement of 'Adelaide' with orchestra which nearly drew my heart out of my body. I have always raved about that song, but never heard it perfectly given before. What a splendor brass is when exquisitely played! How it winds and winds into one's very Ego, and tangles itself up with the emotions and passions and soars up with them. The wood sings all around one—the strings wail and implore to us—but the brass enters in and carries one off 'bodily.'" Sill's writings mostly are simple, racy, and sweet. This bit is an antidote to the dismal drivel of those who find no cheer in the face of Nature: "A little baby was creeping about on the carpet one morning, when the sunshine was streaming in the window and lying broad and warm on the floor. The child after creeping around it for some minutes, laughing out its innocent delight at the sunbeam's brightness, finally put its little mouth down and kissed it. Just so ought we to feel toward all Nature—we ought to *love* it, not fear it. The more broadly we live, and the more deeply we look into the kind, beautiful eyes of Nature, the more we shall feel that while we are pure and good the whole universe is in harmony with us, and all its vast forces are only so many guardian angels helping us along—so many pleasant friends helping us to be wise and happy; our little aches and pains are only meant to teach us necessary lessons; and even if we die, it is only

setting us free, leading us to some other even more beautiful world, of which we at least know this, as the old Roman emperor wrote, that, whatever and wherever it is, there will be no lack of God there to take care of us. The more we know of the things about us, and of each other, the better we shall understand, as Coleridge says, that

'He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.'

An interesting speculation is on "The Felt Location of the 'I,'" which begins thus: "I suppose everybody has tried, first or last, to make out just where he feels himself to be situated in himself. When the finger is pinched, it is plainly enough not I that am pinched, but my finger; and the same is true of a hurt in any part of the body." Toward a solution of the puzzle only this hint is given: "I have often been interested to notice whereabouts on our bodily surface an animal looks to find us. The man, or even the little child, looks at the face. Is it because the voice issues thence? Yet it is the eyes, rather than the mouth that is watched. Is it because the expression, the signal station for the changing moods, is there more than elsewhere? A dog, also, invariably looks up into the face. So does a bird, notwithstanding the fact that the food comes from the hand. Why does he not consider the 'I,' so far as his needs are concerned, to lie in the part that feeds him? But no; he cocks his head to one side, and directs his lustrous little eye straight to our own, in order to establish what communion he can with the very *him* of his master and friend." These extracts do not overrate the average of the book.

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

*Reminiscences.* By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 387, 424. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, \$4.50.

This great Irish nationalist has numbered among his intimate acquaintances most of the eminent statesmen, poets, churchmen, artists, actors, and writers of England and Europe in the last fifty years. The famous men and women of the Victorian era are interestingly and instructively talked about in these volumes. Few have seen so much of public life and the characters which make and fill it as the author. In Europe, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Bismarck, Gladstone, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Louis Napoleon, Louis Blanc, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Stuart Mill, Parnell, Froude, Cardinal Manning, Browning, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, George Meredith, Charles Reade, William Black, and the princes of literature down to Rudyard Kipling; and in America these are told about in engaging anecdotal fashion: Sumner, Beecher, Bryant, Greeley, Cyrus Field, Wendell Phillips, Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Jim Fisk, Brigham Young, and Walt



Whitman. Of Robert Browning, McCarthy says: "No man could be a more delightful acquaintance, or a more sincere and steady friend to his friend. I do not know that I have ever met a talker more brilliant or who could, when he pleased, go more deeply into the heart of a subject than Browning. Indeed, I can say that I never knew him to touch any subject in conversation that he did not adorn. Before I ever saw him I had admired his genius; his iron harp string sounded a chord that spoke to my mind and heart as no other poet of the day could do." Personally Tennyson always seemed to McCarthy "like a man involved in a cloud." Carlyle's absurd ferocity is illustrated by an incident. In a little company at his house one evening, talk turned on an eminent statesman whose political action was just then a subject of controversy, and Carlyle poured forth a torrent of denunciation which made interruption impossible until it had spent its force. Then gently William Allingham mildly suggested that possibly after all there might be something to be said on the other side. Carlyle pounced on him instantly and cut him short with: "Eh! William Allingham, you're just about the most disputatious man I ever met. Eh! man, when you're in one of your humors you'd just dispute about anything." The guests were bewildered, for none of them had ever heard Allingham dispute about anything. Such was Carlyle's hot temper and dominant self-assertion; "bulldozing," it would be called in these days. John Bright, being asked to go on a deputation to influence Lord Palmerston, wrote: "I have not been in a deputation to Palmerston for years. He is so insincere and unscrupulous that I am unwilling to go to him on any matter. I doubt if a deputation of earnest men could be gotten together sufficiently numerous to produce any impression." When Kossuth first came to London he passed in triumphal procession through the welcome of crowded streets. "He enthralled vast public meetings by his picturesque and stately presence and by his extraordinary eloquence. He had a noble voice; and talked a kind of thrilling English, compounded for the most part of the language used in the English Bible, and Shakespeare; a style that lifted the listener into a higher atmosphere than that of ordinary life." The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table held that a man may be sure he is getting old when he loses his zest for fighting and grows good-natured. McCarthy thinks fortune should have placed Wendell Phillips in the House of Commons. "How he would have sustained the cause of Gladstone, and rivaled the eloquence of Bright, and outsatirized the satire of Disraeli, and answered with pitiless sarcasm the sarcasms of Robert Lowe." Our author tells us that Whitman startled and shocked people by carrying out in ordinary intercourse his theory that art and literature and conversation may frankly and undisguisedly deal with everything that is found existing in life; and that Emerson said that this made Whitman almost an impossibility for social life. Longfellow's Boston friends used to say that he was the only American citizen



born since the Declaration of Independence who positively could not make a speech on any subject. Henry Ward Beecher had a way, when he entered the church on Sunday, of taking up any letters addressed to him there; and he sometimes opened one of these and read it out to the congregation, commenting on it as the moment moved him. One Sunday he opened such a letter and found that it contained the single word "Fool." He mentioned the fact to the congregation, and then quietly added, "Now, I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name; but this is the only case I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter." McCarthy once asked General Grant what he thought the most important qualification for a military commander. One great soldier had said nerve was the most essential. Grant thought a while and said that patience was the most necessary, and went on to explain his meaning by illustrations. Our author, having studied Grant carefully, said to an English friend, "If there ever was a man with whom the interests of a great nation or a great cause might safely be trusted, I think General Grant is just that man." Justin McCarthy ranks Thomas Wentworth Higginson as an essayist with Robert Louis Stevenson and François Coppée. Francis de Pressensé wrote a monograph on Cardinal Manning of which this is the close: "Before this great figure, the embodiment of austerity and love, of asceticism and charity, before the memory of this man who loved power, but only that he might consecrate it to the noblest uses, these words rise involuntarily to the lips—*Ecce sacerdos magnus!*" Mr. McCarthy, speaking of after-dinner orators, ranks Lord Rosebery with the greatest—with Dickens, James Russell Lowell, the late Lord Granville, and Chauncey Depew. "Tell me," said a distinguished political friend one day, "do you think there is anything Lord Rosebery could not do if he tried?" Our author pays an admiring tribute to Mr. Savage Landor, the daring young traveler, who in his youth made himself a name as an explorer of the Japanese island inhabited by the hair-covered Ainos, and who recently filled the world with his name by his daring expedition to the sacred city of Thibet and the terrible tortures he suffered at the hands of the cruel Thibetans. These volumes are alive with people, and one hardly knows where to find elsewhere so large a gallery of pen-portraits as are here presented vividly and with admirable ease.

*Memoirs of a Revolutionist.* By P. KROPOTKIN. Crown 8vo, pp. 519. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, \$2.

Not the least interesting part of this book is the Introduction by Georg Brandes, which begins thus: "The autobiographies we owe to great minds have generally been one of the three following types: 'So far I went astray; thus I found the true path' (St. Augustine's autobiography); or, 'So bad was I, but who dare consider himself better?' (Rousseau's); or, 'This is the way a genius has slowly been evolved from within and by favorable surroundings'

(Goethe's). In all these forms of self-representation the author is mainly occupied with himself. In the nineteenth century the autobiographies of men of mark are very often shaped on these lines: 'So talented and attractive was I; such appreciation and admiration I won!' (Johanne Louise Heiberg, *A Life Lived Over in Recollection*.) Or, 'So talented was I and so worthy of being loved, but yet so unappreciated; and these were the hard struggles I went through before I won the crown of fame' (Hans Christian Andersen, *The Story of My Life*). In these two classes of life-records the author is occupied only with what his fellow-men have thought and said about him. But this man, Kropotkin, does not speak willingly of himself; rather reluctantly and with a certain shyness. He speaks neither of his sins nor of his virtues. He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries. One finds in his book the psychology of official Russia and of the masses underneath, of Russia staggering forward and of Russia stagnant. The record of his life contains the history of Russia during his lifetime, as well as the history of the labor movement in Europe during the last half-century. . . . There are at this moment only two great Russians who think for the Russian people—Leo Tolstóy and Peter Kropotkin. Radically different, they are yet alike in one thing. Tolstóy, an artist, Kropotkin, a man of science; neither able to be content with his chosen work for which he had great inborn capacities. Religious considerations brought Tolstóy, social considerations brought Kropotkin, to abandon the path first taken. Both are filled with love for mankind; and they are at one in severe condemnation of the indifference, thoughtlessness, crudeness, and brutality of the upper classes, as well as in sympathy for the life of the downtrodden and ill-used man of the people. Both see more cowardice than stupidity in the world. Both are idealists, and both have the reformer's temperament. . . . The point on which they differ most is their attitude toward the intelligent educated man and toward science, which Tolstóy, in his religious passion, disdains and disparages, while Kropotkin holds both in high esteem, though condemning men of science for forgetting the misery of the people." In this volume we have idyl and tragedy, drama and romance; life at court and life in prison; life in the highest Russian society, with emperors and grand dukes, and life in poverty, with the working proletariat in London and Switzerland. Kropotkin has lived the life of aristocrat and worker, emperor's petted page and impecunious writer, student and officer, man of science and explorer of unknown lands, administrator and hunted revolutionist. In the body of Kropotkin's book there is this testimony to the knowledge and trustworthiness of George Kennan: "When Kennan came back to London from his journey to Siberia he managed, on the very next day after his arrival, to hunt up Stepniak, myself, and another Russian refugee. In the evening we all met at Kennan's room in a small hotel near Charing Cross. We saw Kennan for the first time, and, having no

excess of confidence in enterprising Englishmen who had previously undertaken to learn all about Russian prisons without even learning a word of Russian, we began to cross-examine him. To our astonishment he not only spoke excellent Russian, but he knew everything worth knowing about Siberia." Of Turgueneff, the great Russian novelist, Kropotkin says: "His fine head revealed a great development of brain-power, and when he died, and Paul Bert (with Paul Reclus, the surgeon) weighed his brain, it so much outweighed the heaviest brain then known—that of Cuvier—reaching something over two thousand grammes, that they would not trust their scales, but got new ones to repeat and test the weighing." In a brilliant lecture on Hamlet and Don Quixote, Turgueneff divided the history makers of mankind into two classes, represented by one or the other of those two characters. The following is an extract: "Analysis first of all, and then egotism, and therefore no faith—an egotist cannot even believe in himself: that is Hamlet. Therefore he is a skeptic, and never will achieve anything; while Don Quixote, who fights against windmills, and takes a barber's plate for the magic helmet of Mambrino, is a leader of the masses, because the masses always follow those who, taking no heed of the sarcasms of the majority, or even of persecutions, march straight forward, keeping their eyes fixed upon a goal which is seen, perhaps, by no one but themselves. They march, they fall, but they rise again, and find it—and by right, too. Yet, although Hamlet is a skeptic, and disbelieves in Good, he does not disbelieve in Evil. He hates it; Evil and Deceit are his enemies; and his skepticism is not indifferentism, but only negation and doubt, which finally consume his will." Kropotkin, who was far from being a Hamlet, thinks Turgueneff belonged predominantly to the Hamlet type. Concerning Myshkin, who showed himself a powerful personality in revolutionary circles, Turgueneff said admiringly: "I should like to know all about him. That is a man; not the slightest trace of Hamletism in him!" At one time Switzerland, being complained of by Russia, France, and Italy for harboring dangerous revolutionists, thus making itself "a hotbed of international conspiracies," felt obliged to expel Kropotkin from its soil. As he and his wife were on their way out of the country, trudging along the dusty road, the following incident occurred, which he relates with relish: "A richly dressed English dame, reclining by the side of a gentleman in a hired carriage, threw several tracts to us two poorly dressed tramps as she passed us. I lifted the tracts from the dust. She was evidently one of those fine ladies who believe themselves Christians, and consider it their duty to distribute religious tracts among 'disolute foreigners.' Thinking we were sure to overtake the lady at the railway station, I wrote on one of the pamphlets the well-known verse relative to the rich in the kingdom of God, and similarly appropriate Scripture concerning the Pharisees being the worst enemies of Christianity. When we came to Aigle, the lady

was taking refreshments in her carriage. I returned her the pamphlets with politeness, saying that I had added to them something that she might find useful for her own instruction. The lady read what I had added, and did not know whether to fly at me or to accept the lesson patiently. Her eyes expressed both impulses in quick succession." One great true thing Kropotkin says: "A morally developed personality must be at the foundation of every organization." In his youth his brother used to advise him: "Read poetry; poetry makes men better."

*Cranmer and the Reformation in England.* By ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A., Sometime Scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. 12mo, pp. 190. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

The times, not less than the man, are under review in this book. Its purpose, we are informed by the author in his Preface, "is not so much to present a biography of Cranmer as to give a sketch of that ecclesiastical period throughout which he remains a consistently prominent figure—a period during which he, more than any other single individual, left his personal impress upon a national institution." In a sense, therefore, the reformer is here subordinated to the reform in which he with others engaged. Omitting for a moment the notice of his leadership, the reader will still find this story of the English awakening a tale of thrilling interest. The description is one of vivid movement, of dramatic climaxes, of tragic death, and of results for Christianity which are as far-reaching as the ages. For a historic summary of the great reform, in its origin, continuance, and climax, the volume is, in fact, as lucid and comprehensive as a smaller handbook probably may be. But, not to lose sight except for a little of Cranmer, he well holds, among all the ecclesiastics, statesmen, and nobles who stood with him upon the stage, "the position of preeminence." Though not without a certain unfitness for leadership, and not lacking in error of judgment and faults of action, yet how abiding an influence he exerted upon Protestant life and thought this book well shows. While busy at Cambridge—"reading, lecturing, annotating, analyzing, storing up learning, living a stainless and untroubled life"—it was a chance suggestion of his, spoken in the presence of Stephen Gardner, that the question of Henry's divorce should be submitted to the universities, which brought him to the royal notice. He was at once "summoned to the king's presence, and started on his career as the king's mouthpiece;" his life was thereafter crowded with tumult and contention in most marked contrast to the scholar's calm which had been his lot at Cambridge; and his way to immortality thenceforth led through the hot flames of martyrdom. The holding of his powers in a certain restraint during the sway of Thomas Cromwell at the royal court is duly set forth by Mr. Innes—and, in succession, Cranmer's agency in "introducing both an English liturgy and the open Bible" in the land; the papal agitations of the day; Cranmer's attitude under the successors

of Henry VIII and during "the Puritan eddy;" and, finally, his overthrow by his enemies and his martyr's exit from the world. If, in his lifetime he had been at all vacillating or timid, and if, following his arraignment, he had recanted, he stood, at last, in the strength of a true hero to meet his doom. "Without faltering, without palliation, he made full confession of the enormity of his sin [his recantation], proclaiming that sign by which all men should know forever that it was of this in very deed that he repented. 'As my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished. For, if I may come to the fire, it shall first be burned.' A few more words rejecting the pope and all his false doctrines, affirming once more that doctrine of the sacrament which he had put forth in his book, and the authorities hastily silenced him and hurried him from the pulpit. So quickly did he move towards the place of execution that the friars had much ado to keep up with him, struggling vainly to extract word or sign by which the tremendous revulsion of his confession might be counteracted. . . . They bound him to the stake, and he shook hands with many of the bystanders. The fire was kindled. Cranmer thrust his right hand into the flame, crying with a loud voice, 'This hand hath offended,' and so held it, withdrawing it only once, to wipe his brow; and all men might see it burning before the flame touched any other part of him. So he stood, lapped in fire, and neither spoke nor stirred again. Thus died Thomas Cranmer, whose elegy sounds through the ages in the music of the English liturgy." This book is the first in a long and important series to be issued under the title of "The World's Epoch-Makers," each of which will be written by an author who has given to his subject particular study. It will be well if all are as vivid and instructive as this sketch of the great English archbishop and his times.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

*Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches.* By STEPHEN L. BALDWIN, D.D. 12mo, pp. 272. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Price, cloth, \$1.

At a time when the air resounds with the stir in Eastern lands and new doors of opportunity are there rapidly opening for Christian workers, the discussion of missionary methods is at once necessary and inspiring. Dr. Baldwin has therefore furnished a timely and valuable book. While modestly disclaiming any "striking originality" or "profound philosophizing in regard to foreign missionary work," his discussion of the principles governing the great movement in his two opening chapters, entitled "Nature and Scope of Christian Missions" and "False and True Conceptions of Missions and Missionary Work," is a worthy addition to the existing literature of Christian evangelization. With the burning zeal of a returned missionary he rightly exalts Christianity above all heathen systems. "The proposition to admit Jesus as one of the gods of the Roman Pantheon could not be accepted; when Jesus appeared there

it was the signal for all the heathen gods to leave. No true servant of Christ can consent to place his Master alongside of Socrates, of Zoroaster, of Buddha, or of Confucius and say, 'I give homage to all;' he must rather say, 'I bow before Christ as the all in all.' The true conception of missionary work is also set forth by the author in the following pertinent words: "It is the work of the Christian Church for which it was organized, and for the accomplishment of which it exists. What is the Christian Church? Is it not the organized body of Christ's followers? What is it here for? Is it not for this one purpose, to 'go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?' Nothing is clearer, from a careful consideration of the constitution of the Church of Christ, than that missionary work is the function of the Church as such. It is not a benevolence, which appeals to the hearts of Christian people and to which they may give more or less attention according to circumstances. It does not bear the outside, though affiliated, relation to the Church that an orphan asylum might, or an institution for the blind. It is not merely a grand agency among many others for enlightening and civilizing the world. It is not simply a department of Church work. It is the one vital, all-absorbing, specific work of the Church; and all departments of work are valuable and justifiable just in proportion as they bear upon the accomplishment of this work." The subjects of the following three chapters suggest their practical scope, the themes being, "The Call and Qualifications of Missionaries," "Home Organization and Methods," and "Methods and Administration in the Foreign Field." In the two concluding chapters the historical *résumé* is both comprehensive and important, the discussion being upon the "Origin and Growth of Protestant Foreign Missions" and "Formation of British Missionary Societies." From his ample knowledge of the missionary progress in many lands, as the Recording Secretary of our Missionary Society, Dr. Baldwin speaks with authority. His volume should inspire larger missionary devotion throughout the Church, as the new century opens.

*Garnered Sheaves* from Harvest Fields in Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia. By WILLIAM I. FEE, D.D., of the Cincinnati Conference. Crown 8vo, pp. 552. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

In 1896 we noticed the first volume of Dr. Fee's reminiscences, remarking upon the zeal which had characterized his active itinerant service, finding in his consecration of himself to the one work of soul-saving the secret of his eminent success, and expressing the hope that his narrative might come as an inspiration to our younger ministry. The present book—Dr. Fee in the intervening time having passed to his heavenly reward—is a continuation of the author's reminiscences, covering his last years in the active pastorate and his succeeding service as an evangelist, until old age and superannuation compelled his retirement. Like the narratives which filled his earlier volume, the present descriptions of Dr. Fee's personal experience are always interesting and frequently most stirring—the



very simplicity of his recital giving it a piquant charm. In addition, also, to his personal story, Dr. Fee has given his readers a graphic sketch of many early itinerant preachers in the West—including Lorenzo Dow, William Winans, Henry B. Bascom, James B. Finley, and John P. Durbin—and a closing chapter on "Woman's Temperance Crusade in Cincinnati," which is historically valuable, Mrs. Fee herself having been among the heroic women who at that time endured persecution for the sake of the cause. Dr. Fee died on February 12, 1900, his words the day previous being, "I am going away to-morrow." And, though the Church laments his departure, it will not cease to be glad that he has left such a story of eminent usefulness as is found in the present and its companion volume.

*The Books of Chronicles*, with Maps, Notes, and Introduction. By WILLIAM EMERY BARNES, D.D., Fellow and Chaplain of Peterhouse, formerly Lecturer in Theology at Clare College. 12mo, pp. 303. Cambridge: University Press. Price, cloth, \$1.

*The Proverbs*, with Introduction and Notes. By the Ven. T. T. PEBOWNE, B.D., Archdeacon of Norwich, Late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 196. Cambridge: University Press. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

These works, it is hardly necessary to say, are two in the series which has been long in process of completion, and which bears the generic title "The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges." It is not, of course, possible, in the review of any commentary, to notice the interpretation of individual verses, and in the present instance this must be foregone. Doctrinally, however, the teaching of the series, so far as we have observed, is correct and satisfactory. Various other features, also, combine to make the successive commentaries of the series a desirable addition to the ministerial library. They are at once scholarly, compact, and instructive. For the practical uses of the pastor the series is evidently superior.

*Christus Victor*. A Student's Reverie. By HENRY N. DODGE. 16mo, pp. 186. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, vellum, \$1.

This long poem forms its groundwork of blank verse, which is relieved by occasional lyrics and dramatic passages of rapid movement. The "Argument," explaining the theme of the poem to be the final triumph of supreme love, says: "In an old New England farmhouse a student sits in meditation; a fierce storm raging without, his lamp and fire burning dimly within. . . . In a vision he sees an endless flight of souls rising from the earth, and his mind is filled with questioning thoughts as to the final destiny of mankind. His mind is kept from resting upon a hopeful conclusion by philosophic objections. He appeals to the risen Saviour to show the manner and extent of his victory, that his soul may find rest upon a sure foundation. The Saviour relates to him the experience of his passion as a pledge of his complete final victory over evil. Perfect peace takes possession of the student's mind as he hears a chant of triumph sung by the heavenly hosts, hailing the sure and entire victory of Love, and he utters, through diverse forms of rhythm and measure, the joy of the divine harmony that has stirred his soul."



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